The Chicago Daily Tribune.

VOLUME 27. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, AUGUST 31, 1873—SIXTEEN PAGES. NUMBER 10.

REAL ESTATE.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS AT MORGAN PARK.

This elevated and beautiful suburb, under the go-ahead policy of O. H. Walker, Esq., and Col. George R. Clarke, seems bound to surpass all our other charming suburbs in substantial improvements. In addition to the Military Academy and new Baptist Church, and the large Female College, THE BLUE ISLAND LAND AND BUILDING CO. have decided to build a fine, large hotel, a large store and public hall, a fine school building, as a preparatory school for the Female College (the stock for which has already been taken), a large house for Alderman Clarke, one for Mr. Gottle, one for Rev. Mr. Colby, one for Mr. Trowbridge, and a dozen others for divers parties, besides several others for sale on 36 monthly pay. ments. They are also building a large house for their Superintendent, to cost some $10,000. Also, a fine large house for Mr. Thornhill. Mr. LeCoeur is building a fine house for himself. The Company are building a new district school-house, putting down another Artesian well, making beautiful streets, laying sidewalks, and making other fine improvements.

Parties who wish a fine residence at a little more than they would have to pay for rent of such a house in the city, would do well to call on Col. Clarke at Room No. 11, Chamber of Commerce, at once.

MORGAN PARK is the highest land in Cook County, being 86 feet above Chicago; it has the most accessible city depot, and is the healthiest and most rapidly-growing of our suburbs, and, what is better than all else, the prices asked for lots are within the means of all classes.

Purchasers who wish to build can employ their own architect, select their own plans, and let their own contracts, and the Company will advance the money required at seven per cent annual interest. This liberal policy needs only to be known to be appreciated.

THE BLUE ISLAND LAND & BUILDING CO.,
No. 11 Chamber of Commerce.

FOR SALE,

ON GRAND BOULEVARD

At the Entrance to the Park.

The finest piece of land ever offered for sale, being 217x348. Cheap and on easy terms of payment.

CLARKE, LAYTON & CO.,
120 LaSALLE-ST.

For Sale, Cheap for Cash.

The 3-story frame building, lined throughout with brick, with brick basement, now used by us as a Candy Factory, at 55 South Green-st.; dimensions, 25x125 feet.

The building is on leased ground, having 3 years to run from the 1st of May next, with privilege of extension.

Also one No. 16 Empire Portable Furnace, Registers, and Pipe, used only one season.

M. E. PAGE & CO.,
Wholesale Confectioners, 55 South Green-st.

FOR SALE.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Go and see that finely-arranged house, Forty-first-st., facing Langley; beautifully situated in a grove; two-story and brick basement (basement to be paved and used as cellar); nice barn to house. Easy terms to a responsible party.

J. L. McKEEVER, 155 Monroe-st., or call any time at my house, 3 doors west of the above.

FOR SALE.

South Side lands, by the acre. Some fine bargains.

CHACE & ABELL,
184 Dearborn-st.

640 Acres—$30 Per Acre.

For sale or exchange, in the vicinity of the late purchase at the head of the lake, near the State line Indiana and Illinois—over 10,000 acres have changed hands in the past few days. The above must be sold this week. Will sell low for cash. J. L. McKEEVER,
155 Monroe-st., basement.

Lincoln Park.

We have a few desirable residence lots near Lincoln Park, which we offer for a few days at low figures.

F. NEWHALL & CO., 32 North Canal-st.

TO RENT.

OFFICES.

A few Very Desirable Offices are offered for rent in the Tribune Building.

Single or in suites.

With and without Vaults.

English Tile Floors throughout the Building.

Elevator running during all business hours.

These Offices are not equaled in the city.

The best for all classes of business requiring a central location.

W. C. DOW,
Room 21 Tribune Building.

FOR RENT.

Five handsome Brick Dwellings, just finished, corner Rush and Illinois-sts. Apply to Room 43, Exchange Building, corner Clark and Washington-sts.

HARD WOOD LUMBER YARD FOR RENT,

With new Brick Office for sale, at 413 South Canal-st. A splendid locality, with a good business established. Also suitable for a Coal Yard. Apply on the premises. Easy terms.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

The largest and most complete stock of ARTISTS' MATERIALS and WAX FLOWER MATERIALS, can be found at

P. M. ALMINI & CO.'S,
No. 344 State-st.

Schools and Colleges supplied on favorable terms.

THE LAND OWNER.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT

RAFT

In the LAND OWNER, for September.

Ready to-morrow at all the Newsrooms.

TO EXCHANGE.

For Exchange,

A stock of Groceries or Dry Goods, a nice place at Hyde Park, with house, barn, two acres of ground, three hundred fruit trees of various kinds, and is finely located. Inquire of G. S. THOMAS,
103 LaSalle-st., first floor.

ASSURANCE.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY, LONDON.

INSURES BUILDINGS, RENTS, LEASEHOLDS. CAPITAL $12,500,000 GOLD. MERCHANDISE, DWELLINGS, AND FURNITURE.

MILLER & DREW,

AGENTS,
162 LaSalle-st., Chicago.

FURNITURE.

Bankrupt Stock FURNITURE!

Still further concessions in prices during the present week on the balance of stock. This is an opportunity which rarely occurs. First-class Furniture at much less than cost.

NO. 213 WABASH-AV.,
NEAR ADAMS-ST.

FINANCIAL.

P. B. WESTFALL, Pres't. SYDNEY MYERS, Cashier

THE MERCHANTS', FARMERS', & MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK,

Incorporated 1861. Commenced Business 1862.

75 South Clark-st., Chicago,
Opposite Old Court House.

WEST SIDE OFFICE,
62 Halsted-st., near Madison.

EXCLUSIVELY A SAVINGS BANK.

COOK COUNTY SAVINGS BANK,

103 Washington-st.,
Northeast corner Clark, opposite Court-House.

WEST SIDE OFFICE,
17 Milwaukee-av.

Trustees—William B. Ogden, Richard Prindiville, George Taylor, Henry R. Pierce, E. O. Taylor, N. S. Bouton, M. D. Ogden, Benj. V. Page, Elisha S. Wadsworth.

MONEY can be drawn at any time, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum on all sums deposited one or more full months.

DIME SAVINGS BANK,

105 CLARK-ST., Methodist Church Block.

Six per cent interest allowed on deposits, payable semi-annually, July 1 and Jan. 1 in each year.

GEO. SCOVILLE, President.
WM. KELSEY REED, Cashier.

NOTE.—Until further notice, any boy or girl calling at the Bank will be presented with a pass book free, and one dime deposited to his or her credit, which sum can be drawn out at pleasure.

DIG.

We now have more than one thousand clients for whom we are making collections throughout the United States and Canadas. No charges unless collections are made. No attorney's fees in suits. FRASER'S MERCANTILE COLLECTION AGENCY, 146 Madison-st., Chicago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FARMERS' FOURTH OF JULY

THE IMPORTANT ADDRESS

Of S. M. SMITH, Secretary of the Illinois State Farmers' Association, before the Livingston County Farmers' Association,

At Pontiac, on the Fourth of July,

Is now ready for delivery as an 8-page document, for general circulation.

Farmers' Clubs and Granges will be supplied at the following rates:

Single Copies.. 2 cts.	100 Copies....75 cts.
10 Copies.....15 cts.	1,000 Copies....$5.00

Address J. W. DEAN,
Room 6 Tribune Building, Chicago.

GENERAL NOTICES.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Committee of Arrangements appointed by St. Patrick's B. B. to get up a picnic under the auspices of said Society, deem it their duty to inform the members of their Society and the public, that the reason that their picnic is now to be held in "Caledonia Park" instead of "Sharpshooters' Park" is, that the gentleman who rented the latter park to us two weeks ago (on the strength of which we, in good faith, got out our tickets, posters, and circulars) on Wednesday evening last refused to let us have the park unless we deposited $200 (two hundred dollars) to secure him against any losses by way of injury done by any party in the park on the day of the picnic. This we indignantly refused to do, and rented "Caledonia Park" from Mr. Forest, the gentlemanly Secretary of the Caledonian Club, and the Committee promise that the best picnic of the season in that beautiful park to-morrow. Cars leave corner of Carroll and Halsted-sts. at 9 o'clock sharp.

B. O'SULLIVAN, on behalf of the Committee.

Office North Chicago City Railway Co.,

OFFICE, 439 North Clark-st.

Persons holding "passes" of this Company are requested to return them to the office and procure tickets instead. Passes will not be good after Sept. 15.

V. C. TURNER, Pres.

NOTICE.

Creditors of TenEyck Bros. & Co. (Farmers' Bank) are requested to meet on SATURDAY, Sept. 13, at the office of H. P. HOBBIE, 63 North Clark-st., at the hour of 10 a. m.

E. EVERT.

NOTICE.

Whereas, one Chs. D. McGuire has been representing himself as an agent of mine, and collecting money due me, I hereby caution all parties that neither he nor any other person is authorized to collect without my written authority.

B. LIEBER, Wine Merchant, Philadelphia.

REMOVAL.

REMOVAL.

N. GOOLD & SON

Have removed to the corner of Adams-st. and Wabash-av., where they are opening a full stock of the celebrated HALLETTON PIANOS. Also, other New York Pianos. Low prices.

199 & 201 WABASH-AV.

MILLINERY.

GRAND OPENING

OF

FRENCH PATTERN

BONNETS AND HATS,

At Wholesale Only.

DALY, LOEB & CO.,

144 & 146 Wabash-av.,

will open their large importation of FALL STYLES of French Pattern Hats and Bonnets, TUESDAY, Sept. 2.

Our whole stock of Millinery, comprising all the latest styles of Hats and Bonnets, together with an unusually large assortment of Ostrich Plumes and Fancy Feathers, is now complete.

FIDELITY SAFE DEPOSITORY.

THE FIDELITY SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS,

143, 145 & 147 Randolph-st.

For absolute security, place your Money, Bonds, Valuable Papers, and other valuables in the VAULTS of the

FIDELITY SAVINGS BANK AND Safe Depository.

The Safe Deposit Vaults of this Institution are the strongest in the world, being built of Heavy Masonry, and lined with Hardened Steel Plates and Burglar Metal of immense thickness, a single door weighing four tons. These VAULTS withstood successfully the great CHICAGO FIRE, and are guarded by armed men day and night.

JOHN C. HAINES, President.

HOTEL RANGES.

CASH CUSTOMERS

Will effect a large saving by purchasing the Imperial

French Ranges,

Broilers, Carving Tables, Tea and Coffee Urns, Stock Boilers, Copper Saucepans, &c.

These Ranges, &c., are being put into

THE NEW PALMER HOUSE.

They are in successful operation in The Grand Pacific, Gardner House, Clifford House, St. James Hotel, Commercial Hotel, New Briggs House, Central Hotel, St. Caroline's Court Hotel, Maulton House, Burke's Euro-pean Hotel, Phil. Conley's 84 Charles Hotel, Hotel, S. H. Thomson's Restaurant, and scores of other hotels and restaurants.

Among the best hotel men, in the States and Canada, they stand unrivaled for excellence, economy and beauty. For the coming month we shall place them to cash buyers at figures much less than New York prices.

We are the only Western Agents for these Ranges and Wares.

M. W. & F. LESTER,
304 STATE-ST.

STOVES.

CALL

AT BANGS BROS.',

Cor. State and Van Buren-sts.,

AND SEE THE CELEBRATED

"GOLDEN SUN" FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

The finest Heater in the market.

Also, the "HARRIS" FURNACE, The "BARSTOW" FURNACE, HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c.

The largest stock and the best assortment in the city.

IRON-WORKS.

ÆTNA IRON WORKS,

Corner of Ohio and Kingsbury-sts.

CLARK & RAFFEN.....Proprietors.

MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF

CAST & WROUGHT-IRON WORK,

For Buildings, Bridges, &c.

Iron Railing, Grating, Fire-Proof Doors & Shutters.

BANK VAULTS made a Specialty.

All orders filled promptly in a thorough and workmanlike manner.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. BISSON

TREATS CHRONIC DISEASES (without Medicine), especially those directly associated with loss of nervous power, as Rheumatism, Paralysis, and General Debility. Friction with direct positive nervous force of animal electricity; it will make the blood circulate and a great exercise; the patient will be relieved at the first operation. No cure, no pay.

121 INDIANA-ST.,
BET. WELLS AND FRANKLIN, CHICAGO.

Office hours, 11 to 1 and 6 to 7 p. m.

E. RUBOVITS,

168 Randolph-st., near LaSalle,

Furnishes STATIONERY, does Printing and Binding, and makes Blank Books of the best quality at the lowest prices.

WABASH LAUNDRY,

767 WABASH-AV.

All articles done up in first-class style and delivered promptly. Cleaning Laces, &c., a specialty. Prices strictly moderate.

J. M. W. JONES,

Furnishes STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, &c., and does PRINTING, of all kinds, promptly and at fair prices. Railroad Work and Office Supplies specialties.

Nos. 104 and 106 Madison-st.

THE LAND OWNER.

CHURCHES

OF CHICAGO,

In the LAND OWNER for SEPTEMBER.

An Imperial Number. Ready to-morrow at all the News Stands.

MUSICAL.

200 PIANOS AND ORGANS

TO RENT AND FOR SALE

On the Most Favorable Terms.

W. W. KIMBALL,
COR. OF STATE & ADAMS-STS., CHICAGO

HALLETT, DAVIS & CO.'S PIANOS.

SEVENTY-FIVE first premiums awarded for BEST PIANOS.

$20,000 have been manufactured and are now in Use.

Franz Liszt, first of living Pianists, says it is the most admirable instrument ever made.

My These Pianos, both Grand and Square, can be seen in Chicago, in large numbers, with a variety of other manufactures, at the Piano and Organ Warerooms of

W. W. KIMBALL,
STATE AND ADAMS-STS.

A large assortment of new Pianos and Organs to RENT.

Parties wishing to pay by installments can be accommodated.

STEINWAY

Grand, Square & Upright

PIANOS.

FIRST of the Grand Gold Medals of Honor, World's Fair, Paris, 1867—London, 1862.

The most perfectly arranged and the Largest Piano Manufactory in the World.

One Piano Every Working Hour, Ten Pianos Every Day.

AN UNLIMITED GUARANTY FURNISHED WITH EACH INSTRUMENT.

☞ Other good Pianos, both new and second-hand, constantly on hand.

SMITH & NIXON,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE NORTHWEST,
162 AND 164 STATE-ST.

SUPERHEATED STEAM FURNACE

To Architects, Builders, and Owners of Houses.

On MONDAY, Sept. 1, 1873, at 11 o'clock a. m., we shall have in operation at our Office one of our Furnaces, with

Bulkley's Superheated Steam

Attachment. This mode of heating Houses, Churches, &c., is destined to supersede Steam Heating and Hot Air Furnaces with those who prefer economy and purity of air. With Bulkley's Superheated Steam Furnace the air heated by steam without pressure—with no danger from explosions, no freezing of steam pipes. Call and see for yourselves.

M. W. & F. LESTER,
304 STATE-ST.

HOSIERY, YARNS, &c.

BURKITT, SUTTON & STANLEY,

Retail—68 STATE-ST.,
Wholesale—117 SOUTH FRANKLIN-ST.,

Have now in stock and are receiving a splendid assortment of Canvas Embroideries, Zephyr Worsted, German Yarns, Hosiery, and Knit Goods, in great variety.

FOR SALE.

"BREECH-LOADERS," $35.00

And upwards, in all styles and desirable makes. Also, a very fine assortment of Muzzle-Loaders and Sporting Goods. Messrs. BIGGS, SPENCER & CO., 335 Wabash-av.

FEATHER DUSTERS,

SPONGES, & CHAMOIS SKINS,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO.,
118 and 120 Monroe-st., Chicago.

CONSUMERS will find it profitable to get our prices before ordering elsewhere. HINDLE & JENKINS, Wholesale and Retail Stationers, Printers, and Blank Book Manufacturers, 165 Clark-st.

DRUGGISTS' GLASSWARE.

Having determined to discontinue the Western Branch of our business we will offer our entire stock at wholesale or retail at extremely low prices.

The stock consists of a general assortment of Druggists' Glassware, Cologne Bottles, &c. Great inducements will be offered.

STULTS & OSBORN,
20 Market-st.

BARLEY MALT,

FROM PRIME No. 2 BARLEY,
FOR SALE BY

JOHN W. RUMSEY, Grain Broker,
156 Washington-st., Room 30.

AURORA BUTTER,

McWILLIAMS & CO., Agents,
129 South Water-st.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses,

AT J. G. LANGGUTH'S, Optician,
23 State-st., between Washington and Randolph.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

RICH JEWELRY.

We are opening a very choice stock of the new Oxydized Silver, Oriental, Roman, Gold, and other rich varieties of Fine Jewelry, to which we invite special attention.

RODDIN & HAMILTON,

99 State-st.,
COR. WASHINGTON.

New Goods!

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Whitby Jet Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, &c., &c. The LARGEST STOCK. The LOWEST PRICES.

N. MATSON & CO.,

State and Monroe-sts.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

ALL READY!

With a choice selection of

FINE WOOLENS,

For Fall and Winter.

H. L. DAHL,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
159 South Clark-st.

WANTED.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

FOR SCHOOL SITES.

Proposals will be received at the Board of Education, Room 34, Nos. 84 and 86 LaSalle-st., till Monday, Sept. 1, at 12 m., for a school site not less than 150 feet front, near the corner of State and Thirty-seventh-sts., and also a school site of the same size near the corner of Milwaukee and Waubansia-avs.

E. JOHNSTON,
Clerk Board of Education.

LAKE NAVIGATION.

FOR BUFFALO,

And Intermediate Points.

Anchor Line Steamer JAPAN, Capt. McDougal, leaves dock foot of North LaSalle-st., Monday, Sept. 1, at 7 p.m.

Western Transportation Company's Steamer IDAHO, Capt. Penny, leaves dock foot of North Dearborn-st., Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 7 p. m.

Union Steamboat Company's Steamer ST. LOUIS, Capt. Shannon, leaves dock foot of LaSalle-st. (South Side), Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 7 p. m.

For Berths and Tickets, apply at 73 Canal-st., corner Madison.

A. A. SAMPLE, Passenger Agent.

THE LAND OWNER.

OUT!

The LAND OWNER for September. A Marvelously Beautiful and Entertaining Number. To-morrow morning.

OPENING.

J. C. COOLEY

Will open the GREEN ROOM BILLIARD HALL, second door north of the Academy of Music, on Monday evening, Sept. 1, at which time the following celebrated Billiardists will participate: Rosenzweig, Rhines, Coon, Vernon, Slosson, and others. We anticipate a complete success for JOHNNY, as he is so well known to the show-going people, having been favorably connected with the late Dearborn Theatre. The fitting and renovating of the above hall was done by J. McDermott & Co.

MEETINGS.

Independent Order Free Sons of Israel.

ABRAHAM LEVY, Esq., of New York City, and Grand Master of this Order, will install Moses Lodge, No. 18, and Isaiah Lodge No. 23, on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 31, at 4 o'clock, in the Temple of the Free Sons, No. 24 State-st. All members of the Order are cordially invited to attend.

DAVID LEVITT, }
J. VAN HAALEN, } Presidents.

St. George.

Regular monthly meeting will be held on Monday evening, Sept. 1, at Mechanics' Exchange, corner LaSalle and Madison-sts., at 8 o'clock.

C. J. BURROUGHS, Secretary.

Attention, Sir Knights!

Chicago Commandery, No. 19, K. T.—Stated conclave Monday evening, Sept. 1, at 7:30 o'clock, for business. Visiting Sir Knights courteously invited. By order of Em. E. C.

GEO. F. SINCLAIR, Recorder.

Masonic.

Regular communication of Blair Lodge No. 208, A. F. & A. M., at Orion al Hall, 128 LaSalle-st., Monday evening, Sept. 1. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

O. H. MATSON, Sec.

Masonic.

Corinthian Chapter, No. 59, R. A. M.—Special convocation Monday evening, Sept. 1, at 7½ o'clock. Work on the Mark Degree.

J. O. DICKERSON, Sec.

Deak Verein

Meets to-day at 2 p. m., at E. RUBOVITS', 168 Randolph-st., near LaSalle.

REAL ESTATE.

Condition and Prospects of Business Property and Business Rents.

Speculation is Mainly in Suburban Acres.

South Chicago, Washington Heights, Englewood, Hinsdale.

Important Auction and Private Sales in the City.

The indications of a favorable change in the real estate market noted a week ago are confirmed this week by greater activity, greater speculative inquiry, and by general expressions of more confidence. This feeling, however, is confined mainly to residence and manufacturing property in the suburbs. It is generally conceded that there is no speculative inducement to invest even in the most central business property at present. Owners of this class of realty found it not only necessary to rebuild on their ground to prevent its depreciation by the threatened change of business locations after the fire, but also found it necessary to erect a much better class of buildings in every part of the business district. The result is that now, at nearly the end of two years after the destruction of the old city, Chicago has at least 50 per cent more first-class stores in the business district than at this time two years ago. Of really first-class office room, there is probably twice as much as there was then. While the general trade of the city is undoubtedly much larger now than two years ago, it does not yet make a demand for all the extra store and office room created since 1871. Store and office rents are low yet, hence there are no great inducements to buy central business property and build on it, except the fact that building materials are unusually low, and the probability that an increase of trade now seems tolerably certain to result from the abundance of crops in the West, and the present activity of marketing them. These latter circumstances are a solid basis for commercial prosperity this fall and next spring to a degree not surpassed in any former year. In fact, the commercial outlook, not only for this city, but for the West generally, has scarcely ever looked so promising as it does now. These circumstances will undoubtedly make an increased demand for stores and offices next spring.

It is a somewhat singular fact that comparatively few of those who buy and speculate in real estate, pay any attention to the general condition of trade and industry in the country at large. Nine out of ten buy because others buy, and imbibe their confidence from the boldness of their operations. Increasing values of city real estate are, however, only an incident of prosperous trade in other things. The commercial position of the city is the sole foundation of its growth. When its trade increases its population and its real estate values increase in the same ratio. It is in this view of the case that the present flattering prospects of active business this fall and next spring in the general trade of the city promise, also, much speculative activity in real estate.

SUBURBAN PROPERTY.

It would be difficult to say in which quarter of the suburbs there is the most activity just at present. In nearly all directions the largest land-owners are full of projects for new streets, better sewers, and other similar improvements. There is, however, one point in the suburbs which must soon exercise an influence on the city out toward it, more powerful than all the other suburban influences put together. That point is the Calumet Harbor, which cannot fail to eventually take a large share of the heavy freight business in lumber, coal, iron, and iron-ores from Chicago River. In fact, if the Calumet Harbor and River had been made available years ago, as they have now been within the past six months, by the Government work in clearing out the channel and building the piers, South Chicago would now be doing an important share of the transfer of freights from cars to vessels, and vice versa.

As mentioned last week, there are indications of much speculative activity in suburban lands between Hyde Park Hotel and South Chicago. We hear of the sale of one tract of 40 acres in the north half of Sec. 31, at $1,250 per acre, which was bought a year ago at $700 per acre, and also of another sale of an undivided quarter interest in 160 acres, half a mile north of the above, at the rate of $1,250 per acre. The fact is, there is not much land in that vicinity offered for sale.

THE SOUTH SHORE RAILROAD

from Parkside Station to South Chicago, will probably be built within the next thirty days, as we understand the contract for its construction has been signed, and that a verbal agreement has been made with the Illinois Central Railroad Company to operate it when completed.

A LARGE TRANSACTION.

Mr. O. J. Stough, well known as the founder of the pleasant suburban town of Hinsdale, has recently made one of the largest transactions in real estate ever made between private individuals in this part of the country. Mr. Stough has sold to a party of Chicago capitalists (for whom Mr. Charles E. Bruner is trustee and negotiator), for the sum of $400,000, all his interest in the town of Hinsdale (except his private residence), consisting of 30,000 feet frontage of town lots, and also 400 acres of adjoining land. The lots are in a tolerably compact body near the railroad-station, and the 400 acres of land adjoin the town on the west. The lots are partly improved, and the sale includes one church, one building used for a town hall, and ten dwelling-houses. Seven years ago, Mr. Stough lived at Hinsdale all alone, he had bought about 500 acres of land, and deliberately set to work to build a town. That he has accomplished his purpose is shown by the fact that Hinsdale now contains 1,500 inhabitants, and that Mr. Stough has not only built a town but made a fortune. He ascribes his success mainly to his unfaltering confidence in the value of suburban property around Chicago, and to his persistent advertising in THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE. As part of the consideration for his Hinsdale property, Mr. Stough takes a deed from Benj. Lombard for the fine residence No. 2 on Calumet avenue, just north of Twentieth street, including 111 feet of frontage and a strip of ground on the opposite side of the street to preserve the lake view from the front of the residence. The consideration for this fine residence property is, $110,000.

WABASH AVENUE.

Wabash is macadamized already from the city limits to Sixty-third street, a distance of three miles, and within three weeks will be joined at Thirty-fifth street by a wooden block pavement from Twenty-ninth street, making a continuous drive of seven miles from Madison street.

George Springer is removing his residence on the northeast corner of Thirty-first and Michigan avenue, and will erect at once a fine business block on the grounds, 120x48 feet.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

Mr. C. F. Hoyt has broken ground and commenced the erection of a first-class hotel building, with barn and sheds, on the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Fifty-first street, fronting the South Park and the Grand Parkway connecting the two boulevards. The hotel building is to be 50x100 feet, with a substantial stone basement.

John P. Olinger purchased from Edward F. Dore the northwest corner of South Park boulevard and Forty-second street, 100x150 feet; consideration, $20,000. Mr. Olinger proposes to build a very handsome residence on the property and make it his home.

Edward F. Dore purchased from B. J. Caulfield 110x160 feet, located on the southwest corner of Wabash avenue and Twenty-fourth street; consideration, $40,000. Mr. Dore will improve this property at once with a first-class marble front block for residences.

Henry W. Brooks sold ten lots in his subdivision at South Englewood, located near the new branch of the Rock Island Road; consideration, $3,500 (in all).

M. N. Lord & Son sold 10 lots, 25x125 feet each, fronting south on Thirty-second street, between Hubb and Butler streets; consideration, $7,700 (in all).

Also, by the same, 171x160 feet on the northeast corner of Wabash avenue and Fifty-fourth street; consideration, $10,500.

Also, by the same, 191x191 feet on the northwest corner of Langley avenue and Forty-sixth street; consideration, $10,000.

B. F. Head sold 2 lots on Sixty-first street, between Nicholas avenue and School street; consideration, $40 per foot.

Also, 24x180 feet, east front, on Calumet avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets; consideration, $175 per foot.

Also by the same, 84x182 feet on Vernon avenue, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh streets; consideration, $95 per foot.

George DeLoynes & Son sold four acres, being Lot 6, in Block 1, and Lots 4, 6, and 8, in Block 2, of Saltenstalls & Russell's Subdivision, near Forty-third street and Evans avenue; consideration, $32,000.

Larkin & Jenks sold thirty acres located in Nelson's Addition to Washington Heights; consideration, $18,000.

AUCTION SALES.

At auction, during the past week, Messrs. Elison & Foster made some important sales on Thursday afternoon, 28th inst., at 3 o'clock, on the ground at South Lynn, selling 112 lots, at an average of $126.50 per lot, the sale amounting to $14,167.75. The attendance was large, and bidding spirited. The sale was stopped by the owners, Messrs. Vail & Son, the prices obtained not being satisfactory. On Friday the same firm made another sale of ten lots, corner Garibaldi and Thirty-first streets, selling the whole number of lots at nearly $1,000 each, the sale aggregating $9,650; bidding lively, and sale satisfactory. At the same time was sold a house and lot on Shurtleff avenue, at $2,950.

FORTHCOMING SALES.

Clarke, Layton & Co. will sell at public auction on the ground, Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 4 o'clock p. m., five acres, subdivided into large, deep lots, located on Drexel avenue, fronting east, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets.

Terms 20 per cent. cash, 20 per cent. in thirty days and the balance in three years at 8 per cent. interest.

SATURDAY'S TRANSFERS.

The following instruments were filed for record on Saturday, Aug. 30:

CITY PROPERTY.

West Huron st, near n w cor Paulina st, s f, 25 ft to alley, dated Aug. 25; consideration, $1,500.

Fremont st, bet Centre and Sophia, w f, 25x125 ft, dated Aug. 14; consideration, $950.

Fremont st, bet Centre and Sophia, w f, 25x125 ft, dated Aug. 14; consideration, $950.

West Erie st, 50 ft east of Wood st, s f, 25x124 ft, dated Aug. 9; consideration, $1,150.

Western av, n w cor Marvin st, s f, 72x124 ft, dated July 1; consideration, $3,600.

Centre av, 25 ft n of Kissam st, e f, 26x124 ft, dated July 15; consideration, $2,080.

Ridgeville st, 73 ft n of Elk, w f, 24x126½ ft, with buildings, dated June 19; consideration, $1,478.

Wentworth av, 140½ ft n of Twenty-second st, e f, 25 ft, dated Aug. 26; consideration, $2,000.

North Ada st, 166 ft n of Indiana, w f, 25x135 ft, dated Aug. 26; consideration, $1,650.

Third av, 221 ft n of Polk st, w f, 25x99 ft, dated Aug. 26; consideration, $5,500.

West 85 ft of Lot 17, of Lot 14 in s part of Sec. 3, 79, 14, dated Nov. 16, 1872; consideration, $4,000.

West Huron st, 24 ft w of Ruchee st, s f, 24x92 ft, dated Aug. 30; consideration, $1,400.

Burnside st, 199 ft e of Thirty-first st, s f, 25x110 ft, dated Aug. 22; consideration, $4,000.

Thirty-sixth st, 156 ft e of State st, n f, 25x105 ft, dated Aug. 27; consideration, $2,250.

Buddan st, 219½ ft s of Swift place, e f, 50x134 3-10 feet, dated June 23; consideration, $1,850.

South Park Boulevard, 231 ft s of Thirty-seventh st, w f, 132x297 ft, dated April 16; consideration, $39,600.

Loomis st, s e corner of Twenty-first st, w f, 20 92-100x122 ft, dated Aug. 21; consideration, $1,045.

Lot 22, in block 8 of Walker's w ½ of s e ¼ Sec 20, 39, 14, dated Aug. 23; consideration, $2,000.

Lot 6, in Block 28 of Clark's e ½ of s w ¼ Sec 13, 39, 13, dated July 10; consideration, $1,800.

Lot 28, in Block 28, of Clark's e ½ of s w ¼ Sec. 13, 39, 13, dated July 10; consideration, $1,800.

8 ½ of Lot 20, in Egan's South Addition, dated June 14; consideration, $3,500.

The premises No. 463 Warren av, dated Aug. 28; consideration, $2,000.

Lot 11, in Block 4, of Walsh and McMullen's s e ¼ of Sec. 20, 39, 14, dated Aug. 16; consideration, $8,000.

Robey st, bet Jackson and VanBuren sts, e f, Lot 25, in s ½ ft of Lot 26, dated June 18; consideration, $6,050.

Undivided ¼ of Blocks 1 to 4 and 7 in Clifford's Addition, in Sec 1, 39, 13, dated Aug. 5; consideration, $30,000. Ira Holmes to Henry E. Picket.

Blocks 10 and 11 in Walker's n w ¼ of Sec. 31, 39, 14, dated Aug. 20; consideration, $38,000.

SOUTH OF CITY LIMITS.

Lots 22 and 33, in Block 1 in Bogue's Second Addition, dated June 14; consideration, $850.

Undivided 4-5 part of w ½ s w ¼ north of Archer av. of Sec 1, 38, 13, dated Aug. 25; consideration, $75,894.

Lots 21 and 22, in Block 7 of Drexel & Smith's Subdivision, in Sec 11, 38, 14, dated Aug. 22; consideration, $7,500.

Fifty-second st, 33x140 ft, in Block 20, village of Hyde Park, dated July 23; consideration, $1,000.

Block 22 (except Park), in Sec 16, 38, 14, dated July 18; consideration, $51,420.

Lots 1 to 72, in Block 1, and Lots 1 to 72 in Block 2, Miller & Bigdon's Block 23, in Sec 16, 38, 14, dated Aug. 30; consideration, $51,456.

Lot 10, in Block 47, in University Subdivision, in Sec 7, 38, 14, dated Aug. 20, 1872; consideration, $300.

Lots 21 to 26, in Block 49, in same subdivision, dated Aug. 27, 1872; consideration, $1,000.

SUMMARY FOR THE WEEK.

The following is the total amount of city and suburban property transferred during the week ending Saturday, Aug. 30: City property, number of sales, 131; consideration, $657,286. North of city limits, number of sales, 4; consideration, $5,450. South of city limits, number of sales, 34; consideration, $330,850. West of city limits, number of sales, 1; consideration, $6,000. Total sales, 170; total consideration, $1,379,840.

A SUCCESS.

Trial of a New Steamer for the Chicago Fire Department.

One of the new fire-engines from the Silsby Works, received two days ago, was tried yesterday afternoon, before Commissioners Cleveland and Sheridan, at the foot of Quincy street. The engine is a rotary, second size, throwing two streams, and is handsomely finished with brass and nickel-plated work, though the contract called for only the plainest finish. The builders put on the additional finish to please "the boys," and make an additional attraction to the machine as an advertisement. On the trial, steam was shown in 3 minutes after lighting fires; 10 pounds pressure in 4:30; 20 pounds in 5:30; 30 pounds in 6:15; and 40 pounds in 6:50, after which the pressure ran up rapidly to 80 pounds. The engine will throw water at 20 pounds pressure, but, there having been a delay in bringing the suction-pipe, the pumps were not started for several minutes after everything connected with the engine was in readiness. When started, the stream was thrown some distance beyond the opposite river bank, with a water pressure of 100 pounds, which is the maximum allowed, except by special orders. With a steam pressure of 85 pounds, however, the water pressure was raised to 175 pounds, and a beautiful stream was thrown both horizontally and vertically. The perfect steadiness of this class of engine is very noticeable, and is an important feature, preventing racking of the engine itself and wear and tear on the hose. The Commissioners and Aldermen present expressed their great satisfaction with the trial, and the engine will be assigned to take the place of some one of the lighter ones. The one whose place it will take will be called No. 22, and will be sent to the Webster Avenue Station. Gottfried Charlson will be foreman of No. 22, and Thad Healy, the oldest engineer in the Department, will be engineer. The third Silsby engine may be expected in about eighteen or twenty days.

AN HONEST STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: So much has been said of the dishonesty of street-car conductors that perhaps a favorable word may not be amiss; and possibly the Company may be gratified to learn that one, at least, is trustworthy.

A few evenings ago, about 8 o'clock, on Madison street, between Robey and Union Park, our conductor came to collect fare from a respectable young woman, who tendered him a bill, which he took, asking, "Have you nothing smaller?" She replied, "Can't you change a one-dollar bill?" [These may not have been the exact words, as I was paying no special attention till his next remark attracted it.] "This is not a one; it's a five-dollar bill." She recovered it with more haste than grace; then handed him the one dollar for which she had mistaken it. No one was near except my husband and myself, and we were not especially observant. That conductor had the best possible chance, if he had chosen to use it, to pocket $4, and the girl would never have known where her money had gone. As he did not, but proved himself an honest man, I felt as if he were entitled to both thanks and credit. The girl, in her flurry, forgot the former, but, if this should meet his eye, he will see that he received the latter from A CASUAL OBSERVER.

POLITICAL.

Resolutions Adopted by the Mississippi Republican State Convention.

Speech of Senator Alcorn in Denunciation of His Colleague, Ames.

Wisconsin Liberals and Democrats Call a State Convention.

Butler's Chances—County Nominations in Illinois and Iowa.

Resolutions of the Mississippi Republican State Convention—Speech of Senator Alcorn.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 30.—The *Avalanche's* Jackson special of last night says the Republican Convention nominated W. H. Gibbs for Auditor, George E. Harris for Attorney General, and I. W. Cardoza (colored) for Superintendent of Education.

The following platform and resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Resolved, The Republican party of the State of Mississippi, in Convention assembled, recognizes as the strongest evidence of the perfection of political creed the fact that we do not find it necessary to make any new departure nor announce any new dogmas, but simply renew our steadfast faith in the old Republican land-marks, to wit: The preservation of the union of the States,—strict enforcement of the laws,—equal rights and privileges to all,—universal education,—retrenchment in expenditures,—rigid economy and equal and uniform taxation; opposition to the fostering of monopolies at the expense of the masses, and honesty, capacity, and fidelity is the best test of political preferment.

Second—That we are opposed to burdening the reconstructed State of Mississippi with the old repudiated Union and Planters' Bank bonds,—a debt, it may be called, contracted by locofoco Democracy, and by them repudiated, and we pledge ourselves to resist by every lawful means in our power the assumption by the State Government of any and all such pretended debts.

Third—We are opposed to loaning to the railroads, or other corporations, funds donated by Congress to this State for educational purposes, and we demand the prompt repeal, by the next Legislature, of the law by which agricultural scrip and Chickasaw school funds have been diverted from the sacred objects contemplated by the donors.

Fourth—That we favor biennial sessions of the Legislature.

Fifth—That we recognize no distinction as now existing by law in the rights of all children of the State to equal privileges, and to accept such in all public schools, colleges, or universities, and should any of said institutions of learning deny to any child on account of color its equal rights, we pledge ourselves to enforce said rights by appropriate legislation, and we further pledge ourselves to the support of our present institutions of learning, and our present educational system as above explained.

Sixth—That we have full faith in the integrity of His Excellency R. C. Powers; and all responsible positions in which he has been called upon to act, whether as Chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee, Lieutenant-Governor, or Chief Executive of State, he has proved himself to be an able, honest, and fearless advocate of Republican principles, and a firm supporter of all those measures calculated to advance the prosperity of the State.

A resolution to indorse the Kellogg government of Louisiana was received with such demonstrations of hostility that the mover withdrew it.

General Ames was introduced and made a short speech, saying among other things that if elected Governor, and during his term, any bill looking to the payment of the repudiated debt, or re-opening the question in any way, shall come up, he would most certainly veto it.

Much enthusiasm prevailed, and the Convention adjourned sine die at 8 o'clock.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 30.—Aleck Davis (colored), candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Mississippi, was a barber here a few years since. During the existence of the Metropolitan Police he was appointed Turn-key at the Second Police Station, which position he held to the time of his leaving, and during the war he was cook in the 154th Tennessee Confederate Regiment.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 30.—The *Avalanche's* Jackson, Miss., special says: Alcorn spoke last night to an immense audience. He said, in 1861, when Mississippi had decided that honor forbade its citizens continuing citizens of the United States, but demanded the withdrawal from the Union. He protested, but when the State withdrew he came with the people, prepared to share the responsibility. It was suspected that his declaration of allegiance to the Confederacy was insincere, when it was not uncommon for men who had participated in the rebellion to plead loyalty to the Union. He had freely confessed himself a rebel when the war ceased, and the time came to accept the terms of reconstruction. Old friends and companions proposed to make Dent, a non-resident, the standard-bearer of the masses returning to the Union again. He protested, holding it more manly that one of our citizens shall bear back the nation the allegiance of a conquered people. They were now ready to renew their oaths to the GovernmeCt against which they had fought for years with a courage characteristic of a brave people. The whites refused to follow him. He appealed to the Negroes, who were now enfranchised, to follow his, an old slave-holder's, fortunes, while he bore back to the bosom of the Union a new Constitution for Mississippi, and sworn allegiance of all the to people the Government at Washington. The colored people followed on that occasion with an enthusiasm and devotion never surpassed. Thousands of whites becoming sensible of the humiliation self-imposed, of following Dent, abandoned that adventurer, and came forward to swell the majority by which he was elected Governor. Four years passed; the civil government had worked a marked change in the colored people of Mississippi. That change was in the progress of civilization. Who could deny that the colored people were now here in great numbers to pass upon the stewardship of their rulers for the past four years, and to present candidates for the coming term. The State was canvassed by aspirants, and in that canvass he (Alcorn), although not before the people, had been swornly and unjustly criticised. It had been asserted to the colored people that he had turned his back upon them; that he, in Congress, advocated against the Civil Rights bill. The charge was false. He favored a Civil Rights bill in Congress; had performed his part. True, he had voted against Sumner's Civil Rights bill as an amendment to the Disabilities bill, but the vote was not hostile to the interests of civil rights. He knew that to place civil rights as an amendment to a Disability bill was to postpone and defeat civil rights. The bill could not, like ordinary bills, be passed by a majority vote, while the Disability bill could not be passed except by a two-thirds majority. Who did not know that the Civil Rights bill could not in any event pass? The House of Representatives, by the two-thirds of those who voted for this, knew well what the effect would be. Their votes were hypocritical, and intended to deceive. The Civil Rights bill could not have been passed any moment by a majority of each House, yet the man who claimed to be the special friend of the colored people tells you I am to be censured and Ames praised because I voted against this bill. Ames, in his capacity as Military Governor, when he was a law unto himself, manifesting hatred to the whites of the States, but his love for the colored man, had not caused him to enforce civil rights. When I became Governor, the colored man was not permitted to ride in first-class railroad coaches. Why did not Ames enforce your civil rights? He had the power to do so, and did not. After I became Governor, you were riding on the cars like other people, and without the aid either of the Legislature or the bayonet. You entered on the privileges with the consent and approbation of the white people of this State.

Again, colored men, you are told that I am seeking to break up the Republican party, and turn you over to the Democrats. This is false. I seek to maintain the control of the Government for the good of the people. In the effort to create distrust against me, the thieves who are seeking to rob you speak of a private letter which they tell you I have written to Mygatt, at Vicksburg, in which I indicate a desire for the dismemberment of the Republican party. They say they cannot publish the letter because it is private, yet tell you what they declare to be its contents. They tell you that which is false. You know me. Many of you know Mr. Mygatt. Does any one think I would write anything to Mygatt that I was not willing the country should see? I know Mygatt would show a letter wrote him, marked private, with the knowledge that he would be more eager to show it. He has shown it. Now let him publish it. I desire that he shall do so, and that you all read what I have written. Should any other letter of mine be in possession of this thieves' gang, let them publish such as the public is interested in seeing. I have no secrets with them. Many of you were my appointees. Let them say whether I have at any time connived at or compounded with wrong, and let them give proofs. When I entered on duty as Governor, while the people of the State were estranged from me, I was compelled to put my Government in motion, and had neccessarily to appoint many men to office who I felt were unfit. I appointed good men and many a bad one, but, before appointing, the Legislature voted me a secret service fund and gave me power to remove incumbents from office. I kept spies on the track, and the power to remove saved the State from plunder. I opposed Gen. Ames. I answer. Ames had denied that he desired to go to the Senate. He pledged himself that he would not be a candidate, but when I came to Jackson he stated to me the fact that my Legislature was infested with thieves, and gave me the names of many that he held to be of this class. I will give the name of one he designated as a consummate rogue, who was then a member of the Mississippi Senate. To-day he is your nominee for Auditor of Public Accounts, no other than W. B. Gibbs. An honest and competent officer was overridden by the Convention and Gibbs nominated. Gibbs had made an effort to rob the State by approving a fraudulent account of $20,000. Ames gave me the names of many others who, he said, were no better. He said: "These men intend to plunder the State, and, when they should find me in the way, would make war on me by misrepresentation at Washington." He stated that I would need a friend at Washington who knew these men, and could save my Government from the consequences of their representations. I was alarmed, and soon agreed to support Ames for the Senate. He said he had no taste for political life. He desired indorsement, that he might be appointed Brigadier-General in the Regular Army. I agreed to do what I could to advance him. He was elected, and his credentials refered to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate Committee. All the lawyers of marked distinctio in the Committee reported, agreeing that Ames was not a citizen of Mississippi not entitled to his seat, but under the manipulations of the party he was admitted. It was soon discovered that his chances of promotion in the army was without hope, and he began to look to the question of a position as Senator from Mississippi. Ames knew well that his hope of continuance in the Senate, living out of the State, could not be realized, while the people became as they should be, friends; when the State should find repose with a peaceable and contented people, they would deserve to be represented in Congress by men of their own State, men whose interests were identified with the people of the State. Ames was not, nor did he intend to be, of this class. Mississippi, as a place of residence, had no attractions for Ames. A quasi state of war must be kept up or Ames could not hope to be continued in place. He saw what my purpose was to make peace between the races, to bring into the Republican party the whites, that the Government might not be controlled by the colored or white people, but by all the people of Mississippi. Ames said if I succeeded he was lost. He paid a visit to the State. Soon after he had come a distinguished colored man of Mississippi, one that you all know, and one whose word you will all take should what I state be denied, came to me with the intelligence that Ames through an interview with him proposed to make war on Alcorn; that Alcorn was seeking to enlarge the area of the Republican party. "Should he succeed in doing this," Ames said to the colored gentleman, "You and I will driven from the State. We are both carpet-baggers, and an accession of the whites to the Republican party is fatal to you and me." I don't pretend to quote the precise words, but present the idea. Ames proposed that he (Ames) should represent the Northern element and the colored man the colored element. By this they could control the offices and ostracise the native white Republicans. The proposition went further. It was that the last Legislature, as far as possible, be made up of Ames' friends, and at the first opportunity a resolution should be passed by the Legislature indorsing him and censuring me. This, he said, would break me down in Washington, destroy my influence, and enable him to control the Federal patronage. This man, continued Ames, has come to Mississippi in 1873 to nominated and elected Governor. He can then put the State permanently in the hands of the Northern and colored men, to the exclusion of the natives for all time to come. All Southern thinking would be thus crushed. The person to whom this discourse was made came to me. He wrote a reply, which I read. He reproduced in that reply Ames' proposition. The reply was to the effect that he wished peace established between the races in Mississippi; that Ames' proposition would continue the feuds and internal dissensions; that it meant a war of races. He believed I was a friend of his race, and that he should continue to support me in the effort to consummate the lasting brotherhood between the races. The advices I have of the truth of this disclosure rests on the confidence I have in the truth of my friend. A supplement of that reply to Ames was given into my hands for the mail to-day.

My countryman Ames is here, a candidate for Governor. Following out his purpose, should he be chosen, a war of saces begins in the State. This means the destruction of all our hopes. The purpose of Ames and his followers is to rob the people. When I was Governor, I was approached with a proposition to pay the Union Bank bonds. A corrupt Governor could have made a large sum. I was told that a bill could be passed by the Legislature. I replied that if a law passed, I should make an effort to transfer the corrupt members of the Legislature to the Penitentiary. I have been in the past a bond-payer. I am not now. The war stripped the South of its property in slaves. For myself, I thank God the institution found its grave. It would be unjust to you, colored men, to tax your muscle and sweat to pay the debt contracted forty years ago by your masters and by them repudiated. Shall the bond-holder be permitted to return you once more to slavery? Shall you in your poverty be taxed to return the money with interest which brought your father a slave to Mississippi? No, my countrymen, this must not be. Yet the danger is before us. What guarantee have you that these bonds are not the objective points of the adventurer who now heads your ticket? What interest has he in Mississippi other than to debase Mississippi to his own use? What weight is to be given to pledges of a political adventurer who lives more than a thousand miles beyond your border? Will you risk thirty millions of dollars on his word? Will you risk so much on the resolutions of this Convention?

Oh, my countrymen, elect this man, and to you I fear all hope is lost. Let him remodel your courts; let him appoint this man Hill, of Vicksburg, to the Supreme Bench of your State; a man who has brought disgrace on the name of the Chancellor; a man who, while holding the office of Chancellor, that he might serve Ames perpetrated a fraud on the people of Smith County by having himself certified as a delegate to their convention from a county which lies a hundred miles from his home. Shame on this dishonored man! He is to be exalted, I am told, to Supreme Judge. Wiley Wells was beaten for delegate in his own county. He holds the office of United States District Attorney for the Northern District of Mississippi. This man Wells, who disgraces the name of lawyer, after being beaten in his own county as candidate for delegate, by some means represented here in the Convention the County of Alcorn. A. C. French, who is now candidate for Representative in Adams, was an officer in the Freedmen's Bureau, agent for your colored men, defaulted to the Government, and is now sued for $12,000 or $15,000. He has been endeavoring to compromise by paying $4,000. This public defaulter comes here a delegate from Smith County.

Thus I might go on an hour in the exposure of the fraud that is thrown in the face of the Convention which came here to devastate and bring ruin on Mississippi. Colored men, what has Ames done for you? Did you ever see him incur danger for your sake? He tells you he fought for you. Ah! the little man; had there not been a larger than he, you would yet be in your manacles. Did he, when here, ever risk himself beyond the reach of a Government bayonet? Is he capable of rendering you service in the forum? Colored men, did I not bear your banner in 1869? Did you see me in the fierce conflict? Did I assume danger for your sake? You followed me then. Stand by me now, and you will stand for your country's good. Honest men are here in your midst who, though from the North, have cast their fortunes with us. They have not come here to rob, but to enrich the State and better their fortunes. We honor these men, while they denounce the adventurer and the thief, be they white or black, from North or South, and, God helping us, we will drive them from all places of public trust. To the whites of Mississippi we will appeal for support. Come with us, you Democrats of the past. Why hesitate now? Come join with these Northern Republicans who are with us, and the colored people are for their country. Come, young men of Mississippi, strike one blow for the peace and safety of your State. Ames is the enemy of your State in Congress. He has traduced and slandered them. He said I was protecting Democrats in the murder of colored people by hundreds, to stir up the colored man's blood to hatred against the white race. He knew the charge to be false; that his letter was a lie; but his purpose he was following up to elect him.

My countrymen, let him remodel your courts. The Legislature will pass law; corrupt courts will expound it; Ames' bayonets will enforce it. What has Ames done for you in Congress? Find one measure in Congress looking to the relief of the South which had the support of Ames? I declare him to be, in my judgment, a most vindictive man in Congress against the Southern whites. God grant we may be delivered from his grasp, from the ruin which he has in store for us all. To avert this I announce myself a candidate for Governor of your State. I intend to come before you and ask your suffrage whether I get the consent of French and others or not. I ask no Convention to nominate me. I want no other indorsement than that received four years ago. I was then received by the Church. Have observed all the ordinances and kept the faith for four years. More, I have a seat in the United States Senate, but am willing to lay down that for the good of the people, a State in peril, else I would not undertake a burthen so distasteful, a labor so great. The vultures of prey are gathering about the capital, and I will go about among the people and warn them of their danger.

On conclusion of the speech, H. C. Carter, defeated candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, took the stand and recited his wrongs. He had been promised the second place on the ticket, but was betrayed. He declared himself an independent candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, let the consequences be what they may.

Carter was appointed Secretary of State by Gov. Powers, vice Revels resigned.

Wisconsin Liberals and Democrats Call a State Convention.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 30.—The Democratic and Liberal Reform State Committees have called a State Convention to meet in Milwaukee, Sept. 24, to nominate an Opposition ticket for Governor, and other State officers. The following are the resolutions:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of these Committees, the time has come when all patriotic and intelligent electors of Wisconsin who seek the election of honest, capable, and incorruptible men to office, and a complete and permanent reform in public affairs, irrespective of past political associations, should unite in one Convention, upon one platform, and upon the same candidates, assert the sacred right of electing their own rulers, independent of corrupt party power, and of all professional politicians and political rings allied with or apologizing therefor.

Resolved, That, in pursuance of this opinion, the State Central Committee of the Democratic and Liberal-Republican organizations of the State of Wisconsin, ting as they believe in full accord and sympathy with the masses of the intelligent people of our State, who recognize no virtue in any political party beyond its power to govern the people honestly and well, do hereby call a State Convention, to consist of two delegates from each Senatorial and Assembly District of the State, to meet in the City of Milwaukee at 12 o'clock noon on the 24th day of September next, for the nomination of candidates for State officers, the further declaration of a platform of principles, and the transaction of such other business as may be deemed proper by the Convention when met, and that we earnestly invite all Democrats and Republicans, and other electors of Wisconsin friendly to genuine reform, through equal and impartial legislation, honesty in office, and rigid economy in the administration of public affairs, to unite in the election of delegates to said convention.

The Colored Men's Independent Movement in the District of Columbia—Mosby's Last Somersault.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—The *Daily Chronicle* states that what it calls the very silly story started here about the organization of a black man's party in this city is telling with very disastrous effect on the campaign in Virginia. In that State the effort is earnestly being made to carry all the white voters against the radical element, claiming that they were banding together with the negroes. Now it is heralded over the State that in the District of Columbia the negroes are organizing to put down the whites, and the authority of Republican journals is quoted, but is made the text of frantic appeals and wild harangues to the voters of Virginia to join with the Conservatives, and put down the black man's party. The *Chronicle* pronounces the story a canard, but the *Republican* maintains its truthfulness, and makes representations which has not yet been reported.

There is no doubt that Col. Mosby has come out in favor of the Conservative ticket in Virginia. The Administration organ here thus announces the fact: "This statement of Col. Mosby's position is true. He has gone back, horse, foot, and dragoons to the ranks of the Democracy. We make this explanation thus positively, because we know whereof we speak, and add to it that Mosby stands to-day in default regarding certain promises made by him when he was seeking appointments for his personal friends on the ground, as he himself stated, that he wished to prepare the State for a successful campaign by the Republican party.

McDonough County (Ill.) Republican Nominations.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

MACOMB, Ill., Aug. 30.—The Republicans of McDonough County met in delegate convention at Macomb, and put in nomination a ticket for county offices for the fall election. The following is the ticket: County Judge, Henderson Richie; County Clerk, A. K. Owen; Treasurer, David Brockway; Superintendent of Schools, J. H. Case.

The Convention was very harmonious. Resolutions were passed denouncing official corruption in all places; in favor of an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting Congress or any legislative body increasing its own salary; favoring legislative action in regard to transportation on a basis equitable both to the shipper and carrier; and, as a fundamental principle of the party, reaffirming their interest in agriculture and every other class of labor.

The Campaign in Massachusetts.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—A dispatch from Boston says that of the ninety delegates from that city to the Republican State Convention, General Butler has sixty; that the thirty-five delegates from Lynn and Lowell are all for Butler; and that he also has two-thirds of the Newburyport delegation.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—D. W. Gooch has been selected by the Republican State Committee to preside over the Convention at Worcester, Sept. 10.

Johnson County (Ia.) Republican Nominations.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

IOWA CITY, Ia., Aug. 30.—The Republican County Convention met this afternoon and nominated for Representatives Ellis Howell and J. M. Clark, both farmers, for Sheriff, L. W. Talbott; for Auditor, J. A. Pinney, another farmer. This is emphatically an anti-monopoly ticket.

MICHIGAN.

A Fearful Accident—A Chicago Fire Sufferer—A Family Missing.

DETROIT, Aug. 30.—On Thursday evening, John H. Osborn and his son, of Decatur, were burning brush, when the fire in the muck burned the roots of a large tree, which the son saw was about falling. He called to his father to get out of the way. Osborn ran in the wrong direction, and the tree struck him, breaking his neck and crushed his entire spinal column, besides breaking nearly every bone in his body, as he was doubled up.

The Wyandotte *Enterprise* says that there is now living in Trenton, Mich., a carpenter named J. M. McPhee, who lived in Chicago at the time of the great fire. His place of business was threatened, and he left his house to save some of his stock, if possible. On his return, after witnessing the destruction of his business property, he found his dwelling in ruins, and his family missing. Every inquiry failed to discover them, and to this day he has heard nothing from his wife and children.

Bank Robbery.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30.—Walter Snowdon, clerk in the office of the agents of the New York Life Insurance Company, South Fourth street, shortly after opening the office to-day, was asked by a stranger to change a fifty dollar bill, and while changing it he was knocked senseless, and the safe was robbed of seventy dollars. No arrests.

ANOTHER VERSION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 30.—The reported robbery of Walter Snowdon, this morning, turns out to be untrue. Snowden struck himself with a dumb-bell, and simulated unconsciousness. After being removed to his residence detectives searched the office and found all the money under Snowdon's desk. About 8 this evening Snowdon returned to the office to get this money, and was arrested. He admitted that he was in debt and resorted to the ruse to obtain the cash.

Railroad News.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 30.—The last spike was driven on the Cairo & Fulton Railroad at Fulton, this evening. The road is now completed from St. Louis to Fulton, a distance of 461 miles. This road connects the Northeastern States with Texas and the Gulf Coast. Arkansas and the Red River country rejoice over this event.

The Self-Accused Nathan Murderer.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 30.—Irving gives the names of the men associated with him in the Nathan murder as Daniel Kelly and Caleb Gernion. Kelly struck the blow. He denies he was in prison at the time of the murder, and says if he ever reaches New York he will produce the papers and a memorandum-book which he took from Nathan's safe with his own hands.

Obituary.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 30.—Mrs. Varaha Champion, a lady widely celebrated for her charities and philanthropy among soldiers during the war, died in this city this morning.

EQUALIZATION OF TAXES.

The Question of Assessing the Capital Stock of Corporations.

Attorney-General Edsall Gives His Opinion on the Subject.

Such Assessment Declared to Be Within the Purpose of the Revenue Law.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 30.—As intimated last night in my dispatch, the State Board of Equalization are considerably exercised over the question of assessing capital of corporations in this State. Some discussion was had upon the subject to-day during the session of the Board, when Mr. Miles, the Chairman of the Committee on Corporation, sent to the Clerk's desk to be read the following opinion of the Attorney-General on the vexed question:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 30, 1873.

SIR: In compliance with the request contained in the communication of the Committee of the Board of Equalization of Assessments, dated the 29th inst., I have considered, and herewith state my opinion on, the following points: First, is it necessary in order that the State Board of Equalization may legally assess the capital stock, including the franchises of corporations as required by the fourth clause of Sec. 3, State revenue law, that the statements required by Sec. 32 of said law should be obtained and reported in the manner specified in Sections 32 and 33 of said law? Second, in the event of Assessors failing to obtain and return the sworn statement required by said Sec. 32, can the State Board take such action as to it may seem proper to obtain such statements, or the information required by such statements, in order to perform the duty required of said Board by the fourth clause of Sec. 3 of said Revenue law? Third, is it competent for this Board to instruct its officers or a Committee of the Board to cause suits to be commenced against any Assessor or Assessors, or others who have apparently knowingly violated the express requirements of the Revenue laws of this State?

The fourth clause of the second section of the act concerning assessments, so far as is material to the present question, is in these words:

The capital stock of all companies now or hereafter created under the laws of the State shall be so valued by the State Board of Equalization as to ascertain and determine respectively the fair cash value of such capital stock, including the franchises over and above the assessed value of the tangible property of such company or association. Said Board shall adopt such rules and principles for ascertaining the fair cash value of such capital stock as to it may seem just and equitable, and such rules and principles when so adopted, if not inconsistent with this act, which shall be as binding and of the same effect as if contained in this act, subject, however, to such change, alteration, or amendment as may be found from time to time to be necessary by said Board.

The statute makes it the duty of the Board of Equalization to directly value, and not merely equalize, the assessment of capital stock, including the franchises of companies of the class referred to in the statute. The 32d section of the act makes it the duty of the officers of the corporations concerned to furnish certain information which would be very useful to the Board in making the assessment, and in case of their failure to furnish the same it is made the duty of the Assessor to make such return or statement from the best information he can obtain. The thirty-third section makes provision for laying this information before the State Board of Equalization and concludes thus:

And said Board shall value and assess the capital stock of such companies or associations in the manner provided in this act. [Laws of 1872.]

The 108th section of the act also declares that the State Board of Equalization shall assess the capital stock of each company or association respectively, now or hereafter incorporated under the laws of this State in manner hereinbefore in this act provided." [Laws of 1872.] The question is, whether, under the law, the State Board of Equalization can make a valid assessment of such stock, in case both the corporation and town and county Assessors fail in making or returning the statements specified in the thirty-second section of the act. From the synopsis we have made of the provisions of the State law, the following propositions are plainly deducible: First—It is the absolute and imperative duty of the State Board of Equalization to make the assessment of the capital stock of the class of corporatons referred to in the statute. Second—While the statute entitles the Board of Equalization to this means of information, it does not require the Board to make the statements referred to in Section 33 the basis of their assessment. It would be competent for the Board, if they thought proper, wholly to disregard these statements in making their assessment, and act upon information derived from other sources. The quotation we have made from the third section of the act shows that it was the intention of the Legislature that the Board should not be confined to any specific means of information in ascertaining the value of such capital stock for the purposes of assessment, but leaves it open to the Board to adopt such means to obtain the requisite information as may be found most feasible. The spirit of the act, as well as the provisions of the Constitution pertinent thereto, require that all property subject to taxation should be fairly and equally assessed in proportion to its value, so that Each person or corporation will be required to pay a tax in proportion to, and only in proportion to, the value of his or its property. If any considerable portion of the taxable property of the State escaped assessment, an undue burden will thereby be imposed on that which is assessed. The statute should, therefore, receive such construction as will make it practicable to assess all property liable to assessment. If the failure of the officers of the corporations to give information required by the statute, or even the failure of the Assessors to make such statement from the best information they can obtain, could deprive the State Board of Equalization of the power to make the assessment, then the plain purpose and intent of the statute would be defeated. It would enable the corporation to derive a benefit from their own wrong. In view of these considerations, it is my opinion that in cases where the officers of the corporation and the local Assessors both fail to give the information or statement as to capital stock of the corporations, as required by Sec. 32 of the act, the State Board is not thereby deprived of the power to proceed to make the assessment of such stock, but it may in any manner deemed most feasible obtain the requisite information, and ascertain the value of such stock and make the assessment as provided in the statute.

Second—Upon the same grounds, the second question above stated should be answered in the affirmative.

Third—As to the third question, the statute authorizes suits to be instituted in the name of the people of the State of Illinois on the complaint of any person against Assessors and other officers who refuse or knowingly neglect to perform any duty enjoined upon them by the act. [Laws of 1872, pp. 66 and 67, Section 788.] The statute also provided that if any person or corporation shall give a false or fraudulent list, schedule, or statement required by this act, or shall fail or refuse to deliver to the Assessor, when called upon for the purpose, a list of the taxable personal property which he is required to list under this act, he or it shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $10 nor more than $2,000, to be recovered in any proper form of action in the name of the people of Illinois, on the complaint of any person, such fine when collected to be paid into the County Treasury. [Laws of 1872, p 17, Sect. 66.] This suit may also be instituted on the complaint of any person. The law does not seem to make it the special duty of the Board of Equalization to institute and prosecute such suits, but there is a manifest propriety that the Board should, if it sees fit, call the attention of the State's Attorney of the proper county to the violations, and request him to institute suits to recover the prescribed penalties, and it would be competent for any member of the Board of Equalization, or any other person who had become acquainted with the facts, to make the complaints on which suits could be instituted by the State's Attorney of the county where the violations occur. If the State's Attorney is thus informed of such violations of the law, it would become his duty to institute and prosecute the suits to recover the penalties. [Laws of 1872, pp. 190, Sec. 3.]

I am, very respectfully,

(Signed) JAS. K. EDSALL, Att'y-Gen'l.

HON. R. W. MILES, Chairman of the Committee of Board of Equalization on Assessments of Capital Stock of Corporations.

NEW YORK.

Further Developments Concerning the Brooklyn Defalcation—Rodman Still in Jail—A Big Swindle Attempted in the Shape of Forged Railroad Bonds.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—City Treasurer Sprague, of Brooklyn, has put a stop for the present to all further investigation of his accounts by dispensing with the services of the expert, Warren, who, it is intimated, gave offense by making public the results of his investigation in advance of their submission to Sprague. Warren, in addition to his former statements, and from memoranda made in the course of his examination of the books, says that when the present Comptroller entered the office, Jan. 1, 1872, there was existing a defalcation in the accounts of the City Treasurer of over $350,000, and in the sinking fund of $60,000, all of which has since been made good, except $98,000 in the general fund. According to the official report of Warren, there is now apparently a deficiency in the City Treasurer's accounts of $50,000.

Justice Damon, of Brookly, to-day fixed the bail of M. T. Rodman, the defaulting Deputy City Treasurer, at $50,000, with two sureties, qualifying in a double amount of bail, and, if it is not furnished in a given time, Rodman will be committed to the County Jail. The Tax-Collector indignantly denies that there is any deficiency in his accounts, but says that the average of the taxes for the last twenty years will probably reach $3,000,000. Warren, the expert, says that the Tax-Collector has made deposits to his own credit in various city banks, each day, and has kept the money for weeks and months, instead of paying it over at once, as was his duty. A writ of habeas corpus was obtained subsequently, and Rodman taken before Judge Daniels to have his bail reduced, but that Judge declined to interfere. City Treasurer Sprague has been completely prostrated by the disclosures made of the condition of the finances of the city, and his own efforts to secure them from loss. He has been confined to his bed to-day, and his physician has positively prohibited all intercourse with him. Comptroller Schaveder has addressed a note to Hugh McLaughlin, ex-Treasurer of the Brooklyn Fire-Department, asking him to return to the city $8,000 and interest, and save trouble.

Rodman being unable to obtain the required bail was committed to jail this evening.

A bold and very nearly successful attempt at swindling by means of forged bonds was made in Wall street this afternoon. A. W. Holbrook, of the firm of John W. Eddy & Co., bankers, was in his office, when he was accosted by an old gentleman named Brown, who does business in Cedar street, and with whom Mr. Holbrook is well acquainted. Brown introduced one Williamson, who is described as a fine-looking man, who said he wished to borrow $25,000 for sixty days at 7 per cent and commission. He offered as security thirty $1,000 New York Central Railroad 7 per cent bonds of 1876. Holbrook took one of the bonds, and went out to place the loan elsewhere. He succeeded, and soon returned for the other bonds, and, to his astonishment, Williamson had gone. He then examined the bonds which purported to have been signed by Erastus Corning, President; Gilbert L. Wilson, Treasurer, and Jacob Steinberg, Register of Coupons, and found the signatures were forgeries. Holbrook immediately stopped the loan just arranged, and informed the detectives. Holbrook says he has every belief in Brown's integrity, and is convinced that he was entirely deceived. Brown says he became acquainted with Williamson in March last, when he claimed to be interested in a patent then lately introduced. Of his antecedents he knows nothing, and cannot give any information regarding his place of residence. On Thursday, while passing through Broad street, he was hailed by Williamson who said he wished to raise a sum of money upon New York Central 7s of 1876, and asked him to negotiate the loan. Brown replied that he would upon suitable commission, and made an engagement with Williamson when the latter was to bring the bonds to the office of Eddy & Co. Small lots ranging from $10,000 to $30,000, are reported to be held in Wall street as collaterals. Many exaggerated reports were circulated as to the extent of the forgeries. The original issue of these bonds amounted to $3,000,000, with a convertible clause. Most of them have been converted into stock, and the amount outstanding is reduced to $195,000, so that the forgeries are likely to be traced and the perpetrators detected.

Some time ago the police were informed that an effort would soon be made to place on the market forged certificates of the New York Central stock, and they were on the alert. To-day the detectives had hardly got the particulars of Mr. Williamson's attempt to procure the loan on some of the forged certificates when word was brought them that one Leonard Brown, of 113 Broadway, was endeavoring to place sixteen of the bonds with Olcott & Co., to which firm he had previously disposed of a genuine bond. The firm, on examination, found that one of the sixteen offered bore a number corresponding with that of a genuine bond already in their possession, and close scrutiny showed that the entire sixteen were forgeries. The detectives then ascertained that Worden Sherman, of 9 Nassau street, was endeavoring to negotiate for Brown a loan of $25,000 on $30,000 worth of New York Central stock, consolidated issue, with Thomas Denny & Co., of 9 Jauncey Court. A detective called at Sherman's office and saw Brown, who appeared impatient, and was walking up and down the office. Sherman entered directly after and, handing Brown a bond, told him he could do no business to-day. Brown left and was arrested on the stairs by the detective, who found on him eight forged $1,000 bonds of the New York Central consolidated issue. Brown was taken to the Central office and locked up, and the detectives further succeeded in recovering 62 forged bonds similar to those found on Brown, from two firms, the names of which are not given. The police say there are $1,000,000 forged bonds ready to flood Wall street, and that $250,000 worth are already placed. The public are cautioned to critically examine the following: New York Central sixes of 1883, 1887, 1876, and Buffalo, New York and Erie sevens.

John H. Horton has been brought to this city from Providence, where he was arrested on Wednesday last, on a charge of operating, a few months ago, in Lancaster, Pa., in raised certificates of stocks of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. Before he became a fugitive he secured through his operations, as charged, from Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, a letter of credit on Osgood & Co., of this city, for $26,000, and got the money.

A portion of a human body found in Oyster Bay, Long Island, has been identified, from a chain and locket, as that of Charles G. Kelsey, of Huntington, who mysteriously disappeared in November, 1872, after having been tarred and feathered, owing to his persistent attentions to a young woman after being requested to desist.

The funeral of Col. Raymond, Private Secretary to Gen. McClellan during the Peninsular campaign, took place yesterday, and was attended by a large number of well-known citizens.

The cerebro-spinal meningitis has made its appearance in a large contractor's stable in this city, and during the past week a number of horses and mules have died.

CANADA.

Miscellaneous Dominion Matters.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

OTTAWA, Aug. 30.—The report of Allan's severance from the Pacific Railway scheme is revived, and has its origin in a creditable quarter.

The Governor-General and Countess Dufferin are, with their children, at Tahousac.

MONTREAL, Aug. 30.—Gen. Phil Sheridan, of the United States Army, is stopping at St. Lawrence Hall.

The water in the St. Lawrence has fallen two feet since the 16th inst., and the St. Peter fell six inches during the past twelve hours.

New canal basins are now being constructed, and will cost the Dominion Government $1,000,000.

QUEBEC, Aug. 30.—An unusually abundant harvest of hay, grain, and roots in this section of the country.

Two hundred and fifty-six vessels for the local trade have been licensed here since navigation opened.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The Great Western Railway's employes held their annual picnic at Belle Isle. Fifteen car-loads went from this city alone.

TORONTO, Aug. 30.—The speech of the Hon. Edward Blake, the Canadian Gladstone, delivered at Bowmanville and London on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, will be published in full on Monday. The speech was a masterpiece, and never perhaps was a stronger chain of unsailable argument put forth by any public speaker. As a piece of oratory, apart from the issues at stake, it is, by Conservatives and Reformers alike, admitted to be equal to the most effective political address ever heard in Canada. He made a masterly appeal to the Conservatives of Canada to prove their right to their distinctive title by assisting at this crisis to conserve the imperiled rights of the people.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

Smashup on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad—Three Persons Killed at a Crossing Near Galion, O.—Fatal Bridge-Accident on the A. & P. Railroad.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 30.—A collision between two freight trains took place yesterday on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad, about three miles east of Roanoke, Ind. The collision is said to have been caused by forgetfulness of the engineer and conductor of the train going West, running on the time and in the face of the train going East. The trains came together with a fearful crash, telescoping the engines almost up to the cabs, and telescoping and knocking into splinters from twelve to fourteen cars, loaded with shelled corn, which strewed the track to the depth of a foot. All the employes jumped from the train in time to save their lives, and all but the fireman on the west bound train escaped uninjured. He received injury in the side, from which he will recover. One of the locomotives was a new one just purchased. The other was almost so. Both of them are smashed beyond repair. The road was cleared early this morning.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

GALION, Ohio, Aug. 30.—A frightful accident occurred a few miles west of this place, on the A. & G. W. R. R., last night. A train coming in from the west ran into a farmer's wagon, containing himself, wife and two daughters, killing the children outright, and severely injuring the father and mother. We learn that the latter has since died. The wagon was reduced to fragments and one of the horses killed. He urged his horses forward with the whip with the evident intention of crossing the track ahead of the train. The engineer gave the usual signal of danger, but was powerless to avoid the calamity.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 30.—As a freight-train on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad was passing under a bridge at LaClede, eight miles from this city, last night, a brakeman named Atwell, and another man, Arthur McGinnis, who were standing on the top of one of the cars, were knocked off, and both were killed. McGinnis is supposed to have been recently employed on the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad.

THE EASTERN STORM.

Only Twenty Out of a Fleet of Three Hundred Fishing Vessels Survive the Gale—Additional Accounts of the Destruction on Land.

HALIFAX, Aug. 30.—A dispatch from Sydney C. B., states that the schooner Europa capsized in the gale of Sunday last, and all hands were lost. There are over a hundred vessels ashore at different parts of Cape Breton. Seventeen are ashore at Louisburg. The schooner Ocean Wave dragged her anchors and went to pieces on Cape Hogan, all hands perishing. Another schooner lost two men, and a brig went down at her anchorage in Carribo Cove, with all on board. Other vessels and crews are known to be lost.

It is estimated that over 100 buildings have been destroyed in Canso and vicinity, entailing a loss of over $100,000. At Canso every ship in the harbor is high and dry. Every wharf and fishing establishment has been swept away, and the debris lines the entire shore. The Public Hall there is a heap of splinters, in which is buried a splendid organ. All buildings, public and private, are more or less injured. The Catholic chapel is a ruin. The fishermen have lost all, and many of them had to flee from their dwellings with their children, naked, out into the pitiless storm. Out of a fleet of over 300 fishing-vessels, only 20 remain. Several of the fishermen have lost in fish and gear upwards of a thousand dollars each. One schooner lies a hundred feet above low water mark.

A schooner belonging to Provincetown, Mass., in attempting to reach the harbor of Shelburne, Sunday night, struck on a rock off Black Point, and, as she dragged her anchors, the Captain, wife, and infant left the vessel, and after rowing about all night landed about noon the next day in a very exhausted condition. The remainder of the crew, numbering twelve men, left the wreck in two boats, and have not been heard from. The vessel sunk.

It is said that forty dead bodies have drifted ashore on the north side of Prince Edward's Island, and at other points bodies are washing up on the beach.

Steamship Saltwell, Capt. Mace, from London for Sydney, C. B., foundered off Scatterie, Sunday night, at 11. A life-boat with the Captain and fourteen of the crew landed at Fourchie, C. B., at 10 o'clock Monday morning. One boat with six men was lost alongside of the steamer, and another boat with nine men is missing, but is supposed to be at Louisburg.

Two brigs and two schooners are ashore at Lingan, and at Menhaden five schooners are totally wrecked. A seaman was washed from a fishing schooner in the harbor of Halifax. The brig Oak Point, which left Halifax Sunday, foundered the same night. The crew were saved.

The crops throughout the County of Cape Breton are badly damaged.

A schooner from Labrador, arrived to-day, spoke an American fishing schooner in the trails of Canso which reported thirty American fishing schooners ashore at Pleasant Bay. It is reported that forty American fishing vessels were lost off the south side of Prince Edward's Island, and that only eighteen lives were saved out of all the crews, but none of the late arrivals credit the report.

At Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, the storm was very destructive to life and property. The destruction of fishing-boats is unprecedented. Six square-rigged vessels were wrecked on the northern coast, and the crews of two of them were drowned. Four American fishing-vessels were also wrecked and the crews all lost. Dead bodies and wrecked material are floating ashore daily. The wharves and bridges throughout the island are damaged. A number of buildings were blown down.

The schooner Bonnie Jean was lost, with all hands, at Cape Cavendish.

Ship Chuscongas, timber-laden, for Liverpool, is a total loss at Cave Head. Crew saved. The Collector of Customs at Magdalen Island reports fifty British and American vessels ashore there.

New York Financial News.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Money easy, and loaned at 3 to 4½, with some little at 5, closing on the street at 4. Prime discounts, 7 to 10, according to time to run. Exchange dull and nominal. Quotations, 107¾@107½ for bankers sixty-days sterling; 108¾ for sight.

Gold quiet during the forenoon at 115¼@115⅜, but advanced in the afternoon to 115½@115⅝, and closed with increased activity. Rates paid for carrying, 2½, 3, and 4½, to flat for borrowing. The advance in the loaning rates was made in the afternoon. Clearances $69,866,000. The Assistant Treasurer to-day paid out $86,000 on account of interest and called bonds. His operations for the week have included the disbursement of $2,442,291 gold for interest, $53,000 in the redemption of 5-20 bonds, and receipts of $3,436,764 for customs. Internal revenue receipts for the month at Washington, $8,525,299, and for the fiscal year, $17,346,308.

General merchandise imports for the week, including dry goods, $8,465,334; produce exports, $5,231,459; specie exports, $399,427.

Government bonds dull and steady.

State bonds quiet and very little doing.

Railroad and miscellaneous speculation was for the most part weak and lower. The volume of business was exceedingly small. Erie sold at 59⅞@60⅛@59⅝. The decline was in sympathy with the reaction at London from 49¼ to 47⅞. The advance in Erie at London yesterday, it is reported, was based on telegrams that the Directors wanted to declare a dividend of 3½ per cent on preferred and the same on common, and the decline at London to-day, it is stated, was the result of a telegram to the effect that the dividend would be 3½ per cent on preferred and 1 per cent on common. Pacific Mail declined from 44¼ to 43¼, the last sales being at 43⅜. Western Union fell from 91⅝ to 91¼, and Lake Shore from 93 to 92½. Panama rose from 116 to 116½. The changes in other shares were ⅛ to ¼.

Sterling 108.

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Coupons, '81	119¼	Coupons, '67	118⅝
Coupons, '62	117	Coupons, '68	118
Coupons, '64	117	10-40s	116⅛
Coupons, '65	118¼	Currency 6s	113⅛
Coupons, '65 (new)	117	New 5s	114⅛

STATE BONDS.

Missouris	91¼	Virginias, old	42
Tennessees, old	82	North Carolinas, old	27½
Tennessees, new	81⅞	North Carolinas, new	15½
Virginias, new	50		

STOCKS.

Canton	98	St Paul pfd	70½
Western Union	91⅛	Wabash	68⅝
Quicksilver	35	Wabash pfd	80
Adams Express	92	Fort Wayne	93½
Wells Fargo	73	Terre Haute	10
American Express	62	Terre Haute pfd	35
United States Ex	67	Chicago & A., ex div.	103½
Pacific Mail	43¼	Chicago & Alton pfd	105
New York Central	104¾	Ohio & Mississippi	38⅞
Erie	59¾	C., C. & C.	85
Erie pfd	72	C., B. & Q.	98
Harlem	130½	Lake Shore	92½
Harlem pfd	133	Indiana Central	30⅞
Michigan Central	90	Illinois Central	105½
Pittsburgh	86¾	Union Pacific stocks	26½
Northwestern	64½	Union Pacific bonds	80¾
Northwestern pfd	81¾	Centra Pacific bds	99½
Rock Island	108¾	Del, Lack. & Western	100½
N. J. Central	102	B., H., & Erie	2½
St. Paul	53⅝		

FOREIGN.

The Insurgents at Cartagena Summoned to Surrender.

In Reply They Hoist the Black Flag on Their Works.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Aug. 30.—It is asserted that Hidalgo will be appointed Minister to the United States.

There is a rumor current that Alfonzo, Prince of Austria, will shortly attempt, on Spanish soil to proclaim his succession to the throne.

Telegrams from the North announce the defeat of the Carlists under Saballs, after four hours' fighting.

Yesterday Gen. Campos summoned the Cartagena insurgents to surrender. They answered by raising the black flag on their works. As yet, operations before the town on the land side have amounted only to a slight skirmish. It is reported that the insurgents had agreed, if hard pushed, to deliver some of the forts to the Carlists, on condition that all the Carlists at Valencia, some 4,000 in number, join the insurgents in an attack on the Republican troops.

BAYONNE, Aug. 30.—The Carlist forces have resumed the siege of Bilboa.

The Madrid Government is powerless to prevent the landing of arms and ammunition for the Carlists on the Cantebrian coasts, because of the large force required to operate against the insurgents.

It is reported that the Republicans have under advisement a plan of issuing letters of marque to private vessels to cruise in the Bay of Biscay.

MADRID, Aug. 30.—Ten thousand Republican troops have arrived at Victoria, in the Province of Alava, on their way to Estella.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—It is estimated that, if Don Carlos is successful in gaining the throne of Spain, the debt of the country will be increased one-third.

MADRID, Aug. 30.—The project to raise a loan, the payment of which is guaranteed by the revenues from tobacco, the monopoly of the Phillipine Islands, has been presented in the Cortes. The bill also abolishes compulsory labor on the tobacco plantations by natives. The motion was declared urgent.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—The trial of Marshal Bazaine will be begun in Trian, on the 6th of October.

Le Journal des Debats has a significant article from the pen of Lemolle, in which the writer expresses an opinion that the Republic is impossible, and that France must have liberal monarchy. Count de Chambord can follow the example of Louis XVIII. and grant a constitutional charter; but if not, a monarchy under Chambord is as impossible as the Republic.

The Government has issued a decree relieving grain and flour from the surtax, or additional import, levied on account of the war indemnity, and also from the bonding duty.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—The Duke de Broglie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a letter to the Chamber of Commerce, says the Governments of France and the United States are still engaged in negotiations for a postal convention.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—It is reported that the Government will pay to Germany the last instalment of the war indemnity on the 14th of October.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The Princess Louise, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is enceinte.

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 30.—The *Nord*, Russian organ published in this city, pronounces as a hoax the report of the insurrection in Khiva and execution of 600 of the insurrectionists.

PERSONAL.

J. W. Johnson, of Minneapolis, is at the Sherman.

George Broc, of Paris, France, is at the Sherman.

The Hon. A. DeGraff, of Dayton, O., is at the Sherman.

B. P. Shearer, Fort Howard, Wis., is at the Pacific.

Thomas M. Smith, of Hartford, Conn., is at the Pacific.

The Hon. J. H. Stewart, of Madison, Wis., is at the Sherman.

J. R. Craig and family, of Philadelphia, are at the Sherman.

His Honor, Mayor Bond, has temporarily retreated to Rockford, on private business.

William Doulass, the great linen manufacturer of Belfast, Ireland, is at the Pacific.

Commissioner Wright, of the Board of Police, left the city yesterday morning on a trip into Indiana, intending to return the same day, but failed to return as expected.

L. P. Shepard and family, Mrs. H. C. Hills and daughter, F. Hill, the Misses Blodgett, Miss Bella Crosby, Miss Cary, L. V. H. Crosby and lady, and many others desire to acknowledge their obligations to Capt. Smith, of the steamer Cuyahoga, and to everybody else connected with the vessel, for their untiring efforts to please the passengers on their recent pleasure-trip round the lakes.

THE TEMPERATURE.

The following is the range of temperature for the week ending August 30, as reported by L. Manasse, optician, No. 23 West Madison street:

	7 a. m.	12 m.	3 p. m.	6 p. m.
Monday, 25	82	91	92	79
Tuesday, 26	76	77	73	69
Wednesday, 27	68	85	82	74
Thursday, 28	69	76	78	76
Friday, 29	70	77	80	79
Saturday, 30	74	82	83	82

A New and Elegant Studio and Art Gallery

Has been recently opened at No. 101 West Madison street by Mr. Smith, an artist well known to the citizens of Chicago. This gallery, called the "Orient," bids fair to become one of the finest in the country and an ornament to Chicago. The rooms are large and spacious, and are furnished with all the latest improvements in the art. As a guarantee of good work, it is only necessary to state that Mr. Morrison, with an efficient corps of assistants, has charge of the operating room. The facilities for taking pictures have been so increased that 2,000 pictures can be finished in one day, and here we will say that Mr. Smith has reduced the prices of "Rembrandts" and "Berlins" to $2 per dozen. In addidion is a gallery containing large photographs of American scenery and several fine oil paintings. Among the latter are two large ones, alone worthy a visit to the "Orient." One is a life-size portrait of Mr. George Smith, and the other is a large view, 6 by 5 feet, of the Yosemite Valley, painted by Samuel Smith, whose reputation as an artist is world-wide. Everything is done in these rooms to make a visit pleasant and agreeable, and we would advise all who want artistic work to call on Mr. Smith.

Washington Heights.

Persons desiring to invest in property at Washington Heights or Morgan Park should call upon R. T. Clarke & Co., Room 4, No. 122 LaSalle street, who are offering the choicest property on the most liberal terms. They offer to parties who will build a neat six-room house, or Gothic cottage, a clear warrantee deed of a lot 25x150 feet, free of charge, with privilege of adjoining lot at lowest market price, one-third cash, balance in one, two, and three years, at 7 per cent per annum. Free tickets to parties desiring to visit this property.

Galveston Quarantine Order Suspended.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 30.—A dispatch to Messrs. C. A. Whitney & Co., from Galveston, states that the quarantine regulations which were to go into effect against New Orleans on Monday have been withdrawn. Consequently, regular communication with Texas ports remains undisturbed.

Ocean Steamship News.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Arrived, steamships Calabria, from Liverpool, and Smidt, from Bremen.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 30.—Arrived out, steamship Scotia, from New York.

Foreign Markets.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 30—11 a. m.—Breadstuffs unchanged. Flour, 28s 6d@29s 6d. Wheat—Winter, 12s 8d; spring, 11s 6d@12s 4d; white, 12s 7d@12s 10d; club, 12s 10d@13s. Pork, 68s 6d. Lard, 39s 6d.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 30—1 p. m.—Breadstuffs unchanged.

LONDON, Aug. 30—2 p. m.—Consols: Money, 92¾@92⅞; account, 92⅞@92⅞; 5-20s of '65, 95½; do of '67, 95½; 10-40s, 90½; new 5s, 91¼. Erie opened active and fluctuating at 49⅜, and closed at 47⅞.

Sperm Oil—90@91s.

PARIS, Aug. 30.—Rentes, 57f 95c.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 30—Evening.—Cotton quiet; middling uplands, 8⅞d; Orleans, 9⅛d; sales, 12,000 bales; American, 6,300 bales; speculation and export, 3,000 bales.

Cheese, 62s. Cumberlands, 38s; short ribs, 41s. Other articles unchanged.

Vessels Passed Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., Aug. 30.—PASSED UP—Props City of New York, Cleveland, Plymouth, Salina and barge, Buffalo and barge, Badger State, Bruno; schrs C. Hinckley, Wakeup, Correspondent, Mears, Goodell, C. H. Husom, Snowdrop, Prince Edward, Atmosphere, William Crosthwaite, H. Howard, Skinner, F. Wilcox, A. B. Norris.

PASSED DOWN—Props Mayflower, Westford, Montana, Colin Campbell, Merchant, Amazon, Glasgow and barge, Fountain City; schrs Peirrepont, Grover, Gilmore, Sherwood, Columbian.

WIND—Southwest.

DETROIT, Aug. 30.—PASSED UP—Props Bay City and barge, Egyptian and barge; barks Nims, Scotia; schrs Dundee, E. F. Gain, Mechanic, King.

PASSED DOWN—Prop City of Fremont.

WIND—Northwest.

FOREIGN.

rgents at Cartagena Summoned to Surrender.

They Hoist the Black Flag on Their Works.

SPAIN.

ug. 30.—It is asserted that Hidalga ted Minister to the United States.

rumor current that Alfonzo, Prince of shortly attempt, on Spanish soil to pro- session to the throne.

from the North announce the defeat of nder Saballs, after four hours' fighting. en. Campos summoned the Cartagena surrender. They answered by raising on their works. As yet, operations be- s on the land side have amounted only to ade. It is reported that the insurgents d hand in the book, to deliver some of the rtists, on condition that all the Carlists ome 4,000 in number, join the insurgents on the Republican troops.

Aug. 30.—The Carlist forces have restmed Biboa.

d Government is powerless to prevent the ms and ammunition for the Carlists on n coasts, because of the large force re- mains against the insurgents.

ted that the Republicans have under ad- tion of issuing letters of marque to private ine in the Bay of Biscay.

ug. 30.—Ten thousand Republican troops d at Victoria, in the Province of Alava, on to Estella.

Aug. 30.—It is estimated that, if Don Car- ful in gaining the throne of Spain, the mmunity will be increased one-third.

Aug. 30.—The project to raise a loan, the which is guaranteed by the revenues from a monopoly of the Philippine Islands, has ted in the Cortes. The bill also abolishes labor on the tobacco plantations by natives. was declared urgent.

FRANCE.

ng. 30.—The trial of Marshal Bazaine will Trian, on the 6th of October.

Les Debats has a significant article from Lesourde, in which the writer expresses an that the Republic is impossible, and that st have liberal monarchy. Count de Cham- follow the example of Louis XVIII. and ministerial charter; but if not, a monarchy imbord is as impossible as the Republic.

ernment has issued a decree relieving grain from the surtax, or additional import, levied d of the war indemnity, and also from the

ug. 30.—The Duke de Broglie, Minister of Affairs, in a letter to the Chamber of Com- ys the Governments of France and the ies are still engaged in negotiations for a vention.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Aug. 30.—The Princess Louise, wife of the Lorne, is enceinte.

BELGIUM.

s, Aug. 30.—The *Nord*, Russian organ in this city, pronounces as a hoax the repo t arrection in Khiva and execution of 400 t nationists.

PERSONAL.

Johnson, of Minneapolis, is at the Sher

Broo, of Peoria, is at the Sher

. A. DeGraff, of Dayton, O., is at the

hearer, Fort Howard, Wis., is at the

M. Smith, of Hartford, Conn., is at c.

n. J. H. Stewart, of Madison, Wis., is rman.

ang, of Philadelphia, are at nan.

or, Mayor Bond, has temporarily re- Rockford, on private business.

Doulass, the great linen manufac- elfast, Ireland, is at the Pacific.

sioner Wright, of the Board of Police, y yesterday morning on a trip into In- ending to return the same day, but turn as expected.

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ent.

s, R.—Passed Up—Props Bay City and and barge; barks Nimes, Scotia; schrs ah, Mechanic, King.

Prop City of Evanston.

WAR OF RACES.

A Duel Impending Between Two Great Local Politicians,

Who Represent the German Empire and the Irish People.

Anthony Cæsar Hesing and the Hon. A. L. Morrison Have a Falling-Out.

The Latter's Temperance Address the Cause of the Trouble.

Graphic Account of Their Hostile Meeting at the West Side Rink.

A Challenge Said to Have Been Sent and Accepted.

Mr. Hesing's Precautions Against Interruption by the Police.

The Great German Leader Interviewed by a "Tribune" Reporter.

It is pleasant, besides profitable, to meditate pstimes on the beautiful affection of David for onathan, and of Jonathan for David, on the pure love of Damon for Pythias, and of Pythias for Damon, because in this age, said to be degenerate, there are few examples of friendship so true, so noble, so unselfish. When men who in their day and generation are as conspicuous as David and Jonathan and Damon and Pythias were in their days fall out and disagree, it is cause for lamentation, tears, and heavy sobs. The breast heaves, lachrymatory glands involuntarily fill, and globules of water are forced from the edges, to trickle down each side of the nose. Alas! the age of David and Damon is no more; no more do men fall on each other's necks and osculate as did David and Jonathan; no more does a friend volunteer to take another's place on the scaffold, as happened in the other historical instances above alluded to.

This is a tale of war,—of a war of races,—and is another proof that the time when the lion shall lie down outside the lamb, and the tiger and the kid eat watermelon and share the same couch together has not arrived. It may have arrived in Timbuctoo, but so far it has not been registered in Chicago. No man in Chicago is still man,—the same old sixpence, weak, erring, boisterous, full of passion, prone to resent an insult, ready to die, if needs be, in defense of honor. These are some of the reasons (local politics might be given as another reason) why Mr. A. C. Hesing is not David or Damon, and why the Hon. A. L. Morrison is not either Jonathan or Pythias. This illustrious pair have fallen out,—these bosses among men who, when they depart from a mourning world, will leave footprints on the sands of Time and of the Lake Shore; these representatives of two races, the one of the German Empire, the other of the Irish people; these individuals have quarreled; their enimity knows no truce, and hereafter they will be found arrayed against each other, the one wrapped in the green flag of Erin, the other panoplied in the red, white, and black.

The relations between these gentlemen have been out of joint for many a day. It is not necessary to trace the cause of this unhappy condition of affairs. Every man who studies local politics understands how it is himself. He knows that Mr. Morrison drinks nothing stronger than tea or pop; that he is a consistent and devoted disciple of Father Mathew and Mr. Gough and that he hates whisky as the devil hates holy water. Mr. Morrison is not ashamed of his temperance proclivities, and, being a fluent speaker, he has denounced the intoxicating cup by the hour at a time, and has convinced many of his countrymen that it is their mortal foe. Mr. Morrison is undoubtedly sincere in, and lives up to, his profession. He has been promoted on account of his long and faithful services in the cause of law, order, and temperance, until he stands near the head of the Committee of Seventy—a proud and exalted station. Now Mr. Hesing cannot stomach a man who drinks nothing more powerful than tea or pop. He looks down on such mild decoctions with ineffable scorn, and turns up his nose at conscientious persons who have no greater regard for their insides than to pour tea and pop down their throats. The result is, that Hesing was filled with bitterness against Morrison, and this bitterness was turned into gall when Morrison not only exercised his inalienable and inherent right to drink only tea and pop, but had the audacity to defend his course on the platforms before large and enthusiastic public meetings, in spaces of rare eloquence and soaring sarcasm. An occasional allusion to Hesing as incarnation of beer and disorder did not tend to soothe that gentleman's ruffled temper. Morrison did not spare Hesing, and Hesing determined to get even with Morrison on the first favorable opportunity. The opportunity soon offered.

One evening not long ago Mr. Hesing remembered there was a fair at the West Side Rink in aid of St. Jarlath's Church, and, being a pious Catholic, he thought it no more than his duty to admire the historical collections all the way from Ireland, and leave a portion of his fortune to help the fair and build the church, and conciliate a large and powerful element in the approaching election. Mr. Hesing is a good deal of an Irishman at certain seasons of the year, generally in the fall. At the same season he takes a religious fit, and goes to church with the regularity of a saint. Being in this frame of mind, he ordered his Republican coachman to bring out his Republican carriage, which before it the two Republican horses, with the silver-mounted Republican harness, and folding a Republican lap-robe around his Republican legs, the entire Republican equipage whirled away at a hard gallop to the fair.

It so happened that on that particular evening Mr. Morrison was officiating as committee man, usher, or something that required him to welcome illustrious visitors. Mr. Morrison is an urbane man, a naturally polite man, almost a Frenchman in that respect. He had shaken hands with many distinguished men in his time, from President Grant to the Hon. Mr. Bountree. At shaking hands he is an expert. He gives a good, honest shake—none of your pump-handle impositions—always supplementing the squeeze in the case of a lady with a low, reverend bow, such as a gallant Irishman makes to the sex that cheers but does not inebriate. He had made obeisance before a dozen fair shrines that evening, and had felt the weight of horny-handed constituents until he was in a hand-shaking mood, and felt qualified to shake the paw of a King. He had not shaken hands four five weary minutes when the apparition about for times his own size and weight appeared at the door. It was Mr. Hesing, undaunted by Mr. Hesing's weight, and prompted by the generous instincts of a host, Mr. Morrison proceeded without a flank movement, in single file, to welcome the great man. He put forward the hand which had been shaken by the fair ones only a few minutes before, fully expecting of course that on such an occasion, in the presence of so many ladies, on that neutral ground, Mr. Hesing would suspend hostilities, forget all about his meager speeches, and for the time being be a friend and brother. Mr. Hesing, being much taller than Mr. Morrison, looked down at him, but never a hand did he extend. His gorge had risen, the Teuton blood in his veins was up. He informed Mr. Morrison that he would never shake a temperance hand,—a hand that never handled a foaming tankard, a hand that had sawed the air to emphasize his denunciations of Hesing,—no, never would he shake such a hand,—never, never, never, by Gambrinus. In Mr. Hesing's opinion, Mr. Morrison was a "Temperengler," a "Mucker," a "wasser-simpel," a "wasser-saufer," not to mention his being an "Engherzeiger Philister." Mr. Morrison, not fully comprehending Mr. Hesing's mother-tongue, was in the position of O'Connell's fish-woman, who did not know what he meant when he called her a perpendicular parallelogram, and insisted that she kept a hypothenuse in the garret. To be called an "Engherzeiger Philister" was enough to provoke a hermit. Such a monthful of the alphabet must mean something terrible, surrounded by the trophies of his race,—a race that preferred death before dishonor, or as soon after as convenient. Mr. Morrison felt that he must tell Mr. Hesing that he was a brute, a blackguard, no gentleman, or words to that effect. Again did Mr. Hesing arrange his tongue, clear his lungs, throw back his shoulders, and, with all his herculean strength, hurl forth once more the "Engherzeiger Philister." In vain did Mr. Morrison tell Mr. Hesing that he was a beer-barrel, a beer-guzzler, a combination of sauer kraut and pretzels. These condiments being Mr. Hesing's best hold, did not worry him a bit, and again he flung that "Engheizer Philister" in Mr. Morrison's face. By this time the blood of the Irish hero was up. He felt as explosive as a can of nitro-glycerine, while his opponent was as amiable as a Madison street bridge-tender. Mr. Morrison was considering the propriety of annihilating Mr. Hesing by a blow, for instance, between the eyes. He hankered for blood,—German blood. He had a mighty desire to tap Mr. Hesing on the nose. Mr. Hesing was of the opposite way of thinking. He desired Irish blood. Being dubbed a blackguard is not pleasant, even if a man is used to it. He thought of bruising Mr. Morrison's cuticle, but made up his mind nothing but water would flow, whereas if Morrison hit him there would be a waste of precious beer. While they were considering how to kill each other, several ladies got around them, hung on to their coat-tails, and then, when neither could get at the other without sacrificing a garment, their anger knew no bounds. They panted for the fray. Finally, Mr. Morrison having regard for the presence and the place in which he stood, announced that he would not dirty his hands on Hesing, but that a day of reckoning was not far off. Mr. Hesing soon after retired to that carriage and rode home a madder if not a wiser man. Mr. Morrison resumed his hand-shaking duties, and the business of the Exposition resumed its even tenor, and was undisturbed by further incident.

This event has been the talk of the town for several days. It has been the theme of conversation among the politicians. Mr. Sheridan is sorry for it, and so are the Democratic politicians who counted upon a fusion of the Irish and Germans in the coming election. They say it demonstrates the impossibility of a union, and that they might as well try to mix oil and water. Mr. Hesing is blamed. They say he threw the fat in the fire, and must take the consequences. On the other hand, the donors of that Republican equipage are leaping for joy. They say Hesing must stay in the party and, no thanks to him; that the Irish will none of him, because he insulted a representative of their race. Altogether, there is a pretty kettle of fish boiling.

There are vague rumors of a duel. Both parties are believed to have sent a challenge, and both are to have the choice of weapons. Col. Schaffner, it is understood, is to second Mr. Hesing on the field of combat, while Maj. McClure, whose experience in bloody arenas qualifies him for sanguinary duties, will perform the same kind offices for Mr. Morrison. The principals are in training, shooting apples from their seconds' heads a la William Tell. The seconds are in imminent danger. If they survive, the duel will proceed.

Mr. Morrison is calm. His will is made and recorded. He awaits with the philosophy of a stoic of the heathen hour. Some of his friends, who are delighted at the prospect of a duel, are endeavoring to intimidate him by allusions to Hesing's skill as a marksman. They tell him that Hesing has shot more cats in his back-yard than any man in Chicago, and that he'll surely wing him; that Hesing fought in '48, and at the Council Chamber during the fire-limits war. But Mr. Morrison won't scare, and answers all these hints by saying, "Kneel down there Mac, and let me split another of these apples." Mac kneels, and the apple is divided in twain in less time than it takes to tell it. Mr. Morrison then inquires how many children Mr. Hesing has, as he does not wish to make more orphans than he can possibly help. He also hopes Mr. Hesing has written a glowing obituary, setting forth his many virtues, the article to be published in the *Staats Zeitung* the day after the funeral. By this time Mac has knelt again, and another apple is deposited. Then Mr. Morrison gently asks which undertaker Mr. Hesing patronizes, as he had better take his measure and have a coffin on the ground. Another apple being split, he desires to be acquainted with Mr. Hesing's burying-ground, and if Mr. Hesing has contracted for a tombstone, and what epitaph he is going to inscribe on it, and then bang goes the pistol, and another apple is the untruth torn out. He remarks that he is really sorry to have to kill Mr. Hesing, but he never shrank from a duty, however repugnant to his fine feelings, and no matter how many orphans it made. The moment this inspiring news was known at this office a reporter was ordered to go and see Mr. Hesing, and learn what particulars he could concerning the proposed duel. Upon arriving at the main entrance to the *Staats-Zeitung* building he found it blockaded by a throng of Germans, all of whom had called there upon business relating to the international combat. One delegation had charge of a deed to a lot in Waldheim, the new German Cemetery, and they were eagerly explaining to Mr. Rapp, who stood on guard at the door, that it would be a first-class recommendation for their institution if Mr. Hesing would deposit his mortal remains there. They trusted that his devotion to the German cause would keep him from lying in any puritanical graveyard, where, at the Day of Judgment, he might find himself in the bad company of a batch of water-drinkers. Several doctors, with their instruments-cases under their arms, were jointly boasting of their experience in sewing up sabre-cuts and extracting bullets. A number of small politicians were still more loud-voiced, and, seizing Rapp by the coat, insisted they must see Mr. Hesing. He had made promises to them, and what would become of them if he were to die before election. They wanted to see Mr. Hesing, and appeal to him, if he could not avoid the deadly field, to mention them in his will. A small basket hanging on one side of the door was nearly filled with the cards of undertakers and other persons interested, directly or remotely, in the business on hand. Among them was that of Architect Matz.

The reporter made his way with some difficulty through this press, passing Mr. Rapp, who knew him, and went up-stairs to Mr. Hesing's room, which was empty. Then he looked through the adjoining ones, but did not find him. At that moment the door to the elevator opened, and the Hon. C. B. Farwell and the Hon. N. B. Judd stepped out into the passage. They said, with softened voices, "Good-by, old fellow," and went down the back stairs. The reporter jumped into the elevator, just as it started, and found in it Mr. Hesing, Col. Schaffner, H. B. Miller, and Jake Rehm. It went down about half way to the lower floor, and there stopped. There was silence for a moment, which was broken by the reporter:

"Is your elevator out of order, Mr. Hesing? It seems to be stuck."

"No; I am stopping here all day all ready, so as to keep out of the way of the police. If they come with a warrant I am safe, for, even if there are enough to go to every floor, I can remain midway."

"But I understand the police do not want to stop it, and that Washburn has been drilling Morrison in the use of the sabre all this morning. Mr. Tuley has given an opinion that the duel will not be unlawful, provided it is you who are killed, and the Committee of Seventy are ready to back him in this. Therefore, I conclude, you are safe from the officers."

"So? Col. Schaffner, who has had much experience in these matters, has advised me to stay here; but if you are sure about this, we will go up to my room."

The Colonel started to make a speech, but was reminded that he was not in the Council, and the party returned to the upper floor, and went into Mr. Hesing's room.

It was then easy to see the faces of the various actors. Mr. Hesing looked pale, but determined. Schaffner bristled with delight, and narrated military experiences and imminent escapes from death. Mr. Rehm looked much as usual, but Miller was greatly worried. He took the reporter one side, and said to him:

"I wish you would stop this. Try if you can scare Hesing. You know I am running for County Treasurer, and what chance will I have if he kills an Irishman. Morrison is not popular among his countrymen, but if he is killed all of them will make a saint of him. If Hesing must kill anybody, let him take a Scandinavian or a Bohemian. You make it all right with A. C., and I will not forget it when I am elected."

This conversation was interrupted by the rolling in of a keg of beer, with a card tacked on it, whereon was written, "Compliments of Ald. McAvoy." During this diversion the reporter moved over towards Mr. Hesing, and stopped Schaffner just as he was beginning "When I was in the army."

"Well," says the reporter, "is this really in earnest? Are you going out to let this Fenian bore holes in you? Or is it merely an election story, to fire the German heart? You need not be afraid to speak out, for you can disown it all in the *Staats* day after to-morrow."

"Yes, sir, it is in earnest. An old soldier of '48 cannot be insulted without his taking notice of it. Where would my character be among the Germans for courage? I should lose all my subscribers. They would go over to the other German papers, and I should not be called 'Bismarck' any longer."

"But this Morrison is a devil of a fellow, Mr. Hesing. You should hear him at a temperance meeting. He makes no more of chewing up half a dozen stout Germans than you do of swallowing a glass of beer. The little Dutch boys run when they see him, so horrible is he. He has openly defied the myrmidoms of Britain, and dared the whole power of England to molest him, in speeches he has made in Chicago, Peoria, Ottawa, and other places. Besides, what do you want to fight anybody for? You have a new carriage, and a new house. Live and enjoy them. Think how Medill will rejoice when he hears that you are shot through the heart or got a bullet through the lungs."

"When I was in the army," said the Colonel "I had a man who was shot through the lungs He was a big man named Lohm, who had kept a cigar store on the Bowery. He laid thirty days after he was shot, and suffered a great deal. But then he was not as strong a man as you, Mr. Hesing, and I think you might live longer than he. Then I remember, too, ——"

"Col. Schaffner," said Mr. Hesing, "I am a brave man. I am named Antony. But I am not a doctor nor a butcher. I do not like to hear these things. They make me feel nervous. Tell me rather about men who have had wonderful escapes from being killed. Put me in spirits by by speaking of some one who was much shot at, but escaped."

"There is myself," said Schaffner; "I was always in the thick of the fight, and yet I escaped. Besides, it is nothing to have one man stand off and shoot at you, pleasantly and good-naturedly. Wait till you have a thousand rebels, with long muskets, all looking grumly at you, and saying 'That is a dangerous man; we must kill him.'"

Mr. Hesing leaned his head upon his hand, and was buried in thought.

After a pause, the reporter said, "Do you want to fight, Mr. Hesing?"

"No, but my honor is concerned. I represent the Germans, and it must not be said that they backed down before any other nationality. I had a visit from Farwell, and he promises to let me select the Mayor for them, if I will stay alive, and come back, and that everything shall be as it was before."

"If you get shot, of course that confuses the election, and if you kill the other man, you go to jail. It is true our friend Folz is in charge, but still it would be a jail. Why don't you detail one of your reporters to do this work? As a newspaper man you have that privilege."

"I never thought of that," said A. C. "I believe that can be done, and if he is hurt I will raise his wages. Where is the City Editor? Rehm, go and find him, and tell him to assign a man to special duty to fight this man Morrison."

Buffalo Miller rose from his seat and shook hands heartily with Mr. Hesing. His face glowed with joy.

"Where is the place of meeting to be Colonel?" said the reporter.

"Do not know whether it is proper to state that," said Mr. Hesing.

"Yes it is," says the reporter. "The paper wants a man there to write it up fairly. There will be garbled accounts in the others. They will say you or your representative showed the white feather. We will send our best sporting man, and he will do it up graphically."

"That is true. We have decided to meet at ——, at 11 o'clock in the morning."

Here Mr. Rehm returned with a solemn face, and stated the reporters of the *Staats-Zeitung* declined to do anything of the kind. They would write up glowing descriptions of the affair, with the necessary obituaries, but they were not warriors. They were hired to use pencils, not pistols.

Mr. Miller grew sad again.

"This," said Mr. Hesing, "is another proof of human ingratitude. Let their salaries be reduced five dollars a week. I must fight I see."

"Have you any objection to letting me look at your will?" asked the reporter.

"No," said Mr. Hesing, and he sent over to Vocke's office for it. The reporter took a copy, and in case anything happens it will be published. It is well-worded, and reflects great credit on the head and heart of the author. To relieve public anxiety, it may be stated that it provides annuities for all those to whom Mr. H. has promised his support this fall.

"Oh, I had almost forgotten," said the reporter; "I wish you would state the dates and things to get up a good obituary by. Of course, you know, I hope nothing will happen, but, then, being a newspaper man yourself, you see the propriety of this request."

"Certainly," said Mr. H., and he kindly gave a number of facts which it is unnecessary to state here, for they have all been done up in good style, and will be published in due time unless Mr. Morrison gets done for, in which case they will be thrown away.

It was by this time growing late, and the reporter shook hands with the company and left, advising Mr. Hesing to do a little practicing before the eventful day.

There was the same crowd at the outer door, including two or three patriots with swords and pistols, which had been tried before with success, and which they intended to offer to the German champion.

The Hon. A. L. Morrison was diligently sought for, but could not be found. It was reported that the Hon. M. C. Kelly, lawyer for the Committee of Seventy, yesterday presented him with a complete collection of the letters, proclamations, documents, manifestos, appeals, decisions, speeches, etc., made by the said Kelly, in order that he, the said Morrison, might stuff them between his shirt and skin. The said papers being so heavy, thick, soggy, and impenetrable that no bullet could pierce through them.

A RAID ON KING FARO.

The great American shirt-loser, Al. Hankins, had a matinee at his place of business 121 Clark street, yesterday afternoon, in which eight uninvited and unwelcome guests, in the shape of Capt. Buckley, of the Armory Station, and seven officers, took part. At 4 in the afternoon the main saloon on the second flat of the house before mentioned presented a more than usually cheerful and inspiriting aspect. The room is known as the handsomest gambling-room in the city. Three of its walls are artistically frescoed, while the fourth is all but covered with a magnificent $1,000 mirror; its floors are clad in a rich Brussels carpet, its furniture is a mass of elegantly carved woods and richly-tinted drapery, while on a marble-topped sideboard the most delicate viands, wherewith to satisfy the waning appetite, and the choicest stimulants to drown the waxing cares are gratuitously laid out. At 4 o'clock the pleasant scene was enlivened by the presence of some eight or nine gamblers who were playing at faro, the cards being dealt by Jeff Hankins, a brother of Al.'s, and part proprietor of the place. At the same moment some little bustle was going on in the Armory Station, where Captain Buckley was getting together a squad of officers for special duty. The men he selected were Officers Morgan, Parker, Lennan, O'Connor, Minial, Harris and O'Neill. Everything being ready they started for their destination, 121 Clark street. An attack in the rear of the premises was ordered, the Captain knowing that no less than three doors guard the front entry, and that to get through them, even by using the most energetic means, in time to detect the gamblers at work would be impossible. The back door reached, a grand rush was made for the second flat, Captain Buckley leading. A look-out darkey made a rush for the door which leads into the sanctum sanctorum, but he was collared and put hastily to one side, half a dozen batons flourishing round his shins, teaching him that discretion is the better part of valor. On the police entering the room the surprised gamesters saw all was up, and with the exception of a little loud talk on the part of George Adams, alias George Jessel, they immediately prepared for a quiet departure. The cards, chips, and other tools, were secured, and the police, reinforced by the faroists, returned to the station, one of the number being left in charge of the table. At the station the prisoners gave the following names: J. E. Hankins, J. E. Williams, John Taylor, Charles H. Williams, Geo. Adams, Chas. Walters, John Smith, Geo. Litteral, R. B. Richardson, H. B. Jones, James Williamson and Joseph Ellis. The officer left in charge of the faro table was rather unfortunate. He had got it as far as the sidewalk, when Geo. Hankins, another brother, came along with a writ of replevin, and secured the table just as it was being hoisted upon an express wagon. The writ was issued by Chief Justice Banyon, who immediately after the arrest went over to the Armory and bailed the prisoners in sums of $300 for dealer and $200 for each of the inmates.

ALD. McAVOY'S DINNER-SET.

Presentation to the President of the Council by the Managers of the Irish-American Exposition—A Delightful Social Evening.

The Committee appointed by the managers of the Irish-American Exposition to present to Ald. J. H. McAvoy the set of silverware voted to him by the ballots of his numerous friends, in competition with Ald. Heath, performed that agreeable duty yesterday evening at Ald. McAvoy's residence, No. 147 Calumet avenue. The names of the Committee were as follows: Messrs. G. W. Hill, R. E. McAllister, M. E. Clancy, P. J. Healy, J. M. Dunphy, James McAndrews, and A. L. Barrett. The gifts consisted of a dinner service of seven pieces of solid silver, of a neat and highly finished pattern. The set contained a soup-tureen, four vegetable-dishes, and two gravy-boats, and cost $1,000. The tureen was inscribed as follows: "Voted to J. H. McAvoy, by his numerous friends, at the Chicago Irish-American Exposition. Aug. 23, 1873." Each piece was also marked with Mr. McAvoy's name.

The company of friends being assembled in the parlors, Mr. Hill tendered the gifts to Mr. McAvoy in a few well-chosen and eloquent words, alluding principally to the high esteem in which Mr. McAvoy was held by his constituents and friends, and to the satisfactory manner in which he had filled the high position now held by him, and to the hopes of all who knew him that he might be called to a wider field and more elevated position in political life. After referring humorously to the eminent propriety of presenting a dinner-service to an Alderman, Mr. Hill closed amid hearty applause.

In reply, Ald. McAvoy spoke of the pleasure with which he regarded such a testimonial from his friends, especially when voted to him in preference to one of the most popular men in the city. He had only allowed his name to be used for the purpose of benefiting St. Jarlath's Church, and with little expectation that he would be so fortunate as to be the successful competitor. He spoke feelingly of the kind expressions of his friends, and said that such acts of friendship remain with us all our lives, to be remembered with gratitude when the memory of all else had departed. Mr. McAvoy quoted feelingly those beautiful lines of Moore:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

In conclusion, he thanked the Committee and his friends most heartily, and wished success and prosperity to St. Jarlath's Church.

The party soon after descended to the dining-room, where all the usual refreshments were served, becoming style, including champagne of a quality quite unusually good. The evening passed in a most sociable and agreeable manner, and, on leaving, the guests unanimously wished Mr. McAvoy and his wife a long continuance of honors and happiness.

There were present about fifty guests, among whom were Mr. A. C. Hesing, Gen. C. T. Hotchkiss and wife, ex-Ald. J. D. Otis and wife, Mr. Oakley, wife, daughter, and niece, Mr. George Miller and wife, Mr. G. S. Whittaker, wife, and daughter, Mr. James Whittaker and wife, Mr. Thomas Robinson and wife, parents of Mrs. McAvoy, Mr. and Miss Dickinson, Mr. H. L. Hills, Mr. McNeil, Mr. Ellsworth, and others. The occasion was an exceedingly enjoyable one to all present, and will be long remembered by Ald. McAvoy and his friends.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

The Ellsworth Zouaves meet at their hall on LaSalle street, near Madison, on Thursday evening.

The Directresses of the Orphan Asslum will hold their regular monthly meeting at the Asylum on Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock.

The friends of temperance are cordially invited to attend a socialde and reunion of the Star of Hope Lodge No. 15, I. O. G. T., on Thursday evening, at their hall, corner of Washington and Desplaines streets.

The Special Committee upon Street-Ends met yesterday afternoon and drove about the city inspecting the various localities needing their attention. They will probably make a report next Monday evening.

An inquest was held yesterday on the body of Hugh Kennie, the lad who was killed on Friday on the track of the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, and a verdict returned of accidental death.

The regular meeting of the Chicago Caledonian Club will be held in the basement of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, corner of Adams and Sangamon streets, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock sharp.

The same chirography which called a meeting of "temperate men" at Lincoln Park last Sunday struggles with an announcement of a similar meeting to-day at the same place, to discuss the questions of license and local politics.

In the panel case, of which an account was given in yesterday's TRIBUNE, Hattie Elizabeth Allen was held in $700 bail, and George Allen and Mary Knox were held as accomplices, and each fined besides $100 and costs.

The Committee on Fire and Water held a meeting yesterday morning, and decided to recommend the purchase of two lots for police and fire purposes, one on the corner of Twenty-second and Halsted streets, the other near the corner of Canalport avenue and Jefferson street, 50 feet front by 125 feet deep.

The alarm from Box 285, at a quarter past 11 yesterday morning, was caused by a fire in the double cottages 10 and 12 Cicero court. About $350 damage was done. Each house was damaged to the extent of about $350, and was insured for $800. The alarm from Box 43 at noon was caused by a $300 fire in a brick stable in rear of 517 Michigan avenue. An alarm from Box 46, an hour later, was caused by fire breaking out a second time in the same place.

At about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a quarrel occurred on Hanover street between John Cavanagh and James Murphy. A fight ensued, in the course of which Murphy cut Cavanagh with a jackknife, inflicting a very serious wound. The wounded man was removed to his home, No. 111 Kossuth street, where he was attended by Dr. Lee, who pronounced his hurt to be serious, but not very dangerous. Murphy had not been seen, at last accounts, since the fight.

An inquest was held yesterday on the body of Jacob, the circumstances of whose death have already been published. The jury returned a verdict of death from compression of the brain, produced by a fracture of the skull, and found that the injuries were caused by blows from some blunt instrument in the hands of James Fitzgerald and Peter Basquell. The Coroner issued a mittimus, and James Fitzgerald was lodged in the County Jail. Basquell is not yet arrested.

Geo. Miller is not satisfied with the games of his forefathers. He is ingenious, and invents new ones. The last is to retire to some sequestered spot, say—under a sidewalk—and there think of the enormity of crime in this awful city, until some old man comes along, when it is in play to rush out and knock him down. George is such a skillful player that he knocked down three old men on Friday night. His proficiency cost him $5 yesterday in Banyon's Court. Very cheap.

A well-dressed man called at the residence of Dr. T. P. Seely, No. 289 West Monroe street, on Wednesday, and, asking the servant for paper to write a note to the Doctor, who was absent, he sat down at the latter's desk, wrote his name, "G. Waterfield, North LaSalle street," and left. On his return, the Doctor missed a fine staff-army-surgeon pocket-case of instruments. It was of red leather, and from association, more valuable to him than to any one else. The Doctor thinks "Waterfields are slippery."

Puffenberger was yesterday released by Judge Gary, of the Criminal Court, on the bail bond for $3,000 of Joseph E. Young, Vice-President of the Chicago, Danville & Vincennes Railroad Company. The prisoner, who was accompanied by his wife, looked very happy at his release, and Mrs. P. smiled upon the Judge and bowed her acknowledgments, in the most approved style. Judge Gary, whose matrimonial orderings are generally of a disjunctive nature, seemed quite happy at the new kind of work he became unexpectedly engaged in.

The woman, Cornelia Wade, who attempted suicide at the Home for the Friendless, is getting along as well as can be expected, considering the quantity of laudanum she drank. She is reticent, and refuses to disclose much of her history. There is no doubt but that she was in utter despair, and sought to escape the burdens of life, which were more than she could bear. She is now in kind hands, and all that Christian sympathy and care can do to cure her of the effects of the poison, and after that to restore her to her better self, will be done by the good ladies at the Home. Much praise is due Miss Bowman and her assistants for the promptness with which they acted in the emergency, as nothing but instant relief could have restored to the unhappy woman the life she sought to take.

At about midnight Officer Cannon got badly beaten in front of the Varieties Theatre on the corner of Canal and Randolph streets. While endeavoring to arrest one of a gang of disorderly roughs loafing in front of this delectable place of amusement, the rest of the crew set upon him, knocked him down, and kicked and beat him in a brutal manner. Officer Ebinger arrived to his assistance, and, after keeling over a couple of the roughs, succeeded in rescuing his brother officer. Arrests were made of Jacob Huffman and Charles Carr. Several citizens aided Cannon and Ebinger in these arrests, the efforts of Mr. John Scully, a clerk of Justice Sturtevant, being particularly worthy of mention. The injuries received by Cannon are chiefly about the head and chest, and are of a very serious nature.

During the War men learned to sleep in the saddle, on the march, in the rain, up a tree, on their head, and in almost every place and position; but nowhere in history can you find an account of a man seeking the balmy on the sidewalk at the corner of State and Harrison streets. Friday night being a good night for outdoor slumber, William Duncan, wishing to retire, and being then on the south-west corner, he spread his humble couch on the sidewalk, and was taking off those conventionalities we call clothes, when an officer came along, and, taking in the situation at a glance, told William to take up his bed and walk with him. William fell in at once with the suggestion, and together they flitted to Buckley's Hotel, where William was given a suite of rooms that were all a monopoly could wish. The gentlemanly proprietor, Banyon, made out William's bill at $5, yesterday morning.

There was a special meeting of the Council yesterday evening. Ald. Woodman in the Chair. Present, Ald. Bowman, Dixon, Coey, Sidwell, Stone, Pickering, Tracey, Schmitz, Culbertson, McClowry, Clowry, Bailey, Powell, O'Brien, Clark, Sweet, Kahoe, Miner, Sherwood, Cleveland, Quirk, Eckhardt, Stout, Mahr, Lengacher, Schaffner, Carney, Cannon, Ogden, Brandt, Woodman, Corcoran. After waiting till 9, and running all over town, a quorum was secured, and a communication was received from W. B. McGray, City Assessor, stating that by the ordinance the city-assessment was required to be in by the 1st of September, unless further time was given. Since the work had not been completed, he asked that the time be extended till the fourth Monday in September. A resolution extending the time to the date mentioned was unanimously adopted, thus saving the assessment for 1873. The Council then adjourned.

Louisa Sandhoffer, living at No. 67 Vedder street, has lodged a complaint with Dr. Benjamin C. Miller, County Superintendent of Charities, against a man named Amundson, one of the contractors to supply the county with potatoes. It seems the woman went with an order from the County Agent to get potatoes, and that Amundson gave her some old ones, which are not good at this time of the year. She objected, when she alleges Amundson took her by the arm to the door, and kicked her out. Amundson says he could not have hurt her, as he had nothing on his feet but a pair of slippers. That is

THE EXPOSITION.

Progress of the Palace of Art and Industry.

Extensive Additions Demanded by Exhibitors.

Interior Arrangements for the Magnificent Display.

Something of What Will Be Seen — Sept. 25 the Opening Day.

The arrangements for the grand Exposition are progressing with remarkable rapidity and the utmost completeness, and the hopes of its great success once entertained by the doubting are now changed into the certainty of promise, and the laggards are hurrying forward asking for space in the great industrial palace on the lake shore park. It has been determined that the Exposition shall open on the 25th of September. The immense building now, with its hundreds of carpenters and other mechanics sawing, hammering, hoisting, roofing, is a palace of industry. Hundreds of busy hands are completing the largest and most symmetrical structure of the kind ever erected in the United States, and the most perfectly arranged exposition edifice in the world. Yesterday the great arched supports on the south end of the building were lifted and placed in position, so that the mammoth edifice is now practically enclosed. As long as the building was open at one end, there was danger from any sudden wind storm, and hence there was much anxiety to hurry up the work. But it was determined, in spite of apprehension of storm, to make the work secure when it was done, the managers and builders believing wisely that what was worth being done at all was worth doing well. But all aprehension has now ceased. The huge and beautiful structure, though not complete, is perfectly secure, and may defiantly invite the embrace of the tempest. Let the storm come. The wind may whistle and make music merrily through its rafters, and the rain may fall on its tin-covered roof and domes, but it will stand the storm, a monument to the enterprise and liberality of Chicago's business men, to the genius of her architect and the skill of her artisans and mechanics.

Just think of it! A building 800 feet long by 200 feet wide in the clear, and 80 feet high to its arched roof, with its three great domes, the central one 100 feet, and those near the ends of the buildings 130 feet from the floor to the foot of its flag-staff; with an immense gallery extending all around. The great Crystal Palace of Gotham, of which the metropolis of the nation was wont to boast, and in which the whole nation took a pride, afforded a clear exposition space of only 173,000 square feet. Chicago's first Industrial Exposition building offers 320,000 square feet of exposition space for the products, manufactures, and industries of the nation, and all its wealth, natural and artificial. Certainly, this great building would have seemed to have been large enough for a world's exhibition. But it is not adequate to the demand made by the expositors who desire to exhibit their industries in Chicago. So great and so urgent has been the request for more room, that the Directors have resolved to add to the building. Two large additions, one on the north and another on the south, each 60x160 feet, are to be constructed at once, adding 19,200 square feet to the exposition space. These buildings are to be of a temporary nature, inclosed with three sides, and forming the main building. Here will be placed such machinery, agricultural implements, and heavy articles as must be under shelter, but need not be entirely bounded by walls for security. The construction of these wings is rendered necessary by the demand from at home and abroad of those manufacturers who are competitors for public favor and see in this grand exhibition a foreordained success, and the golden opportunity to advertise to the West, the nation, and the world.

But these are not the only additions demanded. A generous enterprise has resolved to provide for the wants and comforts of the inner man, as well as to excite the interest and admiration of the utilitarian and esthetic. On the east, or lake, side of the palace proper there are to be erected two brick additions, one on either side of the Art Gallery, each 250x20 feet in size and one story high. These additions are to be divided into several compartments, to be used as dining-rooms and smoking-rooms, where the hungry may be fed, the weary be refreshed in rest, and the philosophic contemplate in smoke the wonders they have viewed, and the genius and skill of man who produced them.

In company with the courteous and able Secretary, Mr. John P. Reynolds, a TRIBUNE reporter yesterday visited the grand building to note its progress. The work is so far complete that in ninety days the immense building will be ready for the reception of some wares, but it will probably be two weeks before the stands will be placed, or any attempt made at arrangement. It must be understood that exhibitors must arrange their own goods, provide shelving, brackets, tables, and show-cases at their own expense; subject, however, to the approval of the person in charge of the department. Power and shafting will be provided gratis to those exhibiting machinery in motion; but belting, pulleys, and counter-shafting must be furnished by the exhibitor. For the working of machinery in the main building an engine with 650-horse-power will be placed outside of and to the northeast of the building, and the shafting are to extend from the north end to the centre of the structure. Another engine, 60-horse-power, will be set up to furnish power for the machinery in the addition at the south of the main building.

The general design of the interior arrangement, as nearly as can be reported until the goods are placed, is as follows: At the north end of the main hall the first section will be devoted to the display of instruments and machinery of the useful arts next to minerals; then the wrought and cast and manufactured products, not including objects used in dwellings. These will extend to the grand central passageway, or hall, extending, 80 feet wide, from the main entrance at Adams street through to the Art-Gallery. In the centre of this hall is to be an immense fountain, 40 feet in height, and having a basin 60 feet in diameter. This is to be one of the most elaborate and beautiful ornamental features where all promise to be so attractive. To the south of this the first section will be devoted to the liberal and fine arts, the next to objects used in dwellings and for personal wear, the next to the products of the farm, dairy, orchard, nursery, garden, and green-house, the next to food, drinks, and tobacco, the next to raw materials (not metallic), and chemical and natural products used in the common arts. The Grant Art Gallery, which is one of the best arranged in the country, 45x120 feet in size, in the east projecting wing, will be divided into three compartments, one for painting, one for statuary, and one for photography. In this gallery will be the display of fibres, piece goods, dental and surgical apparatus, and the magnificent electrical exhibition to be under the management of Gen. Stager. The exhibition of the wondrous use of electricity will be a grand scientific display of apparatus and its use therewith. The great numbers of gas jets that are to illumine the building will be lighted by electricity, clocks and watches in various parts of the building will be run by its use, and on the wires connecting with the main telegraphic line messages will be sent from the building to all parts of the world.

The fine art exhibition will far surpass anything ever seen in the West. Throughout the main building will be set beautiful statuary and rustic ornamenture. The floral exhibition will be grand beyond all precedent.

Through the kindness of Secretary Reynolds it is learned that the number of exhibitors in several departments, as far as awarded space, is as follows: Books, stationary, etc., fifteen of the leading manufacturers and dealers throughout the country; music, ten manufacturers and dealers. In fact, all the exhibitors are manufacturers—in all departments—with a few exceptions. Furniture, about forty; china, glass, etc., thirteen; jewelry, time-pieces, and fine cutlery, twenty-five; fancy goods, perfumery, etc., fourteen; embroideries and fine work, fifteen; upholstery, personal wear and millinery, about fifty; hats, caps, &c., about forty; boots and shoes, about thirty; sportsmen's paraphernalia, ten; saddlery, harness and stable furniture, ten; building and paving materials, a splendid and large display; clothing, leading manufacturers to the number of a dozen, and the Textile Manufacturing Association of the West and South take a large space to exhibit cotton and woolen piece goods. In the department of fibers there will be a full and fine display of silk, wool and cotton.

The Agricultural and Mineral Departments are crowded by exhibitors from the Western and Southern States and railroads having land-grants.

The Department of Natural History is large and interesting.

The American world will begin its miniature exhibition on the 25th of September in Chicago. That it will be a grand and unparalleled success is assured beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Humanity to Horses—A Revolution in Horse-Shoeing.

There is an impending revolution in the manner of dealing with the foot of the horse. How to shoe the horse in order to give taut good and great animal a perfect, easy and natural motion has been an unsolved problem for several years. Nature, truth, sound philosophy, common sense, and horse philanthropy, are on the side of the new and humane theory. The new Goodenough shoe and system are now having a general hearing all at once, and are about to be adopted by the civilized world. For time out of mind blacksmiths have had their own way. They have been cutting away the sole and frog, putting red-hot iron on the hoof, fastening on heavy shoes, with high heel and toe calks, hanging the frog from the ground to dry up, causing hard, dry and feverish hoofs, corns, quarter-cracks, contracted feet, spring knees, drop sole, and corked ancles. After the heel calks have produced contraction, and inflammation, and the horse becomes lame, bar or round shoes are the last resort, taking part of the pressure from the heels, and bringing the bearing across the frog. The poor animal has got a change, but not for the better, as the bar holds the heels as in a vice; the horse can't stand such treatment long; every step causes a terrible concussion, as there is no action, or working of the muscles, no elasticity, no expansion of the heels; every step is a blow, "solid, which causes pain and swelling of the joints, shoulder lameness; it is cruel, inhuman, and barbarous to bind the hoof with a bar of iron. The Goodenough shoe and system prevents this destruction of the feet. After a few years of trial in the East the Goodenough horse-shoe has established a most remarkable popularity, utterly revolutionizing the system of horseshoeing. The street-car companies of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other great corporations using horse power, and most of the owners of fast and valuable horses, have adopted it, and done away with the old method. We congratulate owners of buggy and team horses that the revolution has reached Chicago. Brayton, King & Co., practical horseshoers, and general agents for the Goodenough horseshoe, No. 121 Michigan avenue, have had no difficulty in gaining a general favor in favor of the new system. The street-car companies, Parmelee, the Wabash avenue line of omnibuses, Wright, and other livery stable men, and the majority of fleet and private drivers having large interests in horses, have declared in favor of the common sense and the practical humanity of the Goodenough shoe and system. Mayor Medill visited the shops officially, a short time since, studied the subject, saw it illustrated, and recommended its adoption by the Fire Department. The Goodenough horseshoe is not a substitute for the frog, but an aid and protection to it and the rest of the foot. It keeps the frog on the ground, as nature arranged and planned it, when it absorbs moisture and imparts it to the hoof, keeps the foot in a growing and healthy state, and expands the hoof, retaining its original shape, beauty, and perfection. The Goodenough is a concave and convex shoe, with no suction in the mud; will not take up snow; has an even and uniform bearing; is suitable for light and heavy horses; it protects the sensitive region of the foot, and allows natural action to every part of the foot and limb. Brayton, King & Co. take great pleasure in exhibiting the system, and show every courtesy to visitors calling at their shops and desiring to witness the application of their system. Call and see them.

Shoes and nails by the keg or ton at New York factory prices, freight added.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

Owing to the continuous demands upon the time of Col. Clarke to accompany parties to Washington Heights, he is obliged to restrict himself for this purpose to *set days*, which will be hereafter the Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, beginning with Tuesday, Sept. 2, as announced above. Those wishing to examine Morgan Park, with a view either to investment or to form an opinion as to its desirability as a place of residence, can call at No. 5 Chamber of Commerce, and obtain free passes for any of the above-mentioned days, when Col. Clarke will be glad to go with them in person and show the advantages claimed for this suburb. Trains leave from the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad depot, foot of LaSalle street. Timetables, commutation rates, prices of land, terms of payment, and all other necessary information, may be obtained at the office of The Blue Island Land and Building Company, No. 11 Chamber of Commerce.

The "Singer" at Vienna.

The Vienna Exposition is unconsciously the vehicle for an immense amount of bogus advertising. All, or nearly all, the great sewing-machine companies are telegraphing over the country that they have been awarded the first premium at the Exposition. The following authentic dispatch is a quietus on all such claims, being taken from the New York *Herald* of Saturday, Aug. 23, sent by the President of the Singer Company:

"VIENNA, Aug. 19, 1873.—Singer Sewing-Machine Company, New York city. Vienna Exposition, in full view of the grandest scenery of that magnificent river, free from dust and other annoyances of interior routes. These cars leave the Union Depot, corner Canal and Kinzie streets, at 9:30 a. m., and 5:30 p. m., and are not surpassed in the elegance and comfort of their appointments. This is the only Company running through cars to Minneapolis, and the only through cars to Milwaukee. Tickets and sleeping-car accommodations can be secured at No. 63 Clark street, and at the depot.

Chicago & Evansville Short Line.

Seventy-five miles saved! Commencing Sept. 1, 1873, the Woodruff improved rotunda parlor and sleeping-coaches will run on the Chicago, Danville & Vincennes Railroad, from Chicago to Evansville via Terre Haute. These cars leave the depot, corner of Canal and Kinzie streets, at 5 p. m. daily (Sundays excepted), and are not surpassed for elegance and comfort. This is the only Company running through cars to Terre Haute, Vincennes, and Evansville. Tickets and sleeping-car accommodation can be secured at No. 168 Washington street, and at depot.

First Arrival.

True to that energy heretofore shown, Croft Brothers are the first with the fall and winter fashions for gentlemen's wear. One would think from inspection of their new arrivals that they had selected from every market in Europe to gratify the taste of Chicagoites. Their English and French coatings and pantings are certainly very elegant, while their suitings are all among the best we have seen. Parties wishing new and elegant suites should give them a call, at No. 157 Clark street.

Practical Education.

The school campaign commences again to-morrow, and those who have not fallen into the ranks of the great army of progress should examine the course of instruction, and the process of imparting it, at the Bryant & Stratton College, southeast corner of State and Washington streets. Only those things which we daily practice are embodied in this system of education, and hundreds of young men have found it a ready means of obtaining lucrative employment.

Dermatology.

Dr. B. C. Perry, the skillful Dermatologist, of No. 49 Bond street, New York, who has opened an office at 187 South Clark street for a few weeks, cures with prescriptions especially adapted to the nature of the case, falling, loss, and untimely gray hair, dandruff, ringworm, salt-rheum, or any disease or complaint of the scalp. Send for circular.

Preserve the Complexion.

Unnatural redness of the nose, pimply eruptions, flesh-worms, blackheads, untimely wrinkles, moth patches, freckles, moles, and warts are positively cured by Dr. B. C. Perry, of 49 Bond street, New York, whose Chicago office is 187 South Clark street.

Good Furniture.

Even this dull season people continue to buy furniture of Colby & Wirts, Nos. 292 and 294 State street, from the fact their goods are good, and prices low. Colby & Wirts employ a large number of men in finishing and upholstering furniture, so that their customers can rely on the work they turn out.

Chicago Musical College.

No. 493 Wabash avenue. The fall term will commence Sept. 15, and the books are now open for registration. Mr. Florence Ziegfeld, the Director of the College, has returned home from Europe, and his office hours are from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 6 p. m., at No. 493 Wabash avenue.

Metropolitan Business College,

Nos. 105, 107, and 109 Madison street, the largest business college in the West, offers unequaled advantages to those who desire a practical education. Life scholarship, for full course in all departments, only $50. Day and evening sessions. Students can enter at any time.

Halsted Street Opera-House.

There will be two free lectures to ladies and gentlemen, on Monday and Tuesday nights, Sept. 1 and 2, on "Life and Origin of Civilization," by Dr. Payne, Anthropologist. Dr. Payne will also lecture, to gentlemen only, on the "Social Evil," Friday and Saturday nights. Reception offices now at the Gault House.

Dr. Kahn's New York Anatomical Museum

The Anatomical Museum, No. 148 South Clark street, besides being the largest and most scientific show ever produced in the West, is daily receiving large additions of the highest moral standard, and is gaining every day more in favor with his patrons.

AN UNFORTUNATE ALLIANCE.

A Young Miss Lured into Matrimony by a Designing Scoundrel.

After a Twenty-Days' Honeymoon He Robs and Deserts Her.

An interesting prisoner is at present confined, under lock and key, in the Central Station, in the person of one Frederick L. Curtis, a young man of about 25 years of age, who has landed in prison after a matrimonial venture which proved to be for all the parties concerned a very unfortunate one. The prisoner is a respectable-looking young man, and is a son of Mr. Curtis, until recently a resident of Chicago, and senior member of the firm of Curtis, Goshon & Fontaine, doing business now on the corner of VanBuren and State streets. The object of his devotions was a young lady named Miss Essy Cowdy, a rather pretty 16-year old blonde, although more strictly speaking it was a $10,000 fortune that she was reported to possess. Having gained her acquaintance some five weeks ago, he began plying those wiles which are so especially perilous to the happiness of a girl who is enjoying the sweet 16 era of her existence. How successfully he plied is evidenced by the fact that within two weeks after forming the the young lady's acquaintance, that is, by the 9th of this month, he persuaded her to become his wife, and on that date they were married, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr. McKeon, of this city. On the day mentioned the girl was missing from her residence, the house of Mr. Scott, who is a hatter, and wishes to be considered "the" hatter, and her sister, who is Scott's wife, felt natural alarm at her disappearance. The fact that Curtis had been paying the girl attention had attracted the notice of the Scotts and of the girl's father, all of whom disapproved of such attentions continuing, but as nothing serious was anticipated, no definite steps were taken in the matter. After a night spent in anxious solicitude with regard to the girl, the morning dawned upon her friends, and with it came the following letter, which at the time explained itself, and can do so now quite as well:

To Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mr. Cowdy:

CHICAGO, Aug. 10, 1873.

Thinking you might be anxous about Essy, I write to inform you that we were married yesterday afternoon. I hope you will not be angry or make unnecessary trouble about this affair, but treat us in the right way. At least do not be angry with Essy, but attach all the censure to your humble servant. We shall be pleased to have you call at any time. Essy is well and sends her love to all. I am, very respectfully, yours,

FRED. L. CURTIS.

P. S.—If we have done anything we are sorry for, we are glad of it, and are willing to be forgiven.

Upon receipt of this letter, the parties to whom it was addressed wisely considered that the best thing to do with the bad bargain Miss Essie had made was to make the most of it, and, consequently, he was admitted to the bosom of the family. More pertinent inquiries made with regard to the young Benedict's resources did not tend to pr nounce the girl's friends in his favor. It was discovered that he had been engaged as an employe in Bradstreet's Commercial Agency, and also that he had but a short time before robbed his father by tapping the old gentleman's bank account pretty heavily. Still he was accepted as a son-in-law by Mr. Cowdy, and as the brothers-in-law by the Scotts, and for a day or two all went smoothly. Then the impecunious adventurer began hinting with regard to "that fortune," the little $10,000," etc., and, when the light dawned on him that his wife was penniless, he threw off the mask of tenderness, which there was now nothing to gain by wearing, and began abusing her in shameful style, suddenly one day he communicated to his wife and her friends his determination to go to New York, where his father would find him work. Elate at the prospect of getting rid of so unwelcome an intruder upon their family circle, Mr. Scott lent him $70 wherewith to buy the necessary ticket and pay his board-bill. Instead of starting, however, Curtis hung around town enjoying himself until the wasn't enough left to have purchased a second-class ticket to Hyde Park. Then he made his coup d'etat. On Monday last, while alone in Mr. Scott's house, he went through Mrs. Scott's trunk, removing two sets of jewelry, a lace sacque, silk dresses, and other articles of value. Then he went to his hotel and cleaned out his wife's effects in the same manner, leaving the poor girl with a three weeks' hotel bill and an empty trunk to pay it with, and left the city. The sequel is soon related. Mr. Scott learned that his amiable brother-in-law had left for St. Louis, and, with the natural feelings of an intimate relative, he followed him. At St. Louis Scott, who carried a letter from Detective Ellis, obtained the services of Sergeant Harris, of the St. Louis force, and Curtis was soon found at the St. Nicholas Hotel, registered by an alias. He was soon arrested, and, after spending a day in the St. Louis Four Courts, was brought to Chicago, where he now lies. What his relatives will do in the matter is hard to predict, but at present they express a determination to "put him through."

BAILEY'S DIVERSION.

How Mr. B. Amused Himself at Mr. and Mrs. Brown's Expense.

Nick Brown and wife earn an honest livelihood by sitting most of the time, and now and then jumping up to deal out to some poor devil a glass of villainous whisky,—at least, Brown's "Mountain Dew" played Nick with one Bailey, who, after partaking of the generous beverage, mistook Mrs. Brown for a barrel of water, and, having great aversion to water, knocked her down in a playful manner, and raised a bump of combativeness over her left eye that would puzzle any blind phrenologist to find. Like a true spirit, Mrs. Brown would not stand this; so she sat down for a few minutes, and then went to bed. Then her husband mildly ejected Mr. Bailey from the premises, and he went away. The early bird shall catch the worm—that is, if he wants it. Now Bailey didn't want any such thing, but he got up before the sun, and went on a geological expedition. His search was successful, and he gathered up a fine collection of specimens, mostly granite. The law of projectiles has been a subject on which Bailey has bestowed a great deal of attention. He thought he would toss a few boulders, and see where they would go. He did, and they all fell against the habitation of Nick Brown. The Browns were sleeping the sleep of the innocent, when they were rudely disturbed by a noise they could only imagine to be made by a charge of the Bridgeport six hundred. At last, wishing to know the cause of all this unseemly uproar, and remembering at the same time that the part of a general is to plan, not execute, Nick sent his better half to reconnoitre. She obeyed, and found Mr. Bailey, in his exuberance of spirits, knocking at the door with twenty-pound rocks. Luckily, after but one side of the house was demolished, an officer rushed on the scene of action and persuaded him that it would be very proper to pay his respects to Judge Banyon, which, with great reluctance, he did, and was only charged $5 and costs.

Dyhrenfurth's Business College.

We have before us the annual prospectus of an institution long ago recognized as one of the finest educational media in the country, Dyhrenfurth's College. It has already three branches: the business college over Hooley's Opera-House, the West Side Educational College, Nos. 264 and 266 Milwaukee avenue, and the North Side College in Turner Hall, North Clark street. This college was founded in 1858, and incorporated in 1869, and is one of the oldest and best educational institutions in the West, where it is recognized as one of the most successful of private establishments. On and after to-morrow, it will be found permanently located in the upper floors of Clement & Sayers' fine new marble-front building, Nos. 284 and 286 Milwaukee avenue, and this has been built and arranged with a special view to the accommodation of the College. The fine halls have been handsomely fitted up with the best of modern furniture, and the President cordially invites a visit from the friends of the college.

Julius Bauer & Co.

Situated in a most central locality, in the finest corner of the finest building in Chicago, Messrs. Julius Bauer & Co. cast at all times call upon their patrons and the rest of the world to see their enormous stock of musical instruments. They have, in addition to their recent heavy shipments, received by the last European steamer a large consignment of accordions, concertinas, and flutinas. It is worth one's while to look over these beautiful instruments, even if one does not desire to purchase immediately.

The Knabe Piano.

The well-known music firm of Julius Bauer & Co., whose store is in Potter Palmer's palatial hotel, on the corner of State and Monroe streets, have received a large consignment of the celebrated Knabe pianos from Baltimore. Those who have tried these superb instruments and know their real worth as compared with the miserable specimens offered by some rival firms, will do well to inspect this last consignment before purchasing pianos of another make. The central situation of the store will facilitate such an inspection.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY F. EVANS & CO., OFFICE, 169 LaSalle-st. (basement), Bryan Block:
Drexel boulevard, lot 25x125, near Forty-fourth-st.
State-st., 66x170, near Fourteenth.
East Madison-st., 25x100, near LaSalle; finest corner on East Madison; long time.
10 lots, east front, and 4 lots, west front, on Diller-st.
South Canal-st., 132x160, near Harrison; will trade.
West Madison-st., corner Seeley-av., 137x175.
Wabash-av., corner Forty-fourth-st., 102x160.
25x160 front on Dearborn-st. and Third-av., near Harrison.
Michigan-av., near Lake-st., 42x120.
Ashland-av., corner Tyler-st., 24x132.
4 lots in Flournoy Subdivision, near Southwest Plank-road.
South Park-av., fine stone-front house, near Twenty-fifth-st.
South Park-av., fine frame house, lot 30x125, near Twenty-ninth-st.
Calumet-av., marble front, near Twenty-ninth-st.
Groveland Court, brick house, lot cheap.
Park-av., two fine new cottages, south front, 7 rooms each; a bargain.
West Washington-st., brick house and lot, near Robey.
Throop-st., near Adams, 2 frame houses, lot 30x160 each, east front.
Washington-av., 7-room cottage, cheap.
Hastings-st., near Lincoln, cottage and lot.
Baldwin-st., 2-story brick house.
North Sangamon-st., near Randolph, 14-room frame house, lot 60x135.
2 marble fronts on Wabash-av., near Twenty-second-st.; want offer.
Fine new Gothic frame houses at Maywood, lot 132x132; will trade furnished for house and lot in the city, and assume mortgage.

ACRE PROPERTY.

25 acres grove at Irving Park; will trade for inside property, and assume mortgage.
10 acres at Irving Park, good frame house and barn, fine young orchard; will trade for inside property, and assume mortgage.
20 acres at Hawthorne.
10 acres in Sec. 27, T. 39, R. 13.
43 acres in Sec. 34, T. 39, R. 13, Hawe Park.
2 acres at ALLEN'S, Addison-av.
Houses and lots and vacant lots, acre property, and business property in all parts of the city and suburbs for sale and exchange.

FOR SALE—PRAIRIE-AV., NORTH OF TWENTY-second-st., a first-class 2-story and basement brick dwelling and barn, with 80-foot lot, east front. A very elegant place. Can be bought on favorable terms.
Michigan-av., between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth-sts., a first-class 2-story and basement brick dwelling, with 50-foot lot; terms easy. Price, $22,000.
Wabash-av., just north of Grace Church, 50 feet, with 2-story and basement frame dwelling and stable. Price, $36,000. Can be incumbered for $15,000, running 4 years at 9 per cent. Balance, one-half cash, remainder in good outside lands or merchantable property.
Indiana-av., near Thirty-third-st., three new and elegant white marble, octagon-front dwellings; 2 stories and basement, with rear extentions, finished in first-class style. Price, $15,000.
Vernon-av., 80 or 100 feet, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first-sts., 198 feet deep; beautiful property; full view of the lake; highest point for a mile around. Low price, easy terms.
West Washington-st., near Union Square, 44x132 feet to alley, south front. Price, $175.
Englewood, Normal School Subdivision, a first-class finished house, with modern conveniences, with 100-foot lot. Price, $7,500; easy terms.
Cheap lots in Normal School Subdivision at Englewood, at from $200 to $600, on easy terms.
25 acres on the ridge at Washington Heights, near Female Seminary, 150 feet above level of the lake. Will exchange for part good unincumbered North Side residence property, well located.
WETHERELL, PUTNAM & CO.,
94 Washington-st., Room 13.

FOR SALE—BY CHAPMAN & BARBER, 90 LaSalle-st.:
20 acres in Sec. 22, 41, 13, $175 per acre.
80 acres on Kankakee River, $10 per acre.
Chicago-av., near Lake-st., 49

SLEEP.

Fallacy of the Old Saw, "Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

An Abundance of Sleep Necessary to Physical and Mental Health.

The Morning-Doze Delight vs. the Waking-by-Rule Abomination.

Woman's Early Fading Largely Due to Broken Slumber.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep,"
So Sancho Panza said, so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly, by patent right.

It is a good thing to cultivate, undoubtedly,—a good thing to have enough of; and yet is there anything in this world that most of us have been

MORE BADGERED ABOUT

than this same sufficiency of sleep? From our earliest recollection, those interesting little prophecies of good fortune are dinned into our ears which are foretold in those charming hints about retiring early to woo the drowsy god, but also leaving his embrace when you most wish to linger there; the happy fate of that bird who got up while his companions were still indulging in sweet repose, and who secured a delicious tit-bit of a worm for breakfast,—but no remarks made or corollaries drawn in regard to the worm. He, in the eyes of these good people, was no doubt some hardened wretch of the vermicular persuasion, who had been indulging freely over-night in riotous conduct, and, in company with other worms who had just wriggled away, been singing, "We won't go home till morning." Was this the case, or was it some patient mother-worm who had been kept awake all night endeavoring to assist Nature in patching together the two halves of some of her offspring, which the gardener, with a heedless use of his hoe, had severed in twain? Or was it the poor glow-worm, who keeps her lamp alight for that truant husband of hers, the butterfly who "was a gentleman of no very good repute?" Quite as probable that it might be one of these, and that the bird was the sinner who had been out late and indulged freely, and who, being troubled, like his more highly-evoluted fellow-sufferers, not with an uneasy conscience, but an uneasy digestion, was out seeking his peculiar stomachic. If this is the true version,—and why should it not be,—what then becomes of the nice little moral thereunto attached?

EVERYTHING IS BEING SUBVERTED.

Nero is being white-washed, and George Washington discovered to be a man, with a man's passions and feelings, instead of a sort of bread-and-butter saint, which historians have hitherto vied in making him. The little hatchet is a possible myth, and the cherry-tree a phantom of the imagination. Henry the Eighth never reached No. 17, and, innocent, unsuspecting, good-natured soul, was undoubtedly imposed upon and led astray by those unscrupulous Delilahs who hankered after a crown, and were sealed to him according to the fashion of those days; while Mary Queen of Scots was altogether a "bad lot," not in the least degree handsome, and richly deserved her fate at the hands of that sweet angel Elizabeth. Homer never existed, and Butler had no illicit predilection for other people's silver. Some future chronicler of great men will doubtless inform his readers that Grant made elaborate speeches, never accepted a present, and could not be induced to leave the Capital even for a week's diversion, preferring to sacrifice his life rather than fail in his duty to his country and his fellow-citizens,—in short, was a man before whose virtues those of Cincinnatus lost all their color. So goes the seesaw, and so with the little proverbs that were the bane of our childhood.

Having proved, by the same course of logical deduction that has changed the personal history of almost every one, that old saws may also be false, we now assume it to be a fact that two things are decidedly necessary in a well-regulated household: first,

ABUNDANT SLEEP;

second, a barometer. The first is the cure for all of Nature's ills, and, with the mental and physical health in proper tone, comes as easily to the adult as to the child. Cut short a man's sleep, and you cut short the thread of his life. No one in health will ever oversleep himself; and, when the demands of Nature are satisfied, when the worn brain and body are sufficiently recuperated by the quiet rest, the cessation of motion, then the sleeper will awake, clear, bright, determined, ready to do manfully whatever work may lie before him. If not well, and the rest is disturbed or protracted, so much the more reason why, if possible, such a one should be left to sleep it out. What is the expression most frequently heard when one we love lies at the point of death? "If he can only sleep;" and when it does come, and the fever abates, the pulse lessens, the breathing comes soft and in regular respirations, then we know that life has conquered. Twin brothers as they are called,

SLEEP AND DEATH,

how different their mission! One we hail as our physician, the other (save to storm-tossed souls who would fain enjoy that dreamless rest he gives) we shrink from. So much alike, so unlike! In one the soul is hidden, or, when half-aroused, goes wandering off untrammeled by the will. In the other, there is no return of volition, no rising refreshed to go about the duties or pleasures of life. One is our comforter, the other our conqueror, and whether we will or no, we must perforce, when they summon, yield us to both. However, as we can for a time put sleep off and refuse to yield to his demands or temptations, so doubtless we can, to a certain extent, treat his grim brother. That many people die because they have not vim enough to live, has been frequently exemplified. Some grow weary and give up the burden voluntarily, inviting the usually-dreaded embrace; while others, though shuddering at the touch of the ghostly visitant, lack strength to repel him, and yield to his clasp as they have probably yielded to every other untoward circumstance through life. Better so, perhaps! It leaves more room for the workers

WHO REFUSE TO GIVE UP

until they are absolutely forced to do so. Then, to those who are not anxious to make the early acquaintance of that dark stranger, the more systematically they accept the visits of the twin, the more chance there will be of keeping the objectionable brother at a distance. Your bucolic friend possibly goes to bed with the chickens and gets up with the lark, and wonders how you, who must work until the first cock-crow, or it may even be the third, can sleep so late in the morning. He has had his eight or nine hours' sleep when everything conduced to make it beautiful and sweet. You get yours from 2 until 10, perhaps, when all things are in direct opposition to its being undisturbed and beneficial. You literally hold on to it in spite of outside annoyances. You fight for it, and the result is shown in the fact that you are not rested as you should be. The recuperation is not complete, because the mind was not utterly at rest, volition dominant. It was starting up every now and then to inquire regarding certain sounds, or perhaps converting them into hideous nightmares.

Above all, there should be no necessity of

WAKING AT A GIVEN TIME.

Each individual, to obtain the good of this natural medicine, should sleep his sleep out. He should wake naturally when the time comes for his doing so, and will, undoubtedly, when the work of recuperation is properly accomplished. We often say of children, "They sleep and grow." So do adults. The problem of social life, of moral ethics, of philosophic suggestion, that is so tangled and unsolvable at night when the brain is weary, is clear and plain when sleep has smoothed the knotted threads. We once knew a frail little person who, amid a "sea of troubles," seemed to keep life within her body just by her faculty of going to sleep. "When I can't do anything, when I can't see my way any farther, when there is not a single ray of light, I just undress myself and go to bed and to sleep, and, when I wake, everything looks brighter, and I am ready to try again." This was her fortunate, happy faculty, that had doubtless grown by cultivation, but which preserved her whole in mind and body, when trouble and sickness would otherwise have undone her.

As a people, however, we are a nervous, over-stimulated race. Sleepless nights are

TOO FREQUENT WITH MANY OF US,—

nights when the eyes utterly refused to close, and a Walpurgis saturnalis is in full-dress rehearsal in the brain. Under these circumstances, is it wise to use anodynes? Our answer is unqualifiedly, "Yes." If pain or trouble keep sleep away, then sleep must be induced. By natural means always, if possible; if not, by artificial, abated, certainly, as soon as the requisite end is attained, but used until it is. We are beings of habit, and soon get back to the normal condition of things if we have a little help in the right direction. That such helps should be carefully used, and not abused, scarcely seems to need assertion. Never give to children, unless prescribed by the proper authority.

CHILDREN,

if well, sleep naturally and healthfully; but, unquestionably, there has been much slaughter of the innocents through the use of quieting drugs. Never wake a sleeping child. Let it rest as long as it will naturally, and you will have done much towards establishing good health, and a happy temperament. Never mind about the getting-up with the lark, and don't trouble its little brain with the "Early to bed and early to rise" fallacy. Send them to bed as early as you please, if they are sleepy; but, if you have sent the little one to his crib at sundown, and find him awake and in a state of nervous irritability three or four hours after, don't have him dragged up at day-break. Such a child, above all others, needs to sleep it out. Healthy children, when they are sufficiently recuperated, wake up at once, and wake up all over. They are ready to begin their portion of the day's work immediately, and they generally let you know it. It is not until later years that the delicious dropping away into a semi-unconscious state comes to us. Original sin, in childhood, impels us to be up and actively at work impressing that fact upon our elders through practical misdeeds. Original sin, as we reach mature years, induces us to encourage that

LAZY, HALF-CONSCIOUS STATE,

just because we know we ought to be up and doing. This has nothing to do with the matter. It is one of the luxuries with which we are tempted, and the most delicious part of the dolce of existence when we can indulge in it. Unfortunately few of us can for any length of time. We may steal a few moments of this dreamy languor, but the practical necessities of life will thrust themselves in. We open our eyes, and know we ought to get up; and shut them quickly, so as not to discover the fact that we are awake. We hold them tightly together in our determined self-deception, and at last succeed in losing our sense of moral obligation. Again we wake with a start, and this time feel obliged to look at our watch. Two minutes more,—yes, we can just yield to that persuasive god for that length of time, and again we are off.

HE'S AN INSIDIOUS WRETCH,

that same Morning Doze. Give him a minute, and he'll take a half-hour without the slightest compunction. You don't realize it, and just slide away once more into half-unconsciousness, yielding to his self-blandishments, until you wake up again to the fact that you are overdue somewhere. How you long to linger! With what an effort you tear yourself away! Of course, nice, correct, proper people get up at once; but they have been brought up on the little false prophecies we quoted in the commencement. They think they are right; but are true conclusions ever arrived at from false premises? We do not uphold this yielding to the total depravity of our natures and encouraging the morning doze. It is a luxury, and we are not treating of luxuries, but necessities.

That a sufficient amount of sleep is necessary for health, we assert. That every one should go to bed

WITHOUT ANY FIXED IDEA ABOUT RISING,

only intent upon allowing sleep to come when it will, not attempting to force it. Who ever succeeded in that attempt yet? Try it and see what the result will be. Shut one eye, and open goes the other. Close them both, to find yourself suddenly staring at the wall or out of the window. Turn over and repeat the operation; turn back and do the same thing. Keep on turning until you are tired of it. Try to say the multiplication-table backward, and find yourself in an inextricable snarl with the whole thing, and wider awake than ever. Attempt to count a thousand, or recite a poem, or remember something. Sleep seems to be laughing in his sleeve at your efforts, and will not be wooed. You have just come to the conclusion that it is of no use, that you might just as well get up, when, in a second, he glides to your side, seals your eye-lids with a kiss, and has you utterly in his possession. Don't try to force sleep, then; he will not submit to coercion; but wait until he comes of his own accord. Men don't worry one bit about waking up.

Why is it that

WOMEN FADE SOONER THAN MEN?

Because, unless the man is Mrs. Somebody's wife's husband, he generally gets his full quota of undisturbed sleep and recuperates properly. How with the wife and mother, though? What woman ever knows the blessing of full and perfect rest after the cares of maternity have been added to her fate? The faintest stir of the sleeping infant rouses her. A long-drawn breath, or the tiniest cough from the elder ones in next room finds her awake and alert. Never, from the hour that her heart is flooded with joy over her first-born until she dies, does she, in all probability, know a night of perfect, dreamless, unbroken sleep again. Usually it devolves upon her also to be the first to wake in the morning, even after the children have grown and have gone forth to other homes. Wakefulness has become habitual, and the lines come upon the forehead, and the hair whitens, and the wife fades into the old woman, while the husband is still hale and hearty, because he has his beauty-sleep. Not necessarily taken before midnight, but taken without Care sitting upon his brow, and pricking him into wakefulness at unwonted hours. See to it, then, if you would keep well and strong, healthy and handsome, that you

SLEEP ENOUGH,

and, insomuch as you can, leave all care at the gate of the drowsy god. Never mind Solomon. He lived royally, as we know, and possibly had twinges of the gout, which would naturally make him impatient of the luxurious morning dozes in which, doubtless, humanity have indulged ever since the blessing was first made a free-will gift to mankind.

Sufficient sleep, then, being necessary for the happiness and well-being of a household, we must leave our second requisite, a barometer, for discussion at some future time.

IMPURE VACCINE-MATTER.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Some three or four weeks ago, one of my children was attacked with small-pox, and, though a very mild form, my family physician considered it his duty to acquaint the Board of Health of the fact, and a physician sent by them proceeded to vaccinate one of the children and the surrounding neighbors. Ever since the operation was performed, my child's arm has been growing worse, and it is now terribly inflamed, and she is confined to her bed and suffering intense pain. Her arm is greatly swollen, and, where the incisions with the lancet were made, there is a round hole about the circumference of a quarter of a dollar. I am not the only sufferer. All the neighbors who underwent the same operation by the same physician are similarly situated. The only cause that I can see for it is, that the vaccine-matter used was impure. My children had all been previously vaccinated, and it had taken well. Cow-pox is not so scarce that enough cannot be had pure to suffice for the city wants.

A sense of what I owe to myself and the public compels me to warn all persons about to be vaccinated to be particular about the purity of the virus used. For all I know to the contrary, my child, as well as my neighbors, may have been innoculated with some frightful and loathsome disease, and I think it only right that the attention of the Board of Health should be called to the matter through the columns of your paper.

Respectfully, A SUFFERER.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28, 1873.

A CHICAGO BOY AT PINE LAKE.

The following letter is from a Chicago boy now in Wisconsin, spending the summer:

HARTLAND, Wis., August.

MR. SAM MEDILL: You told me to let you know about fishing up here. I come here just after the Fourth of July, and have had a bully time. There is two lakes here—Pine and Beaver both cram full of fish, only sometimes they won't bite. Mr. Tuley lives right between the two lakes, and he catches fish out of both. Mr. Sands lives on Pine lake and he has bathing houses, row boats, sail boats, and also a steamboat. He catches fish too. There are no oysters in these lakes, but some snakes and turtles. The way to go fishing is to get up before day, go to Tuley's landing & catch 50 minnies; you don't want bait to catch them. Then you go out into the lake in a boat, & put minnies on your hooks, and then you catch pickerel, rock bass and green bass, and then you go home to breakfast. Sometimes you don't get a bite. Sometimes you get the hook in your pants, and that's awful,—you can't sit down until you get it out. The way to troll is to have two boys, one rows the boat, and the other holds the line, which is all let out. It's fun trolling, if you're the fellow that holds the line. Brother Will likes to row; I let him. You can go swimming here just when you please. There ain't no police. There ain't no girls neither. We boys do just what we please. There's lots of boats, and you don't have to pay. If you come up here I will show you how to catch pickerel, and you can go in swimming with all your clothes off. GEORGE.

NEW YORK TRAGEDIES.

A Lover's Suicide.

From the New York Times, Aug. 28.

Mrs. Ellen Parsons, a lady keeping a boarding-house at No. 42 South Washington Square, rushed into the Fifteenth Precinct Station-House yesterday about 12:30 o'clock and informed Sergt. Murray, who was on duty, that one of her boarders had shot himself and was lying dead in his bed. Mrs. Parsons was so excited that no detailed statement could be obtained from her, and Capt. Byrne directed Sergts. Murray and Young to proceed to the house and make an investigation, at the same time notifying the Coroner's office of the case. Coroner Young at once proceeded to Mrs. Parsons' and assumed charge of the case. Sergts. Murray and Young had already begun their investigation. On entering the hall bedroom, on the fourth or upper floor of the house, they found the suicide's body lying on the bed, a Smith & Wesson pistol clenched tightly in his right hand, and two letters and a photograph of a young girl closely held in his left. The body was much discolored, and from a shot-wound in the head, which had evidently penetrated the brain, a mass of half-congealed blood had worked its way to the floor, where it formed in a large pool. The man's name was Luigi Tito Rocco, and the photograph was one of Miss Mary L. Parsons, aged 16, daughter of the landlady. Rocco, who was 35 years of age, was born in Naples, Italy, and was a harpist of no mean ability. He came to this city two years ago, from Vera Cruz, Mexico, and had been engaged by Theodore Thomas, the Parepa Opera Troupe, and was at the time of his death under engagement to the Strakosch Opera Troupe. His harps, worth $1,800, were in his room, and Sergt. Murray found $76 in his trunk, and a bank-book showing that he had between $500 and $600 in the Sixpenny Savings Bank. The only clue to the cause of his suicide was the tone of the two letters found in his hand. These letters were written in Italian. One was addressed to Mr. Francisco Schleiss, and the other was a general declaration regarding himself. The following is a translation of both letters:

Adieu, dear Ciccio. In a great hurry, as my moments are fatal ——. I leave you my watch and chain, and what remains of my wardrobe, which you can sell at your convenience. Know that your Tito, your friend from infancy, swears to you at the moment he is about to leave this world and go into the presence of the Supreme Judge, that he dies guiltless of all the world can say of him. I leave this world through the fault of my intended (*della mia amorosa*), Maria L. Parsons, having surprised her at Long Branch with her brother, and in company of thieves (*di Ladroni*). She was thunder-struck, and they sought to assassinate me. I hurried immediately to New York, and now I leave that world for her fault, to say and to swear that her family sought my ruin. I swear!!! I swear!!! I swear!!! God help me! Your TITO ——.

To Mr. Francis Schleiss, care of Mr. Vanni, No. 120 Third avenue, N. Y.

P. S.—Should you write to my family, say that I am traveling. Also, receive any letters from my sister Louisa (which will arrive about the end of September) at the Post-Office. Again, adieu. A last tear and a last embrace from your friend, TITO ——.

MONDAY NIGHT—11 o'clock.

I swear before my God, who will shortly be my true judge, I surprised the young girl, Maria L. Parsons, in Long Branch, with her eldest brother, when in company with thieves (*di Ladroni*), on Saturday, the 23d. I waited for her at the Clarendon Hotel, she being my intended (*della mia amorosa*), with a basket of flowers, and in the book of the hotel I signed my name T. L. Rocco. When she saw me she was surprised and astonished, and invited me to go with them to the races, and I refused, as the proprietor of the hotel is a witness, who saw and heard my refusal, because I thought my life was in danger. I immediately departed for New York, saying I was sick. She returned to New York on Sunday, and on Monday I saw her. She seeks my ruin, for fear I will say something.

This that I write is the truth. I cannot lie, as I would go to eternal punishment if I live.

I swear. I swear. L. T. ROCCO.

In reference to these extraordinary letters, Mr. Solon Parsons, the elder brother referred to, made the following statement: About six months ago Rocco came to our place to board. I am a wholesale flour merchant, and my other brother is employed in a Broadway house. During the time Rocco boarded in my house he came home drunk on two occasions, and afterward apologized for doing so. Neither myself or mother thought he was paying any attention to my sister Mary, or we would not have permitted it for a moment, as she is but a mere girl, having just left school. Two weeks ago, accompanied by two gentlemen engaged in business here, I went to Long Branch to look after a billiard-saloon and restaurant there, in which I am interested. On Wednesday we were joined by my younger brother and my sister Mary, who was complaining of ill-health. Thinking that a trip to Philadelphia might make her feel better, I took her there, returning to the Branch on Saturday. When we came to the Clarendon we found Rocco there. He greeted us warmly, and gave Mary a beautiful and expensive basket of flowers. We invited him to accompany us to the races, but he declined, saying that he was sick and sleepy from having been playing several nights at concerts, and wanted to sleep. When we returned from the races the clerk told us that Signor Rocco had returned to New York, and conveyed to us a thousand apologies, but that he was ill and had to go away. We returned to the city the same night. On Monday evening, Rocco called mother aside in the parlor, and asked her permission to marry Mary. She at once refused, saying Mary was too young to marry. Rocco then asked mother to drink some wine with him. She refused, saying she never drank wine. Then Rocco begged her to remain in the parlor, and again urged his suit, but without success. He then said he felt ill, and wanted Mary to go with him to a drug-store. Mother would not allow her to go. Rocco went, and returned carrying a bottle of citrate of magnesia in his hand. Some of the folks sitting on the stoop began to joke with him about carrying his bottle with him. He replied pleasantly, and passed up stairs. That was the last we saw of him alive. To-day, having knocked repeatedly at his door and not receiving an answer, we broke it open and found him dead.

Mrs. Parsons and her daughter Mary made similar statements, Miss Parsons saying that Rocco had obtained her picture without her permission.

Rocco was supposed to be a man of quick, excitable temperament. It is believed that on his suit being rejected he went to his room, wrote the letters, for writing material was found on the table, then undressed, got into bed, and then blew his brains out. His room was neatly furnished, and his books and harps showed evidences of a cultivated and refined taste. In appearance, Rocco was of considerable manly beauty, wearing a heavy moustache and goatee.

Attempted Murder and Suicide of Yesterday.

Some additional particulars have been obtained in connection with the terrible tragedy which occurred at No. 221 Centre street, between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning. It appears that Henry Weisbrecht and his wife, Christina, were married nineteen years ago in Germany, and had been in this country about ten years. They had lived very unhappily, owing to suspected infidelity on the part of the wife, and about a year ago they separated, and have not lived together since. Weisbrecht lived with some friends in Forsyth street, while his wife supported herself ostensibly by washing and scrubbing, and had no regular place of abode. On Friday last she was brought to the apartments of Mrs. Ehring, on the second floor of No. 221 Centre street, by a woman giving her name as Mrs. Meyers. She gave her name as Mrs. Smietes, told a piteous story to Mrs. Ehring about being deserted by her husband, and offered to do the housework and washing for her board and lodging. Mrs. Ehring, who has several small children, and was at the time suffering from a sore finger, agreed to the proposition, and Mrs. Weisbrecht was installed in a small bedroom on the third floor. The woman worked very hard all day, to the satisfaction of Mrs. Ehring, but on that night she found that Christina was entertaining a young man in her room until a late hour. Mrs. Ehring does not appear to have made any strenuous objections to this, as the services of the woman were such as she needed at that juncture. The woman remained there, working steadily, until Monday, and each night, after she had retired to her room, was visited by the young man referred to above, who never appeared about the house in the day time, and appeared anxious to avoid recognition. On Monday Mrs. Weisbrecht was out all day, and when asked by Mrs. Ehring where she had been excused her absence by saying that she had been employed ironing for a lady, and on Tuesday she went out to work again, as she said. On Tuesday afternoon, while Mr. Ehring was in the lager-beer saloon adjoining his house, he was approached by Weisbrecht, who told him that his wife was living in his house, and asked to be allowed to see her. Ehring was rather puzzled, as the stranger gave his name as Weisbrecht, while the woman had been known only as Mrs. Smietes. He, however, told the man, who appeared nervous and excited, that if the woman was his wife he had no objection to him seeing her. The stranger then asked Ehring if he had seen any man in her room, and Ehring, who was not aware of the visits of the young man referred to above, replied in the negative. Weisbrecht then left, promising to return during the evening and see his wife. At about 7 o'clock in the evening he returned and had an interview with Mrs. Ehring, and learned from her about the visits of the young man who had been admitted to Mrs. Weisbrecht's room, and who had been seen coming from the room on four or five different occasions. He again went away, and soon after his wife's paramour visited the house, but, learning in some way that the husband had been there, he became alarmed, and left the house hurriedly, being afraid to meet the outraged husband. Weisbrecht soon after returned, and his wife came home. They met in Mrs. Ehring's apartments, and, as a preliminary to the interview which the husband had asked for, the wife borrowed 7 cents, and went down to the lager-beer saloon, returning with some beer, of which they all partook. Weisbrecht then commenced to upbraid his wife for her shameless conduct. He told Mrs. Ehring that he married his wife 19 years ago, when she was but 15 years of age, and they had had eleven children, three of whom only survive. He also said that the woman had left his home no less than seven times, going away with young men, and remaining away for several months each time. In five cases, when she had left her husband, she was subsequently found an inmate of low houses. With a view to sparing his family the disgrace caused by her bad conduct, he would take her back, but she would remain but a few months, when she became infatuated with some other man and left him again. While the husband was reciting the history of his wife's wrongs and his wife's shame, she sat by listening intently. She did not attempt to deny the accusations, but called her husband a fool several times for exposing his family affairs to strangers. Weisbrecht asked the woman if she would go back and live with him again. She said she would, and he then asked her who was the man who had visited her lately. The woman said she did not know who he was. Weisbrecht became excited, and called his wife a shameless woman, and said that he did not want her to live with him at all, but she must not frequent houses of ill-fame nor receive improper visits from young men. The wife became excited at this language, and a quarrel ensued, which was stopped by Ehring, who told them that if they wanted to quarrel they must leave the house. Thereupon Weisbrecht apologized to Mr. Ehring for creating a disturbance in the house, and then asked his wife and Mr. Ehring to go out and take some supper with him. They went to an oyster-saloon in the neighborhood and had some supper, and then returned to the house. Mrs. Weisbrecht appeared to be afraid of her husband, but, after a little persuasion, consented to go out with him for a walk. Mr. Ehring locked the doors after them, and at about 12 o'clock they returned, and were admitted. They sat talking together in Mrs. Ehring's room for a little while, and Weisbrecht proposed to have a private interview with his wife. Ehring told them to go into the front room on the second floor, which is unfurnished and unoccupied. They did, and Ehring handed in two chairs, and closed the doors communicating between the two rooms. Ehring then went to bed. In a few moments Weisbrecht was heard asking for a light, but Mrs. Ehring refused to give him a lamp. What passed in this room between the unfortunate couple is not known, and in all probability will never be revealed; but at about 12:30, Ehring heard a scream, followed quickly by a pistol-shot. He sprang from the bed, and, opening the door, saw Weisbrecht clutching his wife by the throat and firing his pistol rapidly. He rushed down stairs to raise an alarm, and at the front door met Patrolman Burke, of the Fourteenth Precinct, who had heard the shots in the street, and was endeavoring to force his way into the house. Returning with the officer, Weisbrecht was found lying on the floor with a pistol-shot wound in his mouth, while his wife was blindly groping about the room, the blood streaming down her face and breast. They were both taken to Bellevue Hospital, where they are lying in an extremely critical condition. Neither of them is expected to survive. They are both in a semi-unconscious state, and cannot talk so as to be understood. The woman has two wounds in the head and two about the body. The husband shot himself in the mouth, tearing away his tongue, so that he cannot articulate. A daughter of the ill-fated couple called at Bellevue Hospital yesterday to see her parents. She is about 16 years of age, and kept house for her father, who is a cabinet-maker, and lived at No. 129 Forsyth street. She knew nothing of the tragedy until she saw an account of it in a German morning paper.

It is stated that the young paramour of Mrs. Weisbrecht called at the house in Centre street yesterday morning, but on learning what had occurred he ran away, and has not been seen about the neighborhood since.

Another Terrible Suicide.

Fourteen days ago Mr. Thomas Olcott and wife came to board at Dr. Schieferdecker's hydropathic establishment, No. 313 West Twenty-second street. Mr. Olcott, who was 50 years of age, came there for treatment. He had for several years suffered from liver complaint, and during the past three months was afflicted with confirmed melancholia. Mr. Olcott and wife were assigned Room No. 14, on the third floor. Fearing from her husband's depressed state of mind that he might attempt self-destruction, Mrs. Olcott kept a sharp watch on him. Despite her vigilance, however, he succeeded yesterday evening in taking his life. A lady named Dusenbury yesterday vacated Room No. 4, on the second floor, and the door of the room remained open. Mr. Olcott, about 4 o'clock, said that he was going to take a bath, and left the parlor ostensibly for that purpose. He not appearing again, Mrs. Olcott, at 6 o'clock, became alarmed, and, making inquiry, found that he had not been to the bedroom. On searching the house for him, Mrs. Olcott chanced to look into Mrs. Dusenbury's room, and saw him lying on the floor. At first, thinking he was ill, she entered without calling assistance. To her horror, she found that he was dead, lying in a pool of blood, and with his razor grasped in his right hand. Mrs. Olcott's shrieks alarmed one of the waiters, William Jensen, who entered the room, and, on seeing the condition of affairs, alarmed the house. Mrs. Olcott was cared for by Mr. Goodwin, of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel, and some other friends of the family. Capt. Cherry was notified, and Deputy Coroner Leo assumed charge of the case for Coroner Herrman. From the appearance of the room, it would seem that on entering it, Mr. Olcott bared his left arm, and, leaning it against the marble mantel, almost severed the member on the inner surface at the elbow, completely cutting through the brachial artery and all the veins. Mr. Olcott was a son of Thomas W. Olcott, President of the Albany National Bank. Mr. Olcott was a resident of Albany, where his three children now are. His social standing was very high, and his family is very wealthy.

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During the past week I have been receiving a large stock of the latest styles of Carpetings, which I will offer with Curtain Goods, on Monday, at very low prices for cash.

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We incline to the opinion that to many of our citizens this will prove an "inestimable boon," and that the invention will secure for itself the success it so well deserves. It is a neat, and in no sense objectionable feature, either to cottage or palace.

The office of the patentees, Messrs. Voss & Brandt, is 136 South Clark-st., Rooms 3 and 4, where they and their invention can be seen. The purchase of State rights can be arranged, and any other information obtained.

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These steamships, built expressly for the trade, are provided with all the latest improvements for the comfort and convenience of Cabin and Steerage Passengers. First Cabin, $80 currency; Second Cabin, $55 currency; Steerage, $30 currency; prepaid Steerage certificates from Cardiff, $32. Drafts for £1 and upwards.
For further particulars, apply in Cardiff, at the Company's Offices, No. 1 Dock Chambers, and in New York to
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Passengers booked to or from German and Scandinavian points at low rates.
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N. B.—To save time and expense, and accommodate those parents who cannot conveniently visit Lake Forest, Prof. Allen will be at the bookstore of W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co., 113 State-st., on Saturday, Aug. 30, and Sept. 2, from 11 o'clock a. m. to 2 o'clock p. m., where he will be happy to confer with any who have sons to send away to school.

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Will commence its eighth session Sept. 8. Mrs. KENNICOTT is assisted by a full corps of professors and teachers of the highest culture and large experience. The course of instruction is thoroughly complete. Native Professors of French and German are employed. The Music Department is in charge of a graduate of a Paris Conservatory. Lectures will be given on the Natural Sciences during the year.

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English, French, and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Little Girls. Mrs. Maitland is assisted by Madame Coyriere, Professor Brown, and a full corps of Professors and Teachers of ability and experience. The duties of the School will be resumed September 16. For circulars containing particulars, also numerous references in Chicago and elsewhere, apply at the bookstores and to the Principal, 673 Wabash-av.

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French and English School for Young Ladies and Misses. Fall term commencing Sept. 15, 1873. A limited number of parlor boarders accommodated. This institution is a branch of the Academie Favarger, Bois de Boulogne, Paris, France, established in 1850, and directed by Miss Favarger, a sister of Mme. de Pelgrom Newell. The instruction in French is thorough, it being the language of the family, and arrangements are such that pupils, if desired, may finish their studies at the Paris school.

MME. NEWELL will receive calls Tuesdays and Fridays, and will be glad to give all further information desired. Circulars are to be found at office A. H. Andrews & Co., 168 State-st.

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In the UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME on TUESDAY, the 2d of SEPTEMBER, 1873.
Trains leave the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern depot at 9 a. m. for South Bend, Ind.

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FAIR HAVEN SEMINARY—A BOARDING SCHOOL for young ladies. Twenty-third year commences Sept. 8. Address O. P. POND, Principal, Fair Haven, Conn.

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HUDSON YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY, HUDSON, N. Y.—The autumn term begins Sept. 8, 1873. A native French teacher resides in the family. Terms, $300 per annum. Misses PEAKE, Principals.

LAKESIDE SEMINARY—A BOARDING SCHOOL for girls and young boys, at Oconomowoc, Wis. For circulars, address MISS GRACE P. JONES, Principal.

MADAME H. DODON, GRADUATE OF THE PARIS Conservatory of Music, also pupil of Herzi, Herz, and Pordignt, begs to announce that on the 1st of September next she will commence giving lessons in instrumental and vocal music, and the French language, at the Music Rooms of Jul. Bauer & Co., in Palmer's New Hotel. References: Hon. N. B. Judd, Hon. J. Y. Scammon, Hon. E. B. McCagg, Hon. Judge Van H. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Doggett, and Mrs. Franklin McVeagh.

MODEL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES; ALSO Kindergarten, Red Bank, Monmouth County, N. J. Boarders, 12. Physical and mental culture. Teaching by lecture and object, leading pupils to think and reason. Needlework, culinary art, etc. L. B. COLEMAN, Principal.

NEW JERSEY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE (FOR both sexes), Bordentown, N. J. Address E. & E. HAAS, A. M., Principal.

ROCKLAND INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, Nyack-on-the-Hudson.—The fall term of this institute, delightfully situated on the Hudson River, near New York, will commence Sept. 24. For catalogue and circular, with full particulars, address REV. L. DELOS MANSFIELD, President.

RIVERSIDE SEMINARY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., for misses and young ladies, reopens Sept. 8. For admission or circular, address the Principal, MRS. SARAH L. NOTT.

SAYBROOK SEMINARY, A BOARDING AND day school for young ladies and children, Saybrook, Conn. Will open Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1873. For circulars and references, address the Principal, MISS ALICE L. WARNER.

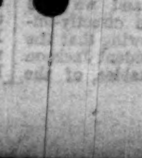
TALLMANN SEMINARY, PATERSON, N. J.—Boarding and day-school for young ladies will reopen Sept. 15. Circulars may be obtained at Cooke & Beggs, 16 Cortlandt-st., and at A. L. Shipman & Sons, 23 Chambers-st. Address Mrs. GEORGE C. TALLMAN, Jr., Principal, York-av., near Broadway.

THE WEST SIDE KINDER GARTEN, NOS. 51 and 53 South Sheldon-st., will begin its ninth session Monday, Sept. 1, 1873. Miss S. E. EDDY, Principal.

WEST SIDE KINDER GARTEN SCHOOL, AT 83 Park-av., will reopen Sept. 1.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, Del., offers thorough instruction in a liberal course of study, with home-like influences, at reasonable expense. Session begins Sept. 10. REV. JOHN WILSON, A. M., President.

SCALES.



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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Summer Arrangement.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.—† Saturday excepted. * Sunday excepted. ‡ Monday excepted. ∥ Arrive Sunday at 8:00 a. m. § Daily.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN RAILROADS

Depot, foot of Lake-st., and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket office, 67 Clark-st., southeast corner of Randolph, and 75 Canal-st., corner of Madison.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via main and air line)	* 5:00 a. m.	* 8:15 p. m.
Day Express	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Jackson Accommodation	§ 3:35 p. m.	§10:30 a. m.
Atlantic Express	§ 5:15 p. m.	§ 8:00 a. m.
Night Express	†*9:00 p. m.	‡*6:30 a. m.
GRAND RAPIDS AND PENTWATER.		
Morning Express	9:00 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Night Express	†9:10 p. m.	*6:00 a. m.

HENRY C. WENTWORTH,
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	Leave.	Arrive.
Kansas City Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Express, via Main Line	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Express, via Main Line	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
St. Louis Express, via Jacksonville Division	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:30 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Springfield Fast Express	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
Jefferson City Express	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:30 a. m.
Peoria, Keokuk & Burl'n Ex.	* 9:00 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Wenona, Lacon, and Washington Express	* 4:20 p. m.	* 8:10 p. m.
Joliet & Dwight Accommodation	* 4:20 p. m.	* 9:40 a. m.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

Union Depot, corner Madison and Canal-sts.; Ticket Office 63 South Clark-st., opposite Sherman House, and at Depot.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis Day Express	* 9:20 a. m.	‡ 6:50 a. m.
Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien Mail and Express	* 5:00 p. m.	*11:00 a. m.
Milwaukee, St. Paul & Minneapolis Night Express	† 9:30 p. m.	* 4:15 p. m.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

Depots—Foot of Lake-st., Indiana-av., and Sixteenth-st., and Canal and Sixteenth-sts. Ticket offices, No. 59 Clark-st., and at depots.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail and Express	* 7:30 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Ottawa and Streator Passenger	7:30 a. m.	8:00 p. m.
Dubuque and Sioux City Exp.	* 9:10 a. m.	* 2:35 p. m.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:00 a. m.	* 3:35 p. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 3:15 p. m.	* 8:15 a. m.
Mendota & Ottawa Passenger	* 4:20 p. m.	* 9:55 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 1:45 p. m.	* 7:20 a. m.
Aurora Passenger	* 5:30 p. m.	* 8:55 a. m.
Aurora Passenger (Sunday)	1.00 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Exp.	† 9.05 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.
Pacific Night Express	‡ 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:45 a. m.
Downer's Grove Accommodation	* 6:15 p. m.	* 5:35 p. m.
Texas Express	† 9:00 p. m.	7:45 a. m.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Depot foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket offices, 121 Randolph-st., near Clark.

	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Express	* 8:25 a. m.	* 8:20 p. m.
St. Louis Fast Line	‡ 8:15 p. m.	* 7:55 a. m.
Cairo Mail	* 8:25 a. m.	* 4:45 p. m.
Cairo Express	‡ 8:15 p. m.	* 7:55 a. m.
Springfield Express	* 8:25 a. m.	* 4:45 p. m.
Springfield Express	† 8:15 p. m.	* 7:55 a. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	* 9:15 a. m.	* 2:00 p. m.
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	† 9:00 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.
Effingham Passenger	§ 8:15 p. m.	8:20 p. m.
Kankakee Passenger	*11:10 p. m.	* 9:20 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 a. m.	* 6:48 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 7:10 a. m.	* 7:45 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	∥ 9:00 a. m.	* 8:40 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	∥12:10 p. m.	* 9:20 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 3:00 p. m.	∥10:30 a. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 4:20 p. m.	∥ 1:45 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 5:15 p. m.	* 5:20 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	* 6:10 p. m.	* 6:55 p. m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods	*11:10 p. m.	* 7:40 p. m.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD.

City offices, corner Randolph and LaSalle-sts., and 75 Canal-st., corner Madison-st.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific Fast Line	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:15 p. m.
Dubuque Day Ex. via Clinton	10:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Pacific Night Express	†10:45 p. m.	‡ 6:30 a. m.
Dubuque Night Ex. via Clinton	10:45 p. m.	6:30 a. m.
Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 a. m.	* 2:00 p. m.
Freeport & Dubuque Express	* 9:15 p. m.	* 6:15 a. m.
Milwaukee Mail	* 8:00 a. m.	*10:30 a. m.
Milwaukee Express	* 9:30 a. m.	* 4:00 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger	* 5:00 p. m.	* 7:40 p. m.
Milwaukee Passenger (daily)	§11:00 p. m.	§ 5:00 a. m.
Green Bay Express	9:40 a. m.	7:00 p. m.
St. Paul Express	*10:10 a. m.	4.00 p. m.
Marquette Express	* 9:00 p. m.	* 6:50 a. m.
St. Paul Express	† 9:30 p. m.	† 6:20 a. m.

COLORADO, KANSAS & NEW MEXICO.

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CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Depot, corner of VanBuren and Sherman-sts. Ticket office, Grand Pacific Hotel.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenw'th & Atchison Ex	*10:15 a. m.	* 3:45 p. m.
Peru Accommodation	* 5:00 p. m.	* 9:30 a. m.
Night Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.
Leavenworth & Atchison Express	†10:00 p. m.	‡ 7:00 a. m.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Depot, Van Buren-st., foot of LaSalle-st. Ticket offices, northwest corner Clark and Randolph-sts., and southwest corner Canal and Madison-sts.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail, via Air Line and Main Line	* 6:40 a. m.	* 6:55 p. m.
Special New York Express, via Air Line	* 9:00 a. m.	* 8:00 p. m.
Atlantic Express, via Air Line	5:15 p. m.	8:00 a. m.
Night Express, via Main Line	*†10:20 p. m.	*‡6:30 a. m.
Elkhart Accommodation	* 3:40 p. m.	* 9:55 a. m.
South Chicago Accommodation	12:00 m.	1:50 p. m.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILROAD.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express	* 9:00 a. m.	‡ 7:30 p. m.
Pacific Express	§5:10 p. m.	§ 6:30 a. m.
Fast Line	†*9:00 p. m.	‡*8:00 a. m.
Mail	* 4:55 a. m.	* 6:10 p. m.
Valparaiso Accommodation	* 3:30 p. m.	* 9:05 a. m.

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & CINCINNATI THROUGH LINE, VIA KANKAKEE ROUTE.

From the Great Central Railroad Depot, foot of Lake-st. For through tickets and sleeping-car berths apply at our new Ticket office, 121 Randolph-st., near corner Clark; 75 Canal-st., corner Madison; 96 LaSalle-st., corner Washington, and at Illinois Central Depot.

Leave Chicago	* 9:20 a. m.	§ 8:45 p. m.
Arrive at Lafayette	* 2:35 p. m.	§ 1:50 a. m.
Arrive at Indianapolis	* 5:55 p. m.	§ 4.45 a. m.
Arrive at Cincinnati	*10:20 p. m.	§ 9:50 a. m.

Trains arrive at Chicago at 7:37 a. m., 8:25 a. m., and 7:40 p. m. Only line running Saturday night train to Indianapolis and Cincinnati. South End passengers can get baggage checked and take train at Twenty-second-st. Depot.

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Times, Oct. 22, 1863.

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LONG BRANCH.

A Turn Amongst the Turfmen---The Stable-Folks at the Races.

A Glimpse of the Racing Century---Where We Get Our Blood.

The Great Racers from Sir Archie Down---A Composition on the Horse.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONG BRANCH, Aug. 20, 1873.

The stable-folks have all come from Saratoga down to Long Branch, and they do not much like the change. At Saratoga they have a good catch-hold, a loamy track, well drained, and the rarest mountain-air, with good management, well-behaved audiences, and the flavor of respectability. John Morrissey, rough as he is, is a good policeman, and his word passed is trusted by the village-people and by cosmopolitandom. At Long Branch, there is an embellished track, extortion, a crowd of rowdies and flashy women, and the presiding spirits are the keepers of skin-games, who give the tone to the triennial "meetings."

STUDIES.

It is somewhat singular that this kind of populace should want the Presidential Mansion pitched amongst them all summer at public expense. Morals are so bad here that gentlemen are known to take their families away from the public table after partaking of a single dinner, to protect them from being faced out and put to the blush by cyprians opposite. The recent great advertising diagram of the Branch in *Harper's Weekly* omitted to denote, though it sketched, Chamberlaine's cottage,—thirteen cottages only intervening between it and President Grant's.

"You're the fellows," said the elder partner, McGrath, once to a pair of correspondents,—"it's jest you that keeps the President from coming over to see the games. He knows you'd be a publishing of him."

This compliment to the press, as compelling some dignity and observance despite the society, leads us to remark that Mr. Price McGrath is a fine old hemp-grower in Kentucky, and partner of Chamberlaine in his two establishments. He will both take your money, and furnish you with a rope to go hang. He is, besides, what they call a gentleman-patron of the turf, and has a stable of thoroughbreds. He also confers the honors of knighthood, and I have seen Mr. Chamberlaine balance the stirrup-cup a number of times,—generally a great bowl engraved, and silvered, and covered with figures and reliefs of bits, bridles, skull-caps, stirrups, saddles, and switch-whips. One of these "gentlemen's cups" is big enough to hold all the wine, etc., which the largest stomach can disgorge after paying $4 a bottle for it. People were not originally allowed to drink vulgar ales and cordials at Monmouth Park. Wine by the pint, or brandy by the bottle, was the least "a gentleman" could take. Nowadays they have an American Epsom, however,—the American Emetic, they might call it,—and a crowd a trifle more respectable than that usually admitted pours in free. The press is billeted to pay the telegraphed advertisements of this gaming-house circus; the heads of boys, and women too, are turned to see so much of our real gentry,—that is, people who back roulette, and concoct Black Fridays, and break every commandment unblushingly, having a full purse to excuse them.

OUT TO THE PARK QUIETLY.

I have sketched this Long Branch so often,—well called so, for it is mainly a stretch of frame-houses on a green bluff, with good air, fair roads, a bad, dirty, and dangerous surf, and great monotony, relieved only by dissipation,—that it shall not detain me this day. A few furlongs' walk in the open country will bring me to the vaunted Park, and I can sit down with horses, see the little negroes gamble with pennies, talk to the boy-jockeys, and read my book on the turf in America. Myself and companion have 1,300 royal pages of reading-matter between us, written by that Henry William Herbert, who wrote about physical sports and horsemanship all his life, and died at last of crushed sensibilities from a woman's disfavor.

IS THE TURF OF ANY USE?

Tens of thousands of your readers never saw a horse-race. It is not my intention to offend such by a description of the short and generally unsatisfactory pageant, but to help them out in the inquiry whether, in all this expenditure of money and mixing of morals, there is any advantage gained. Is the stock improved? Do we become more enamored of healthy exercise, and country life, and increase our mental resources, by all this galloping in dirty silk breeches and gay caps? Have the gentry of the turf in this country made us any compensation, intellectual or material, for the aggravated lawlessness of their business?

They have made the gambler a patron, and presented him to the public in the light of a great man and reviver of the turf. They have consigned trotting-matches to county-fairs and temperance-gatherings. The infliction or the enjoyment, whichever it be, is upon us, and likely to stay.

This racing-business is not a new thing in America. It began before the Revolution, and Washington himself was a patron of it; and, from 1815 to 1845, we had what we called the palmy days of the American turf. After those loud thirty years, racing became more and more local and spasmodic, and the trotting-track grew into favor, until near the close of the War, when people, tired of the trickery of the trot,—the selling out of matches and the division of the gate-money,—and purses made plethoric and sensibilities diseased by the War fell into the mood for galloping squadrons again. The revival of the turf at the Paterson (N. J.) Park was followed by the opening of the celebrated Jerome Park, near New York City, in the fall of 1866. Just prior to this, the Saratoga Park was made; and these two Parks—the most successful in the country—have led to several others, none of which are said to be profitable. To the breeders and stablemen, however, this revival of the turf is a sweet boon. Bankers, and Governors, and railroad-men, and their hopeful sons just coming into their inheritance, aspire to be the patrons of the national races, and go around followed by jockeys, hostlers, and trainers, talking learnedly of horse-points. It is the cheapest way to become notorious, and the easiest to spend money.

A-GOING TO THE BOTTOM.

The horse is a large and needful element of national wealth, whether for war or peace; and whatever can improve the breed in a country like ours may well be excused for some exuberances and incidental evils. It is probably the fact that the agricultural populace is aroused to curiosity, and led to the improvement of local stock, by the exciting reports which have from time to time been published of great achievements in speed under the emulation of the race. As racers, our American thoroughbreds are not excelled in the world; they carry less weight, but make better time, than the English racers. And our trotters are not equaled in any country, owing, perhaps, in some degree, to our country-road system, something also to our climate, but most to the crossing of several different breeds and the admixture of the best English-Oriental blood. "The general horse of America," says an English authority, "is superior, *not* in blood or beauty, but decidedly in hardihood to do, to endure, in powers of travel, speed, docility, and good temper, to any other race of general horses in the world."

The American horse is as mixed in stock, and as well defined as a type, as the American nation, and, like the nation, the English blood fixes the type. In the year 1493, the first horses were let loose in the Western World by Columbus. The mainland was first trodden by the steeds of De Soto and De Vaca, at a time when the Spanish horse was perfected and most formidable for cavalry-purposes. At the desertion of Buenos Ayres in 1558, the stock was set loose, which filled the Continent with wild horses as far as Texas and the Plains; and, in 1604, Acadia was stocked with Norman and Flemish nags, which, four years later, were carried to Canada East, whence, by the year 1750, they were made comparatively numerous in Illinois. Thence, probably, spring Indian ponies and mustangs,—Spanish and French castaways modified by climate and food, and stunted by savage severity. In 1609, six mares and a horse were landed at Jamestown, Va.; and, fifty years later, exportation of horses was forbidden by law. In 1625, the Dutch brought horses to New York; and, in 1629, a Leicestershire man brought them to Massachusetts Bay. From these small beginnings, see the increase! There are to-day, in the United States, nearly

EIGHT MILLIONS OF HORSES,

showing a growth upon the stock imported more marvelous than man's. There are also nearly 2,000,000 of asses and mules, although New England had but 360 in all, twenty years ago. Vermont has more stock than any other State in the East; the South passes the North in mules; and the old Territory of New Mexico had, twenty years ago, more mules than all the Pacific Coast put together and doubled. In 1860, we had a horse to every five inhabitants; in 1850, one to every five-and-a-third; I do not possess the census of 1870 to give fuller details. During the War, we sacrificed as many four-footed beasts as men, and still the negro was not happy without his mule. Emancipation to him was an idle achievement without his mule thrown in. This teaches us that freedom without transportation is a mockery.

WHERE DID THE BLOOD COME FROM?

The above horses were merely the wild growth and common transplantation, on which to engraft the perfected thoroughbreds of England. The race of horses was not fully perfected in England till the reign of Queen Anne, at which time we received our most copious immigration of men and stock. The English monarchy had been importing and improving the breed, more or less, from the time of Alfred the Great; but it was not until Queen Anne's time that it was demonstrated that Arabic and Barbary stock could accomplish no more. The work was done, and America was peopled and harnessed at the appointed time for her destinies.

DIVERSION.

Here we are brought to the question: Did it require horse-racing to accomplish any of these things?

Plainly it did, and there seems to be no way of evading this answer. It is the fact in America, as well as in England. The turf stimulated the improvement of the horse. The King himself set the example; the Lord-Proprietary in America left it to us. In the reign of Henry I.,—as far back as the twelfth century,—the Smithfield race-track was set up in London. In the Crusades which followed, the English steeds, carrying heavy armor and armored men, put to scorn the light-mounted Arabs.

It is queer to remark at this point, contrary to public opinion, that the British horse is older than the Arabian; for the horse is a native of Africa, and not of Asia. Jesus rode into Jerusalem upon an ass' foal; Mahomet had but two horses when he began his religious wars; it was in Egypt that Joseph first saw a horse, only 1,500 years before Christ, and they were few and novel there, and had been presented by those Shepherd-Kings who are supposed to have come from Abyssinia, the assumed native country of the horse, and in the vicinity of his pachydermatous cousins, the zebra and the quagga. As late as the seventh century, the Arabs had no horses, and Africa is the only continent, excepting America, where there are wild horses in profusion astray to-day; but the bones of ancient horses are found in the caves of England. There Cæsar, who knew as little about horses and cavalry as the Greeks, found them bestridden by the native Britons. And it is one, and perhaps the prevailing theory, that the horse, indigenous to Africa, was brought to Greece by the Phœnicians, and used for war by the wilder people north of Greece,—Thracians, Macedonians, and Thessalians; and that he worked his way up into Hungary in time to be ready for Mazeppa's ride, and was domesticated by the Germans, Gauls, Britons, etc., in time to meet the miserably-mounted Romans. Cæsar had the tact to make these barbarian levies guard his provinces, and they mixed the stock and improved it in their exchange of camps. But, even before this time, the Carthagenians, invading Europe by way of Spain, with 8,000 Barbs, gave vitality to the stock already there; and the Italian horse, now as then, is a poor cob; while the Greeks, who were always racing chariots, were no horsemen at all, and Philip and Alexander of Macedon rode over them.

This is a profound subject for Mr. Frederick Douglass to think about. Africa is the original stamping-ground of the horse. Whenever you see a horse, you see an American citizen of African descent. Perhaps the original remark of "Cursed be Canaan: a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren," was directed at the horse, and not at the negro. If this interpretation can be made to stand on four legs, it goes far to establish the colored citizen's claim to a mule.

INTERRUPTION.

At this point I am interrupted in this severe performance by an apparition. A lean-looking boy, all wrapped around in blankets, and rolling perspiration, like an egg-plant filled with dew, is proceeding at a brisk, gasping trot up and down before my chair on the lawn of Monmouth Park. As he runs, he switches his shins with a riding-whip.

"Bub, what in the name of the constituted authorities of New Jersey, are you doing in that locomotive steam box? What ails you? Have you committed larceny on somebody's bedding?"

"No," says the boy, "I hain't. I'm got to ride next week at 85 pounds, and I'm a sweating down to it."

"How much must you sweat off?"

"Eleven pounds!"

"What do you do it with?"

"Water, and blankets, and fasting——"

"And prayer?"

"No," says the boy; "prayer be ——; but, never mind, I'll take it out of the 'orse yet."

Think of this, young people, who have watermelons and mint-lamb! Isn't it pitiful? In a whole city full, hash he had none. He went away sorrowfully, for he had great possessions, and must sweat them down.

THE THOROUGHBRED WE TRACE TO.

The English horse owes his general dispersion over the Kingdom to Henry VII., who compelled every clergyman and man of office to keep a horse. From that day to this, no preacher will buy a horse from another one. Henry established the Chester races on the same spot they are still run upon. When you desire to remember this fact, think that Richard III., who was known by a crook in his back, was killed by Henry in a stage-fight. They played all the same the next night, however. Richard offered his Kingdom for a horse three times, and failed to be accommodated, which caused Henry to keep a great many horses on hand for emergencies. This little new reading shows the historical accuracy of Shakspeare.

James I., who started the Newmarket races, was the first to import an Arabian, named "Markham's Arabian," for which he paid £500 sterling. Then Cromwell, Fairfax, and Buckingham successively imported three stallions, called "White Turk," "Morocco Barb," and "Helmsley Turk." These stallions, with some horses from the Levant, imported by Charles II., are the foundation of English blooded stock; and, one great horse, "American Eclipse," was of the blood of "Helmsley Turk." The work went on, as I have said, until Queen Annie's time, and, just after the close of her reign, there were thirty-one foreign and fifty native stallions in their prime in England. About this time, the first racing-calendar was published in England, and the stud-books of that country are as accurate as the Peerage-lists. A blooded horse is not eight pure crosses back; it is clear derivation, with Oriental blood on both sides up to known paternity and dam.

The first thoroughbred racing-horse of America was imported into Maryland,—"Spark," the gift of Lord Baltimore to Gov. Ogle from the Prince of Wales, about 1732. From this time forward, the Governors of Maryland kept racing-studs, as Ridgly, Wright, Lloyd, and Sprigg; and Gov. Bowie maintained the practice even after the Rebellion. Into the same State the red fox was introduced from England in 1780. From 1732 to 1745, Washington was a young turf-hunter in both senses; he got a rich widow, and kept fine steeds. In 1750, Col. Tasker imported "Selima," straight from "Godolphin Arabian," into Maryland. The Livingstones, of New York; the Stocktons, of New Jersey; the Alstons, Hamptons, and Washingtons, of South Carolina; and the Taylors, Hoomeses, Seldens, and Johnsons, of Virginia, also imported directly from England; so that our stock-record, even before the Revolution, was as certain as the English, but, in that conflict, it was destroyed. The character of officers' horses, however, in that struggle, showed the advantage of the breeding.

Thus slavery, fox-hunting, and racing were almost wholly responsible for the first importations of British thoroughbred stock into America. We had horse-races in New York and the South while still colonies; and little tobacco-shipping villages, now nearly extinct in the tide-water country, were the seats of memorable races, as well as the greater ports and cities.

The great horse "Diomed," father of "Sir Archy" by imported "Selima,"—the parents and the Nimrod of the American turf,—was foaled in 1777, and imported to Virginia in John Adams' Administration. The great horse "Messenger," was imported to New York three years before Washington became President, or in 1786. "Sir Archy" was foaled on the James River in 1805, the father of "Sir Charles" and "Sir Henry." And his father, "Diomed," was the great grandfather of both "Boston" and "Fashion."

Thus began the American turf, and we have not improved upon it even with directly-imported Arabians and Barbs,—showing that the stock was perfected already. President Jackson received steeds from the Royal stables of the Dey of Algiers and from the Sultan of Muscat; President Van Buren from the Emperor of Morocco. Commodore Elliott and others imported directly from Barbary. But no imported Barb, Arab, or Turk ever got a horse of any pretensions on the American turf. The English thoroughbreds have done it all.

This proves that blood will tell. As the Latin poet wrote in the reign of Augustus:

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis
Est in juvencis, est in equis, patrum
Virtus, nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilae columbam.

Or, freely paraphrased:

There may be in steers, there be in horses, blood;
They do transmit from sire to son their good,
Ne'er in that nest can spring the timid dove,
Where coupled eagles mate in furious love.

GATH.

WOMANLY DIGNITY.

From the London Saturday Review.

Nature, which has given weapons of assault or means of defense to almost all living creatures, has made man audacious, and has endowed woman with dignity. And dignity has the best of it. In fact, womanly dignity may be accepted as one among many explanations of that legendary power which turned the bravest man to stone, and made the might of the strongest like water in their bones. What can any one do against it? As well try to penetrate the armadillo's coat of mail by a needle, or make a hole in a pachyderm by a popgun, as fire a woman to passion or melt her to pity when she has once entrenched herself in the stronghold of her dignity. No argument can shake her, no reasoning convince her; despair dies away in querulousness, and the pleadings of love itself fall dull and blunted from her stately self-possession like so many toy shafts hurled against a polished and impenetrable surface. Indeed, how can you rage in anger, or abase yourself in entreaty, to a creature who is icily polite, loftily unmoved, not to be goaded into the smallest demonstration which would put her in the wrong and give you a vantage-point against her, and whose calm eyes look at you with a kind of superior scorn which, while it maddens you, offers no point of attack? What can you do? Simply nothing. The means of defense which Nature has given are unassailable, and a dignified woman is mistress of the situation by the very power of negation, if by none other. But there are various kinds of dignity, and if some are more exasperating than others, some are very lovely, and among the greatest charms of womanhood. There is in particular that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timid by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. These have a quiet dignity, tempered by much sweetness of speech and manner, that is the loveliest of them all, the most subtle as well as the most beautiful. They are like the Lady in Comus, and seem to cast the spell of respect on all with whom they are associated. No man, save of the coarsest fibre, and such as only physical strength can control, could be rude to them in word or brutal in deed; for there is something about them, very indefinite but very strong withal, which seems to give them special protection from insolence; and a loving woman of soft manners, whose mind is pure and who respects herself, is armed with a power which none but the vilest can despise. This is the woman who gets a precise obedience from her servants without exacting it, and whose children do not dream of disputing her wishes; who, though so gentle and affable, stops short of that kind of familiarity which breeds contempt, and with whom no one takes a liberty. For this one can scarcely give a reason. She would not ramp or rave if she was displeased, she would not scold, she could not strike; but there is a certain quality in her which we may not be able to formularize, yet which would make us ashamed to pass beyond the boundaries of the strictest respect, and which restrains others less consciously critical than ourselves as certainly as fear. It is the respect we pay to those who respect themselves; the consideration and honor which all real purity of nature demands and obtains. This is womanly dignity in its loveliest aspect, and the kind we all desire to see in women, whom it would not harden, nor render less than loving.

Then there is the more aggressive, strutting, stage kind of dignity, which we meet in historical romances chiefly, where "avaunt, base caitiff" is a phrase of power, and where an unprotected damsel, in a robe of "rich samite bright," with her back hair down, and carrying a small jeweler's shop on her person, is able by the magic of her dignity alone to defend herself from the base designs of marauding Barons and the depredations of meaning knaves,—taming the wild beasts among men as Una tamed her lion. This is a picture exquisitely fascinating to the young, and firmly believed in. We doubt, however, if any enthusiastic girl would find she possessed the gift if she went into a thieves' quarter in London with her purse in her pocket and her dignity as her sole safeguard; and we think she would do better to trust to the police. This kind of dignity, translated into the home life, is a troublesome sort of thing; but sometimes it is intensely odd, if one can afford the time to be amused; and a dignified woman of the stage-heroine kind, who "draws herself up to her full height," as novelists say, and speaks in an octave below her usual voice when she is offended, is pretty sure to have plenty of occasion for the exercise of her talent.

There is another kind of dignity—the grim kind, repellent and iron-bound—whereby you feel yourself pushed back before you have made an advance; where, indeed, the whole rule of life seems to be to repel on all sides. Women afflicted with this species of dignity are always on the look-out for assaults, and consequently are always thrusting their shield of defense in your face. You do not want to trouble them in their dignity; you are not thinking of invading that or this sacred province; yet you are suddenly met by an assumption of offended majesty, which makes you feel as if you had received a blow. Some playful word, some laughing and ridiculous accusation, or quite innocent allusion, and you are treated as a misdemeanant who has grievously offended against good manners and womanly dignity. There are some women constitutionally incapable of understanding anything like playfulness, and who can make no distinction between fun and impertinence, a laughing humor and taking liberties. They wrap themselves up in a robe of majesty, and resent as rudeness any homely touch which ignores their stately drapery. They are women about whose affairs you know absolutely nothing, though you may be their friend of a lifetime. You never hear them tell the most harmless anecdote frankly, but always with a severe air of mystery and something hidden; you never hear them discuss the least important subject freely. You would not dare to ask them, friends as you are, things which you would ask a comparative stranger without hesitation, and they never volunteer information. They would consider it a liberty if you wanted particulars as to the treatment they had pursued, say in such or such a case of illness; and they are far too dignified to help the inexperienced of their youngers by their own acquired store. One often wonders what these women are as mothers with young daughters to instruct; and whether their dignity can unbend so far as to give lessons to girls who have everything to learn. They are so grim, so far removed from any of the kindly familiarities, the maternal tenderness of ordinary women, that it is hard to believe there can ever be moments in which, or persons to whom, they can condescend to be natural. Akin to these, but not identical, are the coldly dignified women—those who keep themselves apart from their world for want of warmth to coalesce. They are not so aggressive as the grim ones, and not so apt to take offense or so keen to see an insult, where none was meant; but they are as impenetrable, and as impervious to humor. The difference between the two kinds lies in temper; the dignity of the grim being dignity soured by ill-humor, that of the cold being dignity hardened by indifference. Neither is admirable, and both are common; and woe to the luckless man, most probably of a jovial, weak-backed nature, who has fallen into the power of either. He has to expiate by a life of self-suppression for the one part, and of perpetual stumbling offense for the other, the terrible mistake he made in early youth, when a girl's cold self-possession was called by a finer word, and no account taken of the time when a just endurable characteristic would have become exaggerated.

There is, again, another kind of dignity of the æsthetic range; a kind of thing that says: "No common person am I;" and that demands exceptional homage, as well as repels rudeness with scorn. This is a very favorite kind with the women who hold the theory that women are of a divine order of nature, and that men are—not to put it too strongly—brutes. They exact a different ordering of circumstances altogether for themselves, and especially that they should be protected from the lower conditions of life. Ask these women to do unpleasant work, and see how their dignity takes arms at once, and how offended and indignant they are at your suggestion. They are of the Brahminical order, according to their own estimation, and they are to be spared what others have to endure. Have they not their dignity to support, and is not their nature æsthetic and their right to immunity from the common lot undoubted? These æsthetic women are eminently unpractical, and their dignity is in general a tremendous nuisance. They are so fine, so very pure, they hold nature to be so gross, humanity in its reality so dreadful, and all things, save their own womanly dignity, so common, that there is no dealing with them on anything like a practical basis; and if you speak of life as it is, and not as it is made to appear—in a cloud of pink muslin and with an atmosphere of ottar of roses—they are revolted, and think you are wanting in respect. Unreal, as well as æsthetic, they are both useless and unsatisfactory. To be sure, they cultivate art, and know the right color of a ribbon, and how to arrange a drawing-room picturesquely; but as all the chambers inhabited by the human family are not drawing-rooms, as there are sick-rooms and lazarettos, the womanly dignity which must not be invaded by the mention of either is but a poor kind of thing for working life, and its artistic specialities are but meagre compensation for its æsthetic absurdities.

The fact is, useful as womanly dignity is as a womanly possession, it can be carried to excess, and from a virtue to a vice. So long as it is an honest defense-work against the rough assaults of superior strength, it is both good and fair; but when it assumes to be more than this, it becomes an exaggeration, and, as such, ridiculous. There is no law by which women can be exempt from a share in the troubles and sorrows of human life; and even their dignity cannot always protect them from things that override all but nature. Still it is a valuable possession, and women had better have too much of it than too little; for, though too much renders them absurd, too little makes them contemptible, and between the two there is no doubt as to which is the worst.

A FAREWELL.

Do not tell me to forget thee!
Thou hast round my memory twined,
Since the day when first I met thee,
With a sweetness undefined.

This hopeless love hath so enwound thee,
I cannot tear thee from my heart:
All my hopes are clustered round thee—
Thou art of my life a part.

Deeply, fervently, I loved thee,
Vainly, deeply, love thee yet;
Doubt not, for the years have proved me—
Years which brought but vain regret.

Fondly to my heart I pressed thee,
Dreaming of the blissful years;
And I kissed thee and caressed thee—
Kissed thee through thy falling tears.

I will go; I cannot claim thee;
We will meet no more in life;
Sister, Friend, I cannot name thee,
Since I may not call thee Wife.

I will go; but ever round thee
Falls my blessing, like a light;
With amaranths of love I crowned thee—
Now—I bury thee from sight.

In my heart's deep, strange recesses,
Hide thee, where no hope can bloom:
Lips, and eyes, and golden tresses,
Shrouded—cold—in cryptic gloom.

I will go; but ever o'er me
Hangs a shadow like the night;
And behind me, and before me,
Spreads a darkness and a blight.

THEO. CARPENTER.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27, 1873.

SUNDAY-MUSIC.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune.

SIR: The hoax manufactured to ridicule the "Law-and-Order" movement suggests a thought worth giving the public. That the lovers of Sabbath-music, lager-beer, and so forth, have their rights, we firmly maintain. A man's house is his castle, and he can sell what he can obtain purchasers for, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others. He owns his house and lot, as Patrick says, "from the sintre of the airth to the top of the sky."

But let him seize a torch, and proceed to burn his home to the ground, and the police seize him, and, binding him, bear him to prison. What! has he not an eternal right to do what he will with his own? Most certainly. But, the moment his plans *interfere with the rights* or *endanger the well-being* of his neighbor, that moment he is arrested.

Two cases in hand have been decided by competent authorities. A chimer of bells in the City of Paris, France, was arrested for disturbing his neighbors. After a careful examination of the law, the Court decided that the chimer of bells had a right to beat his great bells with as large a hammer, and make just as much of a clangor, as he pleased, and the law would hold him inviolable in it. But, the moment his neighbors were *disturbed*, the disturber must abate the nuisance, or be arrested and imprisoned until he could give bail not to break the *ordinary quiet* of the neighborhood.

Another case was decided in New York City, where a Methodist Church was plaintiff against certain Jews, who ran their sewing-machinery directly adjoining the church, on Sunday. The Court held that the workmen had a perfect right to labor on the Sabbath, but not to the disturbing of the worshipers in the church. The nuisance complained of must, therefore, be abated.

Thus, the lovers of Sunday-music have an inherent right to locate their band on the lot of Mrs. Peach (Hamlin's tract), near Lincoln Park, and make all the noise they wish. But the law will also protect the neighbors in having a quiet Sabbath. For aught we know, if the Jews could *prove* the Saturday-playing of the band in Lincoln Park was a nuisance, and disturbed them in their devotions, I presume the Court would feel compelled to abate it.

We trust Mr. Hesing will, in course of the nineteenth century, learn that some people have their rights as well as others.

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The unexpected and inexplicable refusal by the Commissioners of Lincoln Park to permit Sunday-afternoon concerts in the Park is still the theme of conversation, particularly on the North Side; and their action, or rather their want of action by indefinitely postponing the subject, is severely commented upon in various quarters. While men of standing in the community are unreservedly in favor of such free concerts for the people, and while the opposition is confined to some men who believe that their road to Heaven has to be traveled by all of us, it really seems strange that the Commissioners did take no action, as everybody concedes that they are honorable and well-meaning men. To ease their minds, it may, perhaps, be well to inform them that, in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, Sunday-afternoon concerts regularly take place in Fairmount Park, and Col. J. W. Forney, who was here a few months ago, stated that they were considered to be a great success. At the "Hub of the Universe," Boston, these Sunday-afternoon concerts take place on the Common; the programme is a very select one, and, if the Commissioners will look at the last number of the Boston *Gazette*, they will find that the last number of the programme was "Old Hundred," which was first to be played by the orchestra, upon which, the paper says, the citizens were expected to sing the time-honored tune, while the band would play the accompaniment.

Is such things occur in front of Beacon street, I think the Commissioners ought not to hesitate to permit such concerts in Lincoln Park. The crowd will certainly be just as orderly as in the old Puritanical city of the Bay State. LIBERAL.

NOW.

Look not to the Past for pleasure,
Nor yet to the Future turn;
For the Past has filled its measure,—
Let it lie in Memory's urn.

Not the Past, nor yet the Future,
Can we mortals call our own;
Only ours the living Present,—
Here alone we have our home.

Memory throws deceitful glamour
Backward o'er the path of Life,—
Smoothing over the rough places,
Cov'ring up the scenes of strife.

Little joys and little sorrows,
Woof and warp together wrought,
Make the texture of the fabric
That the Past to us has brought.

Hope stands by with lifted finger,
Pointing to a future store,—
Sweetly whispering, That obtaining,
You'll be happy evermore.

Darling Hope but cheats our fancies,—
Does us wrong in doing this;
Takes us from the living Present
To the Future for our bliss.

Thus we see not, sweetly nestling
'Round the path through which we tread,
Sweetest flowers of joy and gladness
Waiting but to crown our head;

Look not forward to the Future,—
Look not backward to the Past;
Turn you to the living Present,—
Find in this your joy at last.

CHICAGO, August, 1873. J. F. CLARK.

SUMMER-PLEASURING.

Life at Long Branch---Chicago Visitors There.

Sights Along the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Kilbourn City, Wis.---The River and the Dells---Devil's Lake and Its Legend.

Laporte, Ind.---A Camp-Meeting, a Picnic, and a Hail-Storm.

LONG BRANCH.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

During the past month, business has been exceedingly dull all over the country, and this fact has contributed largely to crowd the fashionable watering and other places with health and pleasure-seekers. It is said that, from New York City alone, over 200,000 people have been absent in search of recreation.

The delightful trip from New York, in an elegant steamer called the Plymouth Rock, to Sandy Hook, and thence to

LONG BRANCH,

is quite invigorating as well as enjoyable. For sea-bathing, no more favorable place could be selected than Long Branch, where you can see the broad Atlantic roll and foam in its white-capped mountains, and at times as placid as a parlor mirror. It is there you can enjoy to your heart's content the rude, wild wave, and plunge deliciously into the briny deep.

It may not be uninteresting to the many readers of THE TRIBUNE to know who are at Long Branch

FROM CHICAGO.

Among the more prominent, I notice, Isaac Greenebaum and lady, Henry Greenebaum and family, the Rev. Florence McCarthy, E. Brunswick and lady, B. Lowenthal, the Hon. H. W. Austen, F. N. Hamlin (of Hamlin, Hale & Co.), L. J. Farwell, Horace McVicker, Mrs. H. W. Hamilton, B. A. Breakey and wife, E. H. Kean, R. Sayers, E. Barbour, M. Drake, Henry Potwin and wife, E. J. Cobb, George Chambers and wife, F. C. Shattuck.

THE MORNING

is usually spent in promenading along the beach, driving, bathing, flirting, and other agreeable exercises. It is in the morning that Miss Nellie Grant is usually seen driving two-in-hand, sandwiched between two of the Murphys, going at the rate of three minutes along the shore.

THE AFTERNOON

is the most quiet time of the day. It is then you can see the bustling merchant at ease in his cane-bottomed chair, smoking a cigar; the politician lulled into a quiet slumber; and pleasure-seekers negotiating for an evening's amusement. It is then that the parlors of the Metropolitan, Ocean, and West End are crowded with fashionable ladies, discussing Cæsarism or other exciting topics, or perhaps

THE EVENING'S DANCE.

It may be a full-dress, a masquerade, or a hop,—it matters not; all are well attended. Those who go there do not always dance. Many a quiet, innocent flirtation takes place while the lancers are in progress, or while waltzers are circling the ball-room in time to the strains of the music of Strauss. These evening-hops bring together the gay and festive, the young and the old, and afford a fine opportunity for the ladies to exhibit their elegant dresses, exquisite jewelry, and refined manners. There are many who do not dance, but prefer to promenade along the beach, and listen to

What are the wild waves saying,

under the soft and beautiful beams of the moon.

Long Branch has its pleasures, and, away from our large cities, its tendencies upon the mind of a young man should be for good. But, alas! there are

MANY EVIL ALLUREMENTS HERE,

and not the least is the woman in scarlet; and, under the cover of night, many gray-haired fathers, prominent merchants, and Washington officials can be seen in John Chamberlain's gambling den, which is elegantly fitted up, and has become the popular resort for our "bloods." It is said that not infrequently from $100,000 to $200,000 change hands at that establishment in an evening, and many men can point to that concern as being the means of drawing them from the paths of honesty and moral rectitude.

Summer-resorts are indeed a great boon to the rich; but to the poor, who year after year are confined in large, smoky cities, and are obliged to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," watering-places have no attractions that they can command.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Returning to the Western States, pleasure-seekers desirous of viewing picturesque scenery, and historical places are offered by the Baltimore & Ohio Railway the fullest opportunity. Monumental Baltimore, with its beautiful streets, is to be seen; as is also Washington, with the National Capitol, the President's House, the Treasury Building, the War Department, the Post-Office, the Patent-Office, etc., and other splendid buildings. From Washington to Harper's Ferry, along this road, the scenery is wild and romantic. Passing along the line, we come to the mountains of Maryland, at a point called

DEER PARK.

This is a delightful summer-retreat, in the Allegheny Mountains, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The air at this point is remarkably pure and invigorating. Chicago's well-known caterer, H. M. Kinsley, is the manager of the hotel here, and, during the summer, quite a large number of Chicagoans have stopped at this hotel.

From Deer Park to Cincinnati the scenery is truly grand. Some sections of the country are wild and uncultivated, whilst others are rich and productive. At one point the eye gazes upon a beautiful valley; and, at others, the rugged, wild scenery of the mountains of West Virginia and Maryland presents itself. Altogether, the picturesque views along the road cannot be surpassed, whilst the officers are courteous and obliging.

KILBOURN.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

KILBOURN CITY, Wis., Aug. 19, 1873.

About 200 miles from Chicago, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, is the

VILLAGE OF KILBOURN,

which is well known for its extensive hop-yards, and which ought to be celebrated, now and forever, as one of the most beautiful regions of the Northwest.

The town itself is like other towns of 2,000 inhabitants; business is good, and life quiet; but it is the wonderful and varied scenery which lends the charm to the place, and attracts thither, every summer, numerous artists, pleasure-seekers, and strollers of every description. The railroad crosses the Wisconsin River at this point, and on the left bank the town is situated.

THE RIVER ITSELF

is one of the most lovely streams imaginable. Some 4 miles above Kilbourn, it flows, broad and shallow, among numerous little islands, which are crowned with bright green willows; below, it deepens and narrows until, 2 miles above the village, it rushes through a fathomless gorge, 52 feet wide, called the Dells,—the terror of raftsmen, but the admiration of all others. Then, again, the water widens to a breadth of 1,000 feet; after which, in a majestic curve, it sweeps swiftly and steadily over a dam below the bridge. On each side of the river rise

BLUFFS OF SOFT SANDSTONE,

from 30 to 100 feet hight, on the top of which

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic.

At the Dells, I can liken the position of these rocks to nothing but huge steamships in a harbor. Side by side they have stood for ages; the water has cut and rounded them into fantastic shapes, and blackened and disfigured their surface; then, as if to soften their rugged grandeur, tiny ferns and climbing plants of the richest and fairest green, have tenderly twined themselves in and out the crevices, and covered the dark outlines, which, in turn, serve admirably to display this frail and delicate beauty.

Although all parts of the river are equally beautiful in our eyes, the most interest is awakened by the

THE DELLS,

which have been made famous by Mr. Bennett's stereoscopic views. Here the bottom of the river has never been found, and the water dashes swiftly between the rocks. A little steamboat makes two trips thither daily, or, if the visitor is willing to measure his strength against that of the current, there are plenty of row-boats at his disposal. It is my opinion that the most pleasant way to see the Dells is in such a boat—provided some one else does the rowing! Coming back, you may float down with very little exertion; and there are few greater pleasures, these perfect evenings, than to be carried smoothly and softly over the still water, with the white moonlight flooding all the earth with its radiance, and the stars looking down at you with their tender shining eyes.

The Dells is a

FAVORITE PICNIC GROUND.

Just where the steamboat lands its passengers, there is a little cave, in which an ice-cold stream of purest water trickles into a natural basin. The luncheon-ground is rather a steep place to spread a feast, as the guests on the high side of the table are obliged to sit under it, and those on the lower side must arrange themselves upon the festal board itself in order to bring things to their proper level. But this only assists in making a repast in the Dells one to which nectar and ambrosia were as nothing. After dinner (dinner being always the first consideration), those who are devoted to croquet may climb a rock something less than 50 feet high, and find a reasonably good ground on the top. Those unfortunates who don't play very well, and are frequently accused of "shoving," and usually make about three arches in a game, may sit quietly down near the water, and enjoy the glorious panorama spread out before them, or while away the hours in reading some favorite author. I confess, however, with due penitence and humiliation, that I have found reading in the woods a failure,—the leaves in Nature's book proving more attractive than black and white.

We have been here two weeks,—have found

SOMETHING AND SOME PLACE NEW

every day, and the end is not yet. We have climbed hills (of which there are plenty, though the river scenery rather eclipses them), from the top of which bluffs 20 miles distant can be seen. We have been fishing, and the fishing is very good,—black bass and pike being in abundance, and pickerel occasional,—but we failed to entice any of the finny tribe to our hook. If anybody can tell us how those fish manage to take off every minnow we carefully put on for bait, and then swim triumphantly away, we would like to be informed.

There is but one drawback to enjoyment here; there is no hotel which can meet the wants of visitors; but we believe there is good reason to suppose that next summer this demand will be supplied.

Only 14 miles from Kilbourn is the famous

"DEVIL'S LAKE,"

or "Spirit Lake,"—the latter name more euphonious, but less generally accepted. It is accessible either by carriage or rail, as the Madison Branch of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway passes half-way around the lake and immediately in front of the hotel.

The lake is almost circular, and about one mile in diameter, surrounded by steep cliffs, which rise abruptly from the water to a height of nearly 300 feet. It puts one in mind of an immense rocky basin, in the bottom of which nestles the lake, with no apparent outlet. There are but two entrances through the rocks,—one on the north, the other on on the south shore. The "Cliff House" is on the north side,—well furnished and well kept, with every convenience and attraction one can desire. There is but one house visible from the hotel,—a private residence across the lake.

Would you know the

LEGEND OF THE PLACE?

For each stick and stone has a story in this Indian country.

Long ago, a famous Chief had a beautiful daughter,—one of those Indian maidens whom the Poet of the Sierras has described to us. She was wooed by two suitors,—the Chief of another tribe and a pale-face. She loved the white brave, but her father dreaded the hostility of his enemies if he should refuse to give his daughter to the dusky warrior; so he told the two claimants that he who should first scale the steepest and most inaccessible crag on the shore of the lake might demand the hand of his child. The appointed time came, and the old Chieftain and the maiden, from the top of the opposite rock, watched the contest. The two braves started equally, and began the ascent. Higher and higher they climbed, with no advantage to either. On and on, while the birds flew startled from their nests, and the snakes rustled down among the low shrubs. At last the white man gained a point above his adversary, and the distance, slight at first, gradually lengthened. The maiden's eyes grew bright with hope; but the Indian, furious with rage, gathering all his strength for one last effort, sprang forward, and, seizing the limbs of his opponent, hurled him down the precipice. But this act of treachery did not escape unpunished. As the pale-face fell, his body struck that of the Indian, and together they went down that awful height into the waters beneath. The maiden saw the fate of her lover, and, with one shriek of anguish, she threw herself down from the opposite side, and sank beneath the waves.

Such is the tale that is told to the curious.

M. D. W.

LAPORTE.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

LAPORTE, Ind., August, 1873.

In my last, the pulsations of civilization were traced from Chicago to its feeble utterances at Bismarck; to-day, we start backward on the trail of a civilization a few weeks or months older than that of Chicago; in truth, a vigorous young infant anywhere and everywhere in this truly great Northwest. As an Old-World citizen, comparatively green, to me its features stand out in bold relief, and I cannot but think that the time is propitious but that the Apostle is wanting, who, painting in its true colors this

TREASURY OF NATURE,

will open the eyes of the teeming population of Great Britain to your more desirable field for its muscle, brain, and capital,—pouring into your midst a tide which, within a few years, will materially assist in turning everything it touches into gold; not only gold in specie, but golden thought,—thought analyzing the various conflicting elements of society; thought evolving order and harmony in sociology, politics, science, and religion. True, the base may be egotistic, but the fruits must inevitably be altruistic, making easy H. W. Beecher's Millennium, "The Manhood of Money."

These thoughts are suggested as the Michigan Southern Railroad hurries us over the present Paradise of hunters, the low country of Calumet, where the Duck Reservation has had notice to quit from our Col. Bowen. Were we believers in special providences, creating cats for the purpose of catching mice, we should opine that the Great Architect had designed this district for the

FUTURE QUARDOM OF NORTH AMERICA,

arranging land and water in such proportions as to enable our developers of empire to complete with comparatively small outlay a series of quays, docks, and harbors, whose material advantages would draw thither all the log-interests of the Upper Lakes, making easy the creation of the greatest centre of manufactured lumber, and its kindred branches of industry, yet known to the world. Accessible to your 200,000 square miles of coal, the rapidly-developing mineral riches of Superior, and the vast treasures of your prairies, it requires no prophetic vision to estimate its future. Here is ample compensation for the miles of shifting sand-drives characteristic of Michigan's southern shore.

Leaving the shores, and going south and west, we enter a very fertile country, where the early settler has wrung from the forest fine farms, which are yielding harvests of golden grain; and, in the midst of a highly-cultivated country, we look ahead for its inevitable results, a good town. Here it is, 56 miles from Chicago:

LAPORTE,—

a cluster of diamonds richly set in green velvet, a city rejoicing in settlers before Chicago was wrested from red savagery. It is a charming town, with handsome brick blocks and marble fronts, streets and sidewalks, beneath a dense shade of vigorous trees, and amidst a cluster of mirrored lakes of the clearest water, reposing upon sandy shores, and between high bluffs heavily timbered, here and there dotted with model islands placed there by the Great Artist. It is a centre where the toilers in our larger cities may repair, and verily hold commune with the elegancies of Nature. Already the civilization of this town is old enough to develop the altruistic. She has among her citizens men who take interest in the good of others,—men imbued with the enthusiasm of humanity. She has—and it would be well if other towns of Indiana took note—

A LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

a real living and life-giving institution, a fountain of the best brain-food of the highest culture, bubbling and sparkling over, too, among its rising generation. "So mote it be." Laporte will reap its harvest. It supplements its superb library by a fine collection of minerals, fossils, specimens of Natural History, and a most unique collection of Indian relics from the mounds in the neighborhood. There is amongst them a skull around which much scientific interest will gather, and the writer would suggest that a cast be taken and sent to Sir John Lubbock or Prof. Huxley.

In the presence of such an institution, we need not feel surprise that Laporte is a bad "nigger-show" town, and equally unpatronizing of billiard-saloons. Laporte is not over-churched; the city is run principally by the laity; therefore it occasionally indulges in modern-science lectures, and is less annoyed by theological friction than the generality of towns in the State. But the visitor feels that there is

ONE THING WANTING.

He soon discovers that many of its citizens, by early industry and integrity, have made their pile, and, by repose, are gliding into a green and honored old age. He feels that the city much resembles a cathedral-town of the Old Country, infused with a healthy stimulus of trade; that there is an order and repose about it which suggest the seat of an institution of learning. He looks at the prominent features of the rolling country, expecting to see a college crowning one of the beautiful crests surrounding the town; but it is not there. There are numerous sites overlooking its chain of Clear, Stone, Lily, Pine, and Twin Lakes, whose clean, sandy beaches invite the bather, and whose waters invite the oarsman; there are men among its citizens qualified by education and means to coach such an institution into success, if they do not too readily re-echo the trashy curriculums of many of our Western colleges. A few years hence ought to see such an institution in full swing; the shores of the lakes furnished with handsome bathing-houses (the bathing would commence at least eight to ten weeks earlier than in Lake Michigan); the islands studded with handsome villas, and the waters with the white flowers of sailing-boats.

In one of the many beautiful groves on the shore of Pine Lake, the annual

CAMP-MEETING

of the Wesleyan Methodists is being held. It is one of those temples where the Corinthian columns of Nature's growth spring Heavenward from a sward of mossy grass, and shed a grateful shade over the crowd of anxious inquirers of the Future. The love of the grove is probably theologically hereditary from our Druidical ancestors; but I doubt whether their esthetic taste would allow it to be marred by unsightly piles of roughly-put-together lumber.

I repair to an adjoining grove, where friends invite to

A PICNIC,

and where the joyous laugh of children, and the flowers, are making a little Heaven of their own. The serious duties of a "feed" culminate in ice-cream, when a loud peal of thunder, and instantaneously a relentless pelting of hail-stones lighted up by vivid flashes of unbridled electricity, compel us hurriedly to seek the denser foliage of young hickory, cram the ladies and children into the covered buggies, and put ourselves into the smallest possible space. There is a thoughtful review of the lightning-conductors around us, and a meek awaiting of the results for one hour, during which scarcely a word is spoken, and the leaves and boughs are being remorselessly stricken from the trees, and the lake is foaming upward in one mass of fountains three feet high. We stand in ice-water; ice-water is dripping through the buggy-covers, down the chins and over the shoulders of our shivering pets.

HAIL-STONES

five inches in circumference, two inches thick on the ground, and occasionally striking an exposed hand or boot with the force of a rock hurled from a catapult, are the finale to the picnic. A break in the storm enables us to gather up the fragments that remain, but everything that was eatable is in one rude ice-burial blent, and, groping among the wreck, silver spoons, knives and forks, are rescued, but the glasses are smashed. We know not whether we were sinners above all others, but we fear that the saints in the adjoining grove were equally victimized by the Clerk of the Weather. The rain-fall in the form of ice was not less than three inches, and sufficed to raise the level of the lakes six inches,—probably equivalent to the enormous harvest of ice gathered in during last winter.

JOHN W. CLARKE.

THE FAMILY LETTER.

How the Materials are Procured—How They are Used—What Becomes of the Result.

From the Danbury News.

The family letter is written on Sunday. The reason that day is selected is not alone because of the leisure it presents. The quiet of the day, its relief from all influences that irritate or agitate, frees the mind from irrelevant and antagonistic matter, and makes it pre-eminently a fit occasion for communing with distant loved ones. In nine cases out of ten the letter is written by the head of the family, and of those sent an equal proportion is addressed to his wife's folks. We don't know why it is that a man so rarely writes to his own folks, but as it is not the province of this article to treat on that subject, we will pretend we don't care. The hour being selected for inditing the letter, the first thing is to find the paper. There is always a drawer in every well-regulated family for keeping such things. It is either in the table or stand. Here the writing paper and odd screws and fiddle strings and broken locks and fish lines and grocery receipts are kept. There may be other things, but if there are he will see them. The sheet of paper is finally found; the fly stains neatly scraped off, and the search commences for the ink and pen. The former is invariably found on the mantel next to the clock, and is immediately laid on the table convenient to the perspiring man, who sarcastically inquires if the letter is to be written to-day or next Sunday. This inspires the wife with new zeal in the search. She goes over the drawer again, because she knows he wouldn't see anything if it was right under his nose, but the pen is not there. Then she looks over the top of the bureau, and lifts everything on the top of the front-room table, and says it seems so singular it can't be found, when she saw it only the day before, and thought about the letter. Then she goes into the pantry, and, after exploring the lower shelf in vain, stands upon a chair, and carefully goes over the top shelf, where the medicine-bottles and unused cans are stationed. After she has done this, she starts up-stairs, and pretty soon returns with the pen, and takes it to the sink to wash the grease from it, but does not succeed in quite effacing the delicate scent of bergamot. This leads him to observe that anybody who takes a pen-holder to lift hair-grease from a bottle is too pure and innocent for this world. Everything now in readiness, good-humor is restored, the wife takes a seat opposite, with her elbows on the table, and her chin in her hands, and assumes an expression of countenance that is mysteriously calculated to both encourage and repress the writer; and he grasps the pen tightly between his fingers, and stares at the paper with an intensity that is entirely unnecessary. The date-line starts off glibly, and then suddenly ceases as it reaches the date itself. He puts the holder in his mouth and immediately spits it out again, making up a face that is no wise suggestive of bergamot, and pettishly asks her if she knows the day of the month. Of course she does. It is the 13th—or is it the—but no—it must be. She hesitates, stares at him, wavers, and is lost. She don't know whether it is the 13th or the 18th, but the almanac will tell, and she at once starts to hunt it up. This occasions a delay of fifteen minutes, during which he makes ninety-five passes at one fly. The date having been satisfactorily settled upon, and the things which rolled over the floor as that stand drawer unexpectedly fell out having been restored to their place, the date line is completed and "Dear Mother" started. The pen is a home pen of bashful mould, and whenever it starts a line it requires a half dozen passes to make it give down. All home pens do this. And all home sheets of paper have weak spots which the ink refuses to cross, thus creating some remarkable division of words, and considerable confusion among sentences. Some of these spots are two inches in diameter, and anybody in the next room can tell the moment the writer comes to them, just as well as if he was looking over his shoulder. When the letter is completed, which generally occurs at the end of the fifth hour from the commencement, it is carefully read over, and supplied with absent words, and then gone over again and artistically touched up with the pen at the bare places. Then it is folded up ready for the envelope, and the discovery is made that there is no envelope in the house, and the letter is tucked in behind the clock until the want is supplied.

Severe on the Church People.

Massachusetts papers are telling the following: "A gentleman of Boston had a son-in-law who was a preacher. He secured his settlement over one of the city churches. He was a feeble preacher, and the congregation soon tired of him and a parish meeting was called for a change. The parish voted by pews, and there was one majority for retaining the pastor. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the thrifty father-in-law had bought up all the cheap pews in the gallery and elsewhere, and had actually secured a majority of votes. A committee waited upon Mr. A., and remonstrated with him on keeping a preacher in the pulpit so distasteful to the congregation. He replied: 'Gentlemen, I know my son-in-law is not much of a preacher, but my position is purely a business one. I have got him on my hands with my daughter and must support him. All the assistance I get out of you, gentlemen, is so much clear gain.'"

THE ENGLISH …

Queen Victoria's Draw… The Prince of Wale…

Balls and Concerts at Bu… ace---Royal Breakfas… den-Parties.

Dress Worn on These O… spicuity of the Costum… ican Diploma…

THE ENGLISH COURT.

Queen Victoria's Drawing-Rooms—The Prince of Wales' Levees.

Balls and Concerts at Buckingham Palace—Royal Breakfasts or Garden-Parties.

Dress Worn on These Occasions—Conspicuity of the Costume of American Diplomats.

From Lippincott's Magazine for September.

Americans have an impression that the English think it a considerable distinction to be presented at court. But the ceremony of presentation has entirely ceased to have

ANY SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

in England. Any young gentleman who imagines that the door of English society will be thrown open to him on the publication of his appearance at a drawing-room had better save the expense of a dress and carriage and stay at home. If a lady be ambitious of a social success, the money which a robe will cost might be expended to equal advantage anywhere else in London. However, a lady's dress may be worn again, and men may hire a court-suit for the day at a very small cost. Your tailor, if you get a good deal of him, will patch you up something tolerable for very little; so that sartorial expenses are comparatively light. One can get for the afternoon a two-horse brougham, with a coachman and footman, for a sum less than ten dollars. Still, going to court costs something, and its only possible advantage is that the spectacle is a fine and interesting one. One has therefore to consider whether the sight is worth the fee.

A presentation at court is of quite as little advantage to an Englishman as to a foreigner coming to England. Almost anybody can be presented, and of those who are precluded from presentation, a great many occupy higher positions than many of those who have the privilege of going to court. Any graduate of a university, any clergyman, any officer in the army, is entitled to go. A merchant, an attorney, even a barrister, cannot; and yet in England a barrister, or, for that matter, a successful merchant, is apt to be a person of more consequence than a curate or a poor soldier. The court has scarcely any social significance in England. I once asked a young barrister if presentation would help him in the least in making his way in society. He said, "Not a bit."

In England the position of everybody is so well fixed that people cannot well change it by wishing it to be changed. Thus, for a poor East London curate to go to court would simply make him ridiculous. The parsons in the West End do present themselves, but there is no part of the British Empire where clergymen are of such consequence as in the West End of London. The clergymen, as they file in along with the gayly-accoutred young guardsmen, have a meek and gentle air which makes one feel that they had better have stayed away. They do not look half defiant enough. No person who is not already in such a position as to need no pushing

COULD BECOMINGLY MAKE HIS APPEARANCE

at court. I remember in Shropshire to have heard of a family who went down to London to be presented made the target for the ridicule of the whole neighborhood.

On a visit to London some years ago, the writer was presented in the diplomatic circle, went to several of the drawing-rooms and levees at Buckingham and St. James' Palaces, and was invited to the court balls and concerts. Invitations to the court festivities are given only to those persons presented in the diplomatic circle. It must be understood that there is at every court in Europe a select, and elegant, and exclusive entrance, by which the diplomatists come in. Along with them enter also the Ministers of State and the household officers of the Crown. The general circle, as it is called, includes everybody else. Another entrance and staircase are provided for it, and in that way all of British society, from a Duke to a half-pay Captain, gains admittance to the sovereign. When one is in the inside of Buckingham or St. James' Palace

THE SAME DISTINCTION EXISTS.

The room in which the members of the Royal family receive the public is occupied during the entire ceremony by the diplomatic circle. Other persons, after bowing to the Queen, pass into an antechamber.

Though I say it is of but small social advantage to an Englishman to be presented, yet undoubtedly the greatest people in the Empire attend court, and are to be seen at the ceremonials and festivities at Buckingham and St. James' Palaces. At present the Queen holds drawing-rooms and levees at Buckinham Palace, and the Prince of Wales at St. James' Palace. The latter are attended only by gentlemen, and, though not so grand as the Queen's,

ARE PLEASANTER.

Trousers are allowed instead of the knee-breeches and stockings which must be worn at all court ceremonials where there are ladies. At 2 o'clock—for the Prince is very punctual—the doors of the reception-room are thrown open, and the diplomatists begin to file in. First come the Ambassadors. It must be remembered that there is a wide difference between an Ambassador and an Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary. The original difference was that the Ambassador was supposed, by a sort of transubstantiation, to represent the person of his sovereign. He had a right at any time to demand an audience with the King. An envoy must see the Foreign Secretary. This, of course, has ceased to have any practical significance in countries which have Constitutions; and no doubt a Minister can at any time demand an interview of the sovereign. It is still true, however, that an Ambassador is accredited to the King, while an envoy is accredited to the Foreign Secretary. Practically,

THE DIFFERENCE IS

that an Ambassador represents a bigger country, has better pay, lives in a finer house, and gives more parties and grander dinners. An Ambassador has precedence of everybody in the country in which he resides, except the Royal family.

There are five countries which send Ambassadors to England—Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. These Ambassadors enter the reception-room at the Prince's levee in the order of seniority of residence. The Turkish Ambassador, Musurus, who had been twenty years in London, came first on the occasions I speak of, the others following, I forget in what order. They were all persons of distinguished appearance. One, in particular, was singularly wise and dignified-looking, with an aspect which was either bland or severe, one could scarcely say which. Another resembled strikingly the typical diplomatist of romance, having a manner suave and infinitely deferential, but oh! so underhanded and insidious and diabolical! The Duc de Broglie was the French Ambassador in London at the time of my visit, and of all the corps his person and countenance possessed much the most distinction. His was a distinction of spirit and intellect; the distinction of the other Continental "swells" was usually one of stomach and whiskers.

Behind each Ambassador march the Secretaries of the Embassy. After the Ambassadors come the Ministers. The whole diplomatic corps moves from an anteroom into an apartment in which the Prince of Wales awaits them. The Prince and several of his brothers, his cousins, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Teck, stand up in a row like an

OLD-FASHIONED SPELLING-CLASS.

Next to the Prince, on his right, stands Viscount Sidney, the Lord Chamberlain, who calls off each detachment as it approaches—"the Austrian Ambassador," "the Spanish Minister," "the United States Minister," etc. The Prince shakes hands with the head of the Embassy or mission, and bows to the Secretaries. When the diplomatists, Cabinet-Ministers, and household officers have all made their bow, it is the turn of British society. The diplomatic circle, and such as have the *entree* to it, remain in the room; the Englishmen pass out. The Lord Chamberlain in a loud voice calls off the name of each person as he appears, so that each comer is, as it were, labeled and ticketed. The observer learns quite as much as if the Lord Chamberlain was the verger and was showing off his collection.

One may often guess the rank or importance of the courtier by the

MANNER OF HIS RECEPTION.

If he shakes hands with the Prince, you may know he is somebody—if he shakes hands with all five or six of the Princes, you may know he is a very great person. But if he gives the Princes a wide barth, bows hastily and glances furtively at them, and runs by skittishly, then you may know that he is some half-pay Colonel or insignificant civil servant. Something, too, may be inferred from the length of time the Lord Chamberlain takes to decipher the name of the comer on the slip of paper which is handed him. If he scans it long and hard, and holds it a good way from him and says "Major Te—e—bosh—bow," then in a loud voice, "Major Tebow," you will be safe in thinking that Major Tebow is not one of the greatest of warriors or largest of landed proprietors.

The ceremony lasts an hour and a half or two hours, and during the whole of it the talk and hand-shaking among the diplomatists go on very pleasantly. There is a great deal o' *esprit de corps* among them, and perfect equality. Attaches, Secretaries, and Ministers walk about through the room and exchange greetings. The Ambassadors are rather statelier; these do not mix themselves with the crowd of diplomatists, but stand up apart, all five in a row, leaning against the wall, chatting easily, looking quite like another row of Princes, a sort of after-glow of the royalties.

At all other court entertainments, ladies are present. Of course, there are a great many very pretty ones, and their brilliant toilets increase the magnificence of the spectacle. The Queen's levees are very much longer than those of the Prince of Wales. Then, at all ceremonials where there are ladies,

MEN ARE COMPELLED TO WEAR,

as I have said, silk stockings and knee-breeches, slippers, and shoe-buckles. One can support this costume in tolerable comfort in a warm room, but in getting from the carriage to the door it is often like walking knee deep in a tub of cold water. A cold hall or a draught from an open door will give very unpleasant sensations. In many of the large rooms of the palaces huge fireplaces, with great logs of wood, roar behind tall brass fenders. Once in front of one of these, the courtier who isn't a Scotchman feels as if he would never care to go away. Fortunately, most of these ceremonials are in summer, but the first of them come in February, and London is often cool well up into June.

THE CEREMONY OF A PRESENTATION

to the Queen is quite the same as that at a Prince of Wales' levee. The spelling-class of royal ladies stand up in a rigid row. On the Queen's right is the Lord Chamberlain, who reads off the names. Next to the Queen, on her left, is Alexandra, then the Queen's daughters and the Princess Mary of Cambridge. Next to them stand the Princes, and the whole is a phalanx which stretches entirely across the room. Behind this line, drawn up in battle array, stand three or four ranks of court ladies.

The act of presentation is very easy and simple. Formerly—indeed, until within a few years—it must have been a

VERY PERILOUS AND IMPORTANT FEAT.

The courtier (the term is used inaccurately, but there is no noun to describe a person who goes to court for a single time) was compelled to walk up a long room, and to back, bowing, out of the Queen's presence. For ladies who had trails to manage the ordeal must have been a trying one. Now it has been made quite easy. There is but one point in which a presentation to the Queen differs from that already described at the Prince of Wales' levee. You may turn your back to the Prince, but, after bowing to the Queen, you step off into the crowd, still facing her. There (if you have had the good luck to be presented in the diplomatic circle) you may stand and watch a most interesting pageant. To the young royalties, perhaps, it is not very amusing, though they evidently have their little joke afterward over anything unusual that occurs. It is natural enough that they should, of course, and the fatigue which they sustain entitles them to all the amusement they can get out of what must be to them a very monotonous and familiar spectacle. There is plenty in it to occupy and interest the man who sees it for the first or second time. You do not have to ask "Who is this?" and "Who is that?" The Lord Chamberlain announces each person as he or she appears. You hear the most

HEROIC AND ROMANTIC NAMES

in English history as some insignificant boy or wizened old woman appears to represent them. They are not all, by any means, insignificant boys and wizened old women. Many of the ladies are handsome enough to be well worth looking at, whether their names be Percy, or Stanhope, or Brown, or Smith. The young slips of girls who come to be presented for the first time, frightened and pale or flushed, one admires and feels a sense of instinctive loyalty to.

The name of each is called out loudly by the Lord Chamberlain: "The Duchess of Fincastle," "The Countess of Dorchester," "Lady Arabella Darling on her marriage," etc. The ladies bow very low, and those to whom the Queen gives her hand to kiss nearly or quite touch their knee to the carpet. No act of homage to the Queen ever seems exaggerated, her behavior being so modest and the sympathy with her so wide and sincere; but

LADIES VERY NEARLY KNEEL

in shaking hands with any member of the royal family, not only at court, but elsewhere. It is not so strange-looking, the kneeling to a royal lady, but to see a stately mother or some soft maiden rendering such an act of homage to a chit of a boy or a gross young gentleman impresses one unpleasantly. The curtsy of a lady to a Prince or Princess is something between kneeling and that queer genuflection one meets in the English agricultural districts: the props of the boys and girls seem momentarily to be knocked away, and they suddenly catch themselves in descending. It astonished me, I remember, at a court party, to see one patrician young woman—"divinely tall" I should describe her if her decided chin and the evidently Roman turn of her nose and of her character had not put divinity out of the question—shake hands with a not very imposing young Prince, and bend her regal knees into this curious and sudden little cramp. I saw her, this adventurous maid, some days afterward in a hansome cab (shade of her grandmother, think of it!), directing with her imperious parasol the cabby to this and that shop. It struck me she should have been a Roman damsel, and have driven a chariot with three steeds abreast.

The levees and the drawing-rooms may be called the court ceremonials. There are, besides the court festivities, the balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace. There are four or five of these given in a season—two balls and two concerts.

THE BALLS

are the larger and less select, but much the more amusing. The ball-room of the palace is a large rectangular apartment. At one end is the orchestra,—at the other a raised dais on which the royalties sit. On each side, running the length of the hall, are three tiers of benches, which are for ladies and such gentlemen as can get a seat. The tiers on the left of the dais are for diplomatists. English society has the tiers upon the other side. By 10 the ball-room is usually filled with people waiting for the appearance of the royalties. The band strikes up, and the line of Princes and Princesses advances down the long hall leading to the ball-room. The Queen and Prince Albert used formerly to preside at these balls. The Queen does not come now; the Prince and Princess of Wales take her place.

First enters a line of gentlemen bearing long sticks. Behind them come the Princesses, bowing on each hand. The Princess of Wales advances first, with a naive, faltering, hesitating step, a strange and quite delicious blending of timidity and child-like confidence in her manner. Then come, walking by twos, some daughters of the Queen. Then approaches the Princess of Teck (Mary of Cambridge), a large and very jolly-looking person, with vast good-nature and a profuse smile, which she seems to throw all over everybody. A German Duchess or two follow her. The curtsies of these German Princesses are indeed

QUITE WONDERFUL.

After entering the hall, one of them will espy (such, I suppose, is the fiction) some persons to whom she wishes to bow, and she then proceeds to execute a performance of some minutes' duration. Before curtsying, she stops and seems to "shy," and looks at the ladies as a frightened horse examines intently the object which alarms him; she then sinks slowly backward almost to the ground, and recovers herself with the same slowness. It would seem that such a genuflection must be, of necessity, ridiculous. But it is not so in the least; it is quite successful, and rather pleasing. After the ladies come the Prince of Wales and his suite. The royalties then all go upon the stage, and after music the ball begins.

There are

TWO SETS OF DANCERS.

The Princes and Princesses open the ball with the diplomatists and some of the highest nobility on the space just in front of the dais. The rest of the hall is occupied by the other dancers, who later in the evening find their way into the diplomatic set. The dancing in the quadrilles and Lancers is of a rather stately and ceremonious sort. In waltz or galop the English always dance the some step, the *deux temps*, and the aim of the dancing couple is to go as much like a spinning-top as possible. They make occasional efforts to introduce puzzling novelties like the *trois temps*, the Boston dip, etc., but, I am glad to say, without any success. The result is, that once having learned to dance in England, you are safe.

The great hall during the waltz

IS A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.

There are many beautiful women, the toilets are dazzling, and all the men are "flaming in purple and gold." There is every variety of magnificent dress. Officers of a Russian body-guard are gold from head to foot. Hungarians wear purple and fur-trimmed robes of dark crimson of the utmost splendor. The young men of the Guards' clubs in gold and scarlet coats, and in spurred boots which reach above their knees, clank through the halls. Scotch Lords sit about, and exhibit legs of which they are justly proud. Here, with swinging gait, wanders the Queen's piper, a sort of poet-laureate of the bag-pipes, arrayed in plaid and carrying upon his arm the soft, enchanting instrument to the music of which, no doubt, the Queen herself dances. The music of the orchestra is perfect, and he must be a dull man who does not feel the festivity, the buoyancy, and the elation of the scene.

Besides the ball-room, many handsome apartments are thrown open, through which people promenade; and if you will but push aside the curtains there are balconies where one can look down by moonlight on the lakes and fountains of the gardens, "the watery ways of palaces." I do not think the balconies are much occupied; they are a trifle too romantic for British mammas. But there is

PLENTY OF FLIRTING

in the halls and alcoves. One room I remember very pleasantly, the refreshment room, which was kept open during the evening until supper time. There one could get sandwiches, cold coffee, champagne, sherry, etc., without having to hurry or be greedy in the least. I can't say so much for the supper, though by waiting a little one could always get something. The Princes went first, then the diplomatists, and then everybody else. The jostling was such that when young ladies asked for a plate of soup you wished they had wanted ham and chicken. A young American, I think, would very much dislike to go up to a table and eat a solitary supper with ladies looking on, and young and pretty ones, too. But I have seen a young guardsman, with an enormous helmet and boots as big as himself, stand up at the table and "solitary and alone" work his jaws with such effect as to shake and set trembling the whole of his paraphernalia. Behind him pressed other hungry courtiers, whom his gigantic helmet shut out from even the possibility of supper, and who revenged themselves by sarcastic congratulations aside upon the length and heartiness of his meal.

"Concert" is an expression which to a hungry man has a strong suggestion of tea and maccaroons. But

A COURT CONCERT

gives you such a supper as only a night's dancing is ordinarily supposed to entitle you to. The concerts are given in the ball-room of the palace, and are much more select than the balls. The royalties occupy very slight gilt chairs placed just before the orchestra. There they sit with grace and an appearance of comfort through the whole of it, while happier and humbler mortals may walk about and whisper, or seek the refreshment-room, or look at the pictures. They have very good music, the best singers are provided, and some pretty familiar songs, like "Home, Sweet Home," are sung.

Before the royalties lead the way to supper they step forward to the bar which divides the orchestra from the audience and say a few civil things to each of the prominent artists, who in their turn bow and look very much delighted. I wonder that singers who are almost queens when they come to American cities, who have here any amount of praise and attention entirely free from patronage, and who even in European capitals may have excellent society, should be willing to put themselves in such a position. While the social status of musical artists has not been raised relatively in the last quarter of a century, and while that of the theatrical profession has been, indeed, in London at least, relatively lowered, reason is gradually curing the old societies of Europe of many of their

SAVAGE AND SILLY NOTIONS.

The cord stretched between the guests and the performers used to be a feature of musical entertainments at private houses. Grisi went once to sing at a concert given by the Duke of Wellington at his country-seat. The old man asked her when she would dine. "Oh, when you do," she said. He saw her mistake and did not correct it; so it happened that she dined at the same table with the guests, and the incident, it is said, excited considerable horror among people of the old sort. Think how barbarous, how savage, how utterly uncivilized, is such an instinct! Women, of course, persecute each other, but it seems inconceivable that a man and a gentleman could have entertained such a sentiment.

Of course, a supper at a concert is just the same as at a ball, only there are fewer people and more leisure. The Prince of Wales, and to a less degree the other royalties, move among the throng and make a point of speaking to any one to whom they wish to be civil. "The Prince," as he is commonly called, takes advantage of the suppers at balls and parties to make himself agreeable.

THE RULE IS,

let me remind the reader, to wait until the Prince addresses you before speaking, and to wait also for him, when in conversation, to turn away: it would be considered very rude to terminate the interview yourself. A subject in talking with the Prince is always expected to call him "Sir." The Queen is addressed as "Ma'am." It is not understood in this country that to call a man "sir" is a confession of your inferiority to him. But it is so in England, and the fact illustrates the strong hold these absurd and uncomfortable egotisms have upon the British mind. No gentleman in England says "sir" to another, unless it be a very young person to an old one.* A subordinate in an office might "sir" a superior, but he would not "sir" a man of the same rank as his superior with whom he had no connection. "Sir" is the term applied by any Englishman of whatever rank to a member of the royal family. Our committees, when Princes visit America, usually address them in notes as "Your Royal Highness." But "Your Royal Highness" is not a vocative; it can be used only in the third person. However, the Princes are then in America, and perhaps we are under no obligation to know everything of their ways at home. Should the reader ever meet a Prince in that Prince's country, I should advise him to do just as other people do there. He will probably question, and not unreasonably, if he should accept the implied inferiority; but the best of all principles for extempore action is to do what seems

THE USUAL THING,

unless we have previously decided from mature consideration to do the unusual thing. It is not the Prince's fault that he is a Prince; he means to be civil to you, and you can do no good by making him and yourself uncomfortable. Indeed, a truculent person does not succeed in asserting his equality. The Prince has been so long in that kind of life that he probably has thought through the mistake under which the republican stranger is laboring, and considers him a goose. Moreover, an American may reflect that he will probably have very little in life to do with Princes, and that his interview with a Prince has been an "experience." It would be about as foolish to assert one's dignity with the Mammoth Cave, or the Matterhorn.

Besides these balls and concerts there are yet the Queen's and Prince of Wales'

BREAKFASTS OR GARDEN PARTIES,

which come off at about 3 p. m. These are the most exclusive and unattainable of all the court entertainments. There are two or three of these in a season, and out of all London society only a couple of hundred are invited. There are certain persons who are always invited, and others who are eligible and are invited occasionally. A large part of the diplomatic corps are always present. Each Ambassador or Minister, with one or two secretaries of legation, is invariably among the guests; but a Queen's breakfast is the highest point which a Secretary of Legation can touch. No Secretary ever dines with the Queen: the Minister himself only goes once a year, and he "not without shedding of blood."

THE DRESS WORN BY GENTLEMEN

at these breakfasts is a curious one, and anything but pretty: it consists of a dress-coat and light trousers. The dress which our diplomatic representatives are now compelled to wear at the other court ceremonies and festivities needs a word of mention. Our people in America are somewhat conceited, somewhat prone to be confident, upon questions of which they know very little. Congress, at a distance of many thousand miles from courts, thought itself competent to decide what sort of a court-dress an American diplomatist should wear. An able, though crotchety man brought forward a measure, and, once proposed, it was sure to go through, because to oppose its passage would have been to be aristocratic and un-American. Mr. Sumner's bill required Americans to go in the "ordinary dress of an American citizen." There was no attempt to indicate what that should be. Up to that time, our diplomatists had worn the uniform used by the non-military diplomatists of other countries. This consists of a blue coat with more or less gold upon it, white breeches, silk stockings, sword, and chapeau.

An attempt or two had been made before by the State Department to interfere with the trappings of its servants abroad. Marcy issued a circular requesting American diplomatists to go to court without uniform. This afforded James Buchanan an opportunity of making one of the best speeches attributed to him. The circular of Mr. Marcy

THREW CONSTERNATION

into the breasts of certain ancient functionaries of the European courts, for shortly after its appearance the lord high fiddlestick in waiting called upon Mr. Buchanan, who was then the United States Minister in London, and said that a certain very distinguished person had heard of the recent wish which the American Government had expressed with regard to the costume of its agents, and that while she would be happy to see Mr. Buchanan in any dress in which he might choose to present himself, she yet hoped he would so far consult her wishes as to consent to carry a sword. "Tell that very distinguished personage," said Mr. Buchanan, "that not only will I wear a sword, as she requests, but, should occasion require it, will hold myself ready to draw it in her defense." This strikes me as in just that tone of respectful exaggeration and playful acquiescence which a gentleman in this country may very becomingly take toward the whole question. Neither Mr. Buchanan nor any one else, I believe, heeded the request of the Department, and Mr. Marcy himself, it is said, subsequently repudiated it.

But what was only a request of the State Department in Mr. Marcy's time

IS NOW A LAW.

I had good opportunities to observe how very uncomfortable our poor diplomatists were made by this piece of legislation. Its object was, of course, to give them a very unpretending and subdued appearance. The result is, that with the exception of Bengalese nabobs, the son of the Mikado of Japan, and the Khan of Khiva, the American Legations are the most noticeable people at any court ceremony or festivity in Europe. When everybody else is flaming in purple and gold, the ordinary diplomatic uniform is exceedingly simple and modest; but the Yankee diplomats are the

MOST SCRUTINIZED AND CONSPICUOUS PERSONS.

to be seen. One of the Secretaries said to me: "I am afraid to wander off by myself among these ladies; they inspect me as the maids of honor in the palace of Brobdignag did Gulliver. I feel toward Columbia as a cruel mother who won't dress me like these other little boys." It would require more than ordinary courage to attempt to dance in this rig. I should think that our representatives would huddle together in the most unconspicuous portion of a room, and never leave it. Said the Secretary above quoted: "I always feel here that I am of some use to my chief: I am one more pair of legs with which to divide the gaze of British society."

The dress in which

OUR DIPLOMATS ATTEND COURT

at present is a plain dress-coat and vest, with knee-breeches, black silk stockings, slippers, etc. It is difficult to see in what sense this is the "ordinary dress of an American citizen." The dress is not so ugly as it would seem to be; indeed, with the help of a white vest and liberal watch-chain, it might be made quite becoming were it not so excessively conspicuous. An English Cabinet Minister at a party given in his own house usually wears it, and all persons invited to the Empress Eugenie's private parties came got up in that manner. But in London it was not till recently that American diplomatists were allowed to go to court even thus attired. Everywhere else in Europe the Legations were admitted in evening dress, the concession of knee-breeches not having been required. But at Buckingham Palace there are two or three very old men who were courtiers when Queen Victoria was a baby, and who still control the court etiquette. The aged functionaries, who can very well remember Waterloo, and whose fathers remembered the American Revolution, put down their foot, and would admit no Americans without the proper garments. The consequence was, that our Legation was compelled to stay at home. This state of things continued until Reverdy Johnson came out, who arranged what was called

"THE BREECHES PROTOCOL."

Owing to the unreasonable state of the public mind during his term of office, this was the only measure which that good and able man succeeded in accomplishing. The compromise which Mr. Johnson's good-humor and the friendly impulse of the British public toward us at that time wrung from these ancient chamberlains and gold-sticks (for you may say what you will, public opinion is irresistible) was to allow the Minister and the two Secretaries of Legation to appear in the breeches above described. Americans who are presented at court, and who get invitations to the festivities, are all required to wear a court dress. Of what good compelling the poor diplomatists to make scarecrows of themselves may be I do not know. Mr. Sumner's proposition was just one of those absurdities to which men are liable who have considerable conscience and no sense of humor. Senators and Congressmen fell in with it because they feared to be un-American, and because it is not their wont to be very dignified or (in matters of this sort) very scrupulous.

*The rule, more correctly stated, is, that "sir" is never used except to indicate a difference of age or position so great as to forbid familiarity or to be incompatible with social equality. It may be employed by the elder in addressing the younger, and by the superior in addressing the inferior, as well as vice versa. Hence the saying, in English society, that only Princes and servants are spoken to as "sir."

THE LADY ALICE.

The Lady Alice found herself a widow
One woesome sunrise, wrestling with her grief.
Her white throat shook with sobs, her swollen lids
Fell nerveless over her tear-blinded eyes;
She tore her hair, and prayed she might become
A still, cold marble statue evermore.
And, ere the sabled hatchment had been missed
Above her door, or sounds of wailing ceased,
Within her darkened portals, for her liege,
She summoned to her side Geronimo,
A deft and cunning master, from whose skill
In monumental art even Kings had drawn
Wherewith to make their griefs outlive themselves.

He came. A stormy prelude—tears and sobs,
Too swift for words—held him awhile distrait,
When with her hankerchief, all limp with tears
And fretted deep with lace, pressed her brow,
The Lady Alice stirred her supple lips,
And checked the inward drifting of her thoughts.

"O catch some inspiration from my woe;
My lord is dead, and I would make the earth
A mausoleum; turn the trees, the hills,
The ocean, into marble; make the sky
One solid arch; then, like the Carian Queen,
Devote my body to a tomb for his.
Build me a shrine, that I, so woe-dismayed,
A pilgrim lost to happiness, may turn,
And from a tasteless world can cloister there
The hopes I gathered only in his sight;
And let no niggard thoughts of value stint
Your richest skill, and thus abridge the task."

The sculptor bowed, and through his subtle brain,
Unshaped as yet to any great design,
Rose carven visions, coronaled and urned,
Half-hidden in a tracery of flowers,
Such as, in drooping sympathy with death,
Are planted over graves. Withdrawn from men,
While a moon waxed and waned, he gathered these
By patient thought into a perfect whole,
A pillared pile of marble elegies,
All centered in a cool and wondrous niche,
Wherein a statue, shrined from the rude touch
Of gazers, stood. Its price, a Princess' dower.

His second welcome was a sweet, sad smile
From tearless eyes, and ready words of praise,
While he could see that from her stricken heart
Its sorrow was uprooted, and its place
Was budding with a new transplanted joy.

"We wrong ourselves to measure grief with gold,
We wrong the dead lest we could give them life;
That simple statue, shorn of all its gauds,
Would best record his virtues, and my loss."

Thus spake the Lady Alice, and again
The artist bowed obeisance to her will;
Again he wrought for weeks in shielded nook,
Recluse from all disturbing foes to thought,
Until the unveiled model of her lord
Stood out before her, eloquent, though dumb.

But Time with velvet fingers had erased
Enough of sorrow from her rounded cheek,
And yet again her fickle wish had changed,
And deemed a simple bust would better shrine
The memory of her lord.

In one short year,
Veiled and sequestered from the sight of all,
It took its place amid forgotten things.
The Lady Alice found herself a bride
One gladsome sunrise, playing with her joy,
Some thousand guineas sparkling in her hair.

—*William Ward in the New Orleans Times.*

LITERATURE.

John Stuart Mill's autobiography will be published very shortly, by Messrs. Longman, Green & Co., of London.

—"Arrows at a Venture" is the title of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's forthcoming volume. The story of William Tell will not be repeated therein.

—Robert Browning has made a bust of Shelley, which critics pronounce admirable.

—It was a curious and inexplicable judgment of Lord Lytton that Paul De Kock was the first French novelist of the age.

—The Toledo *Blade* having advertised a choice of book premiums to those who would send in subscriptions, 700 readers chose the works of Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian.

—Miss Braddon is writing a novel which is to be printed at the same time in eight newspapers, issued in as many different parts of England.

—Gov. William Gilpin's book on "The Mission of the North American People, Geographical, Social, and Political," will be brought out by the Messrs. Lippincott.

—Mr. Winwood Reade has published, in two volumes, an "African Sketch-Book," which forms a curious agglomeration of stories, adventures, history, geography, and criticism. Still, it is full of interest. Like some other writers, Mr. Reade discredits the statements of Mr. Du Chaillu. When he was talking to a company of native hunters, "a roar of laughter," he says, "followed my announcement that Mr. Du Chaillu had shot gorillas himself."

—Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology" will be complete in the October number of the *Contemporary Review*, and published as an entire work in November.

—A new history of Jamaica has been written by W. J. Gardner, and printed in London. It tells the story of slavery and emancipation, and brings down the history of this British possession fifty years later than any preceding work.

—A new story-book by Miss Phelps, entitled "Trotty's Wedding Tour," is in press by J. R. Osgood & Co. The same firm have also in preparation "Sounds from Secret Chambers," by Laura C. Redden (Howard Glyndon). The author is both deaf and dumb.

—It is stated in the English papers that the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, Prof. Seeley, is engaged on a life of Stein, the great reformer of Prussia, after its overthrow by the first Napoleon.

—Tennyson has not accepted a Baronetcy for himself, as has been reported, but has procured the honor for his eldest son, who is now at Oxford. The younger Tennyson is said to have much of the poetic ability of his father.

—Miss Cecilia P. Cleveland, daughter of Mr. Greeley's sister, Mrs. John F. Cleveland, has been spending the summer on a book to be entitled "Journal Leaves from Chappaqua." It is to contain personal reminiscences, sketches, and other material concerning Mr. Greeley, as well as other members of the family. It is to be issued early in the autumn.

—M. Victor Hugo's "Quatre Vingt Treize," with the sub-title of "Premier recit: la Guerre Civile," so long announced, is to appear in February, 1874. The plot carries the reader for an instant to Paris, and the imposing figures of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat appear upon the stage; but the action takes place almost entirely in the Vendee. The relations of the Vendeens to the English, and those of the Channel Islands to the Briton past, are illustrated by documents hitherto hardly known. An encounter between an English frigate and a French squadron is said to be grandly told.

—The London *Athenæum* deals ungently with "Life Among the Modocs," by Mr. Joachin Miller, recently published in that city. It says: "Mr. Miller's so-called book about the Modocs turns out to be a monstrously dull volume, in which he relates his adventures at the California diggings and among the Shasta Indians in early life. We do not hesitate to call this a 'got-up' book on one subject, to which a sensation title, suggesting another and different subject, has been given to make it sell. Mr. Miller may romance at his will about his early life, but we object to his leading the public to believe that his book throws any light upon the history of the particular tribe of Indians who have lately set the American Government at defiance. Though Mr. Miller sometimes, by poetical license, calls the Shasta Indians 'Modocs,' there is nothing in his book which in reality concerns the Modocs, except a very doubtful account of a massacre of Modocs by whites many years ago, which rests upon the authority of a single man, and he a scoundrel by his own admission."

OWNERSHIP IN WOMEN.

What Dr. Holland Thinks About It.

From "Topics of the Time" in the September Scribner.

A man was recently hanged in Massachusetts for taking vengeance on one who had practically disputed his property in a girl. The man was a brute, of course, but he had an opinion that a girl who had given herself to him, in the completest surrender that a woman can make, was in some sense his; that her giving herself to another involved his dishonor; and that his property in her was to be defended to the extremity of death. A prominent newspaper, while recording the facts of the case, takes the occasion to say that this idea of ownership in women is the same barbarism out of which grow the evils and wrongs that the "woman movement" is intended to remove. If we were to respond that ownership in women, only blindly apprehended as it was by our brutal gallows-bird, is the one thing that saves us from the wildest doctrines and practices of the free-lovers, and is one of the strongest conservative forces of society, it is quite likely that we should be misunderstood; but we shall run the risk, and make the assertion.

There is an instinct in the heart of every woman which tells her that she is his to whom she gives herself, and his alone,—an instinct which bids her cling to him while she lives or he lives—which identifies her life with his—which makes of him and her, twain, one flesh. When this gift is once made to a true man, he recognizes its significance. He is to provide for her that which she cannot provide for herself; he is to protect her to the extent of his power; she is to share his home, and to be his closest companion. His ownership in her covers his most sacred possession, and devolves upon him the gravest duties. If it were otherwise, why is it that a woman who gives herself away unworthily feels, when she finds herself deceived, that she is lost?—that she has parted with herself to one who does not recognize the nature of the gift, and that she who ought to be owned, and, by being owned, honored, is disowned and dishonored? There is no true, pure woman living who, when she gives herself away, does not rejoice in the ownership which makes her forever the property of one man. She is not his slave, to be tasked and abused, because she is the gift of love and not the purchase of money; but she is his, in a sense in which she cannot be another man's without dishonor to him and damnation to herself.

Our gallows-bird was, in his brutal way, right. If he had been living in savage society, without laws, and with the necessity of guarding his own treasures, his act would have been looked upon as one of heroism by all the beauties and braves of his tribe. The weak point in his case was, that his ownership in what he was pleased to call "his girl" was not established according to the laws under which he lived. He was not legally married, and had acquired no rights under the law to be defended. What he was pleased to consider his rights were established contrary to law, and he could not appeal to law for their defense. He took the woman to himself contrary to law, he defended his property in her by murder, and he was hanged. He was served right. Hemp would grow on a rock for such as he, anywhere in the world. There is no cure for the man who seduces and slays but a broken neck.

There is nothing more menacing in the aspect of social affairs in this country than the effort among a certain class of reformers to break up the identity of interest and feeling among men and women. Men are alluded to with sneers and blame, as being opposed to the interests of women, as using the power in their hands—a power usurped—to maintain their own predominance at the expense of woman's rights and woman's well-being. Marriage, under this kind of teaching, becomes a compact of convenience, into which men and women may enter, each party taking along the personal independence enjoyed in a single state, with separate business interests and separate pursuits. In other words, marriage is regarded simply as the legal companionship of two beings of opposite sexes, who have their own independent pursuits, with which the bond is not permitted to interfere. It contemplates no identification of life and destiny. The man holds no ownership in woman which gives him a right to a family of children, and a life devoted to the sacred duties of motherhood. The man who expects such a sacrifice at the hands of his wife is regarded as a tyrant or a brute. Women are to vote, and trade, and practice law, and preach, and go to Congress, and do everything that a man does, irrespective of the marriage bonds. Women are to be just as free to do anything outside of their homes as men are. They are to choose their careers and pursue them with just as little reference to the internal administration of their families as their husbands exercise. This is the aim and logical end of all the modern doctrines concerning woman's rights. The identification of woman with man, as the basis of the institution of the family, is scoffed at. Any ownership in woman, that comes of the gift of herself to him, and the assumption of the possession by him, with its life-long train of obligations and duties, is contemned. It is assumed that interests which are, and must forever remain, identical, are opposed to each other. Men and women are pitted against each other in a struggle for power.

Well, let it be understood, then, that men are opposed to these latter-day doctrines, and that they will remain so. They are determined that the identity of interestbetween men and women shall never be destroyed; and the sacred ownership in women, bestowed in all true marriage, shall never be surrendered; that the family shall be maintained, and that the untold millions of true women in the world who sympathize with them shall be protected from the false philosophies and destructive policies of their few misguided sisters, who seek to turn the world upside down. Political conventions may throw their sops to clamoring reformers, but they mean nothing by it. They never have redeemed a pledge to these reformers, and we presume they have never intended to do so. They expect the matter to blow over, and, if we do not mistake the signs of the times, it is rapidly blowing over, with more or less thunder and with very little rain. In the meantime, if the discussions that have grown out of these questions have tended to open a broader field to woman's womanly industry, or obliterated unjust laws from the statute-book, let every man rejoice. No good can come to woman that does not benefit him, and no harm that does not hurt him. Humanity is one, and man and woman rise or fall together.

A VIENNA SCANDAL.

Americans vs. Austrians.

Vienna (Aug. 6) Correspondence of the New York Times.

An affair between an American and an Austrian officer has been causing much gossip here in certain circles. The secret has been kept thus far from the general public. Gen. C., sent here on an official mission to make some inquiries relating to the Exposition with a view to that of 1876, entered the Exposition building one evening last week, and, as he came to the rotunda, some American ladies, who knew him, came to put themselves under his protection. They said that three Austrian officers had been following them for two hours, and had been rude and insolent to them. The General tried to pass the matter off, remembering the free habits of the Continent, where ladies are seen without an escort, when the eldest of the ladies took him one side, and said that the younger ladies had not told all, and that the officers had tapped the younger ladies upon the shoulders with their canes. The General was angry then, and asked which of them had committed this indignity. One was pointed out, and he turned to face the group, thinking they would see their mistake and go away. Instead of doing so, however, the three officers seated themselves, and the one who had used his cane raised his glass to his eye, and stared at the General, as much as to say, "And what are you going to do about it?" The look was regarded as a piece of insolence, and was so intended. Gen. C. stepped toward the party, and the officer indicated rose to meet him, when the General slapped his face. The blow was not returned, but the police soon came, and the officer offered his card. Gen. C. refused to take it, because he would have no further dispute about the ladies, but gave his own name and referred to the American Minister for his address. The officer struck was an Austrian Baron. The next morning his friend waited upon Gen. C., who indicated the name of his friend, and there was a meeting. The friend was also a gallant General, and on hearing the case he stated that his principal was ready to give any satisfaction required, but first he wished to hear their side of the story. The Austrians admitted that they had followed the ladies, not for two, but for four hours; that they were mistaken in their character, and that they were about to go away when Gen. C. came up. The latter's friend remarked that they had confessed to an outrage upon a party of American ladies, for which they had been justly punished, and that they had no right to make such mistakes. They pleaded the manners of the Continent. The response was that, whatever the manners of the Continent might be, American ladies visiting the Exposition must be protected from insult, and that he himself not only justified his friend—since they had openly confessed their error and acknowledged the insult—but should himself act in the same way if appealed to under like circumstances. Besides, Gen. C. held an official position, and dueling was not countenanced in our country. It was evident that the officers felt that they were in the wrong, for they at once said that this view of the case changed matters a little, and they would consult the Baron about it. At the next meeting this reason was accepted as a good one, but still the blow could not be excused, for the Baron would lose caste without a shot at his assailant. Then, said the General, the ladies are out of the question; I shall never consent to a meeting about them; but my friend will be at the Exposition building every evening to meet the Baron and to receive his provocation upon other grounds. But I must tell you, he continued, that we have laid this matter before the American Minister, and intend to carry it before your Government, in order to test the question whether or not American ladies visiting the Exposition are to be insulted with impunity, or subjected to the loose code of manners prevailing there, as you assert. This view of the matter did not please them, and they very candidly admitted that they did not want to make a scandal about an affair in which they were clearly in the wrong, and proposed to arrange by taking to the Baron an apology from Gen. C. That was not admitted, because the first offense came from the Baron, but if he would apologize for his conduct, Gen. C. would express his regrets that he found it necessary to give the blow. The matter rested there, and meantime, I learn, it was laid before the Secretary of War. What the result was I cannot say, but at the next meeting the above arrangement was agreed upon, and the affair amicably settled. It is probable the Baron was ordered not to insist, or since the Americans were determined to push the matter to a scandal which would not have been to the credit of Austria, it is likely he was advised to let the matter drop.

BY THE RIVER.

I am sitting alone by the river,
And the willows are sweeping its brink;
The shadows of twilight are falling,
And I sit by the river and think.

The shadows of the twilight grow deeper;
The river is fading from sight;
I can see the gray willows no longer,
And I am alone with the night.

In darkness and gloom, noble river,
Thou art noiselessly floating away;
In darkness and gloom I am floating,
And whither, O say! do I stray?

The learning of Plato and Pascal
Is madly at work in my brain;
I am satisfied about nothing,—
I feel and I reason in vain.

Does justice exist? Oh, where is it?
Still the heart of the tyrant is stone,
Still his victims are toiling, despairing;
Still he heeds not, he hears not, their moan.

'Tis vain that you tell me, hereafter
These things are not to be so;
We are only able to reason
From that which we see and we know.

For centuries long have the curses
Of the heart-broken pierced to the skies;
For centuries long has no answer
Returned to their desolate cries.

If I call upon Nature for comfort,
It is silent and grim as the grave;
The winds will not stop at my question,—
No reply from the long-sounding wave.

And the stars, as they glitter above me,
Pure and calm as the flakes of the snow,
Look as cold on the sorrows of mortals
As they looked in the years long ago.

Oh give me! oh give me my childhood,
The unquestioning faith that was there,
When I knelt at the feet of my mother,
And gently she taught me my prayer.

I am sitting alone by the river,
And the willows are sweeping its brink;
The twilight has deepened to midnight,
And I sit by the river and think.

—*Golden Age.*

Miraculous Conversion of a Dog.

M. Francisque Sarcey has just contributed another stinging article to the *XIXme Siecle* on the subjects of the pamphlets with which the clerical party is deluging France, namely: repulsive little books about Marie Alacoque, etc., and marvellous anecdotes in reactionist journals. There is Monsignor Sagret, who, according to the *Courrier de la Lozere*, has just converted a dog of the shepherd breed. The good Bishop, says this paper, had no sooner alighted at the station of Villefort than the animal sniffed at the Episcopal robe and solicited a caress and a piece of bread. The story proceeds minutely to relate how Monsignor tried to get rid of the dog, but how the dog would stick to the Bishop. When the Episcopal carriage left Villefort the animal preceded it with a proud and resolute air. Fresh efforts were made to drive away the dog, who, putting his tail between his legs in sign of passive obedience, pretended to make off, but craftily established himself before the altar of Saint Jean, well knowing that Monsignor's journey would end there. This last trial of instinct won the game, and from this moment, adds the *Courrier*, "the dog is one of the servants of the Bishop, and the ancient guardian of our flocks now lives with a new pastor of our souls."

A Sure Solace.

From the Utica Herald.

A young lady in a neighboring town was dressing for a party the other evening. Her little niece was chewing gum and watching her. The little one asked the young lady if a certain other young lady, who was going, had a beau. She was answered in the affirmative. She then asked the question with reference to a second lady, receiving a similar answer. Miss Curiosity then asked her aunt if she had a man. The latter replied in the negative, to see what the little one would say. The child stopped chewing the gum, removed it from her mouth, and, after gazing at it wistfully for a moment, held it out with a sudden generous impulse, saying, "Well, I guess you had better take this gum along then." Young ladies, if your regular escorts fail to appear when you need their services do not despair, but, following the quaint wisdom of the child, take some gum along, and you will be happy.

MASCULINE DISADVANTAGES.

Feminine Superiority as Shown in Fraternal Infelicities.

The Hardships Men Endure in Business and in Love.

From every part of these United States there is coming up such a wailing protest against the lot of women, that it is high time somebody should "rise to explain" matters in such a way that women may at last realize their superior advantages, and men be consumed with envy.

MASCULINE DISADVANTAGES

begin in babyhood. Look at those long, flowing draperies,—those tucks, flutings, rufflings, embroideries, and ribbons; are not all those strictly feminine adornments? Think, then, what a hindrance in the race of life it is to a boy to spend the first three or four years of his earthly existence trying to accommodate his movements and occupations to the wearing of petticoats, and then have to give it all up, and begin life over again with the assumption of the unmentionable insignia of his sex. It is no wonder that men always look younger than women of the same age. It is all owing to loss of time by that first false starting in life. Then come the

MISERIES OF BOYHOOD.

Does the boy hope, some cold winter-morning, to economize time by a hasty toilet, and turn himself over for a wee bit nap after the rising bell, there comes a voice up the stairway; "O, Johnnie! John-n-i-e!" with lingering persuasiveness. "Get right up. Your father says he wants you to have all the paths shoveled before breakfast."

If little Jennie is up and ready for breakfast, that is all that is expected. She has nothing more important to do than breathing on the frosty panes to get a view of Johnnie at work. Does the boy get up early to get his skates sharpened—"Don't make that noise in here!" Does he try on those idols of his heart to see that every strap and buckle is in order—"Haven't I told you times without number not to put on your skates in the house? By next spring there won't be a rag of carpet left." How does little Jennie manage to keep her skates in good condition? Why, she appeals to the head of the household: "Pa, *can't* Johnnie bore a hole in this strap for me?" "John, fix your sister's skates;" and they're fixed. If Johnnie tries to play in the house, he is told to put away that top or those marbles, asked if he can't keep quiet one minute, and advised to take a book and sit down. On the contrary, just so soon as he hurries home, and snatches up "Robinson Crusoe" or "Swiss Family Robinson," and becomes oblivious for a time of his unhappy lot, he is roused anew to it by the paternal voice, "Come, Johnnie, put up that book, and go find the cow. She hasn't come home." Jennie, who is very busy putting her refractory doll to bed, wonders how Johnnie knows which way to turn to look for the missing animal. Perhaps he catches a granddaddy-long-legs, and repeats that familiar rhyme which compels him to point out the road Johnnie must take. Johnnie being interrogated as to that subject on his return, slings his cap defiantly into the corner, in the groundswell of his discontent, snatches up "Robinson Crusoe" again, mutters something under his breath about "girls" and "geese," and is again absorbed in his book. "Come now, Johnnie," says the mother, "don't go to reading again. Its 8 o'clock." Five minutes elapses. "Johnnie, did you hear me? Jennie's gone up stairs." Five minutes more on the desert isle and a childish voice is heard at the stair's landing: "Ma, can't Johnnie come to bed? I'm afraid!" "Now, Johnnie, I shan't speak to you again." A brief—a very brief respite. "Oh! only to finish this chapter!" "Ma! Ma!" louder and angrier, "I'm coming down if Johnnie don't come! Mayn't he come?" Enter the paternal. "John, what are you up for at this hour? Shut up that book and go to bed! Why, Pussie, why aren't you in bed?" "I want to kiss you Goodnight" pleads the sweet little fibber. "Bah! She's afraid of the dark; that's the matter," defiantly retorts Johnnie, going up stairs two steps at a time. "I ain't neither. Can't he stop plaguing me?" "Come, John, let your sister alone." That's all the sympathy a boy gets!

Then, again, look at a boy's

SCHOOL-TROUBLES.

Can *he* dodge his calculus by complaining of a sick-headache, and breakfasting on toast and tea in bed? Can *he* slide over his untranslated Virgil by putting on a new coat, his most bewitching cravat, and curling his hair, and looking down when the grumpy old Prof. growls at him? Can tearful eyes and quivering lips, and a sob or two, condone in *his* case for a forbidden correspondence? Then look at the partiality shown the "sweet girl graduates." The reporters rhapsodize over their "gracefulness," their "queenliness," their "musical voices," and give a reportorial pat or two to their inaudible little platitudes; and in the next day's paper figure some bon-mots from their sparkling essays.

Nobody dilates on the "majesty," the "kingliness," the "Apollo-like charms," of the young-gentlemen graduates. They stand up there, and bravely address the audience, conscious all the time, to the very centre of their beings, that their hands are big and red, that there is one lock of hair that will stick straight up, and that those blasted coat-sleeves will pull up. There's heroism for you! And all their reward is, that the reporters say, "The speech showed thought and study." I should think it might!

Then consider what men have become hardened to

IN BUSINESS.

What women would ever consent to be a street-car-conductor, and stop her car at the uplifted parasol of every "stuck-up piece" that chose to ride? Or how could she, as conductor on a railway, steel herself against her better self, and put off the train some impecunious Adonis? A woman can take a week to decide whether she will have her bonnet trimmed with "sage-green" or "peacock-blue." A man has till 3 o'clock to-day to make up his mind whether he will buy that piece of property or not.

But it is in the romance of life that masculine disadvantages are most plainly marked. Where does the man worth taking ever find courage to ask to be took? What inspiration shall enable him to put in persuasive phrase that sublimely-egotistical question: "Madam—ahem—am I not the man you would choose, out of all the world, for a husband?" Then, who pities him if the lady changes her mind the day before the wedding? Is there any balm in Gilead for a jilted lover?

It is a popular delusion that men never envy women. Of course they do, but they are too wise to confess it. Doubtless it would be better never to be born at all; but, if that misfortune does occur to one, it is some alleviation to be born a woman,—to be accounted an angel here, and predestined to be an angel hereafter.

WITCH HAZEL.

Henry S. Foote's Duels.

Ex-Senator Foote's Reminiscences in the Washington Chronicle.

As to my own personal example in the matter of dueling, I have only to say, in addition to what I have said already, that I had the misfortune twice to be challenged to the field of honor; in two other instances I was foolish enough to be the challenging party. On the first occasion, in 1828, I was shot in the shoulder by one of the celebrated dueling pistols of Gen. Jackson, borrowed by my antagonist from the venerable hero of the Hermitage, who, by the by, had certainly no hand in instigating this duel, and who lived and died my friend, bestowing upon me an important office almost in the last days of his ever-glorious administration. The last time I fought was in 1837, when, after five shots having been exchanged, the affair terminated without the least personal injury to myself, my adversary having been disabled by my fifth shot, which had entered his hip.

In the winter of 1832-'33 I had a personal dispute at the bar with the famous S. S. Prentiss during the trial of a capital case of much importance. His language, though sufficiently retaliated by me at the time, induced me to send him a challenge, which I ought never to thought of doing. He promptly accepted, proved a far better shot than myself, and wounded me very painfully in the left shoulder. We adjusted the dispute before we left the ground. An indiscreet friend or two of his spoke disparagingly of my conduct on the occasion. I was highly exasperated, and wrote him a note demanding whether he had given his sanction to this act of injustice. He at once denied doing so. I published the correspondence. He placed such an interpretation upon my letter to him as gave him much offense. He proposed re-opening the fight, which we did on exceedingly desperate terms. He shot me down, giving me an exceedingly dangerous wound. In three months we were good friends, and lived in the greatest amity and harmony up to the period of his death, which happened in 1848.

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Sunday Morning, August 31, 1873.

MORE RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

At the present rate of railroad slaughter, it will soon become a serious question, not so much how the rights of the public with reference to rates of freight and travel may be conserved, or how it may protect itself against unjust discriminations and exactions, as how railroad companies may be compelled to protect the lives of the passengers which are intrusted to their care. Since the recent disaster on the Alton & St. Louis Road, near Lemont, there have been three other serious accidents,—one on the Marietta & Cincinnati Road, the circumstances of which were almost precisely similar to those of the Lemont disaster; the second on the Detroit & Milwaukee Road; and the third on the Hudson River Railroad. In addition to these, there have been numerous minor disasters, where the loss of life was fortunately not so great, owing, however, to circumstances which seem to have been almost miraculous, rather than to the results of any special precaution or foresight on the part of the train employes.

Our last issue contained very complete details of the accidents on the Detroit & Milwaukee and the Hudson River Railroads. In the former case, an express train broke an axle, and had to come to a stop. The night was foggy, and at the stations between the express and a freight-train behind it there were no night-operators, so that it was impossible to warn it by telegraph. The conductor then ordered the brakemen to flag the freight-train. The flagman went only a third of a mile away, although the section-foreman remonstrated with them, and urged them to go further on. They replied with a surly answer, and kept their places. As the freight-train came thundering on, the engineer saw the flag, whistled down brakes, reversed his engine, and, having done everything which was possible to avert a catastrophe, jumped from his engine, as if certain that the precautions would be of no avail. The night, as we have said, was foggy, and the tracks were wet. The train was a very heavy one and the engine the largest on the road, and at the point where the train was flagged there was a heavy down grade. The result was that the train could not be checked in time. Its speed was only reduced about five miles per hour, and it crashed into the express, killing six people and wounding a score of others. No allowance was made by the flagmen for the heavy down grade, and no heed was paid to the precautionary advice of the section-foreman. The accident on the Hudson River Railroad was even more inexcusable than this. An express-train stops on the main track, its conductor knowing that there is another express only a few miles behind it, and remains twenty minutes, just long enough to be run into and wrecked, and to have a large number of its passengers dreadfully maimed. In this instance, no flagman at all was sent to warn the following train, although the first train was on a sharp curve, and could not be seen until the other was directly upon it.

All four of these accidents which we have enumerated must be attributed to criminal carelessness. Every one of them might have been prevented by the exercise of only ordinary precaution. It is certainly time, therefore, that it should be definitely established whether railroads are bound to exercise this ordinary precaution in protecting the lives of passengers. There never was a better time than the present to establish the fact. We have one conductor and engineer under arrest in this State; there is another pair under arrest in Ohio; now let the Michigan and New York manslaughterers be put under arrest also. The people can well afford to rest a time in their crusade against freight exactions to settle this more important question of the safety of human life. There are accidents enough which are unavoidable to make life insecure, without exposing it to the recklessness, forgetfulness, and foolhardiness of employes; and this butchery will never stop until an example is made and a penalty commensurate with the crime is visited upon its perpetrators. The mere settlement of the railroad company with the victims or their relatives should not be allowed to terminate responsibility. The conductors, engineers, and flagmen who were concerned in these accidents and were responsible for them should never again be allowed to run a train, and they should, in addition, be punished to the full extent of the law. The responsibility of the company should also be fixed by legislation, so that it cannot be evaded. Undoubtedly, there are many accidents against which it is impossible to provide, but the majority of them grow out of a wretched theory of economy on the part of the managers, or the foolhardiness or forgetfulness of employes. If the public knew how many blundering mistakes are made which fortunately involve no serious results they would demand, in a manner which would be understood, that railway officials should be compelled to exercise ordinary precaution, at least in running trains. At present, the only way to secure this is to punish those who do not exercise it, and make them an example to others.

We should say, from the evidence produced before the Board of Police in the prosecution of Police-Officer Simmons, without any other knowledge of the case than that evidence affords, that his superior officers might have found better employment for their time and energies. The evidence simply brought out the fact that Simmons had made a bet with a gambler named Hankins that Hankins should not recover the gamblers' tools which had been taken from him on a certain occasion when the latter's gambling-house was pulled. As a question of abstract morality, Detective Simmons is not to be justified in making a bet with anybody; but he is entitled to the credit, in this case, of betting on the right side, not only because he won his bet, but because the winning of it involved the confiscation of implements of gaming. If Simmons had gone still further, and bet Hankins that the very next time he opened his house he would be pulled, and if all the police officers would make similar bets with all the gamblers, and win them, we are inclined to think that more good than harm would come from the practice. We are not inclined to believe that this particular wager was good ground for bringing charges against Detective Simmons, if his services were otherwise valuable; and, in bringing them, Mr. Washburn endangered his influence and discipline over the police force, by courting defeat.

THE DIVORCE BUSINESS.

The divorce practice in the Cook County courts has long been a scandal and a disgrace. It is now something worse than this. The loose practice which is tolerated has become so common and familiar that the most barefaced frauds are perpetrated either without attracting any attention whatever or without stimulating the Judges to take any action toward reform. The facility with which fraudulent divorces are hurried through the courts is partly the result of too general a statute, and partly of the lax practice of treating this class of cases which the Judges have acquired on account of the large number that come before them. The Illinois statute provides as regular causes of divorce adultery, impotence, bigamy, desertion, extreme and repeated cruelty, habitual drunkenness, conviction for felony. But, in addition to these prescribed causes, the Court has the broad latitude to grant divorces on any other ground which it shall deem sufficient. Several other States have similar laws. The State of Connecticut gives the same latitude to Judges. The State of Kentucky allows divorces for all the above-mentioned causes, *except* adultery. A trial by jury is prescribed in this State only in those cases when the defendant appears and denies the charges in the complainant's petition. Divorces of a fraudulent nature, as a matter of course, never come to a trial by jury. It is the practice of our local courts to refer all divorce cases that do not require a trial by jury to a Master in Chancery, who very rarely fails to report in favor of a decree, which, as a rule, is then granted without further ceremony. The general character of these trials before a Master in Chancery may be inferred from the circumstance that a certain divorce-shyster prosecutes more than half the divorce business in Chicago, which turns out an average of two divorces a day.

There are two ways of procuring fraudulent divorces, viz: By publication and by collusion. The first process is the safer, but it requires a longer time than the other. The party desiring divorce makes affidavit that the defendant is a non-resident, and the usual plea is that of desertion. As publication in any newspaper in the county suffices, an obscure journal is chosen, the one least likely to be seen by the other party. When the requisite time has elapsed, the complainant appears, gives his evidence as to desertion, and produces a witness to testify to the same fact. The Master then reports favorably, and an absolute decree is granted. In the other class of fraudulent divorces, both parties appear, through their attorneys, and the defendant makes a confession of the charges alleged in the bill. The statute particularly enjoins the Court to guard against collusion in this class of cases, but the practice of referring cases to Masters in Chancery has considerably diminished the value of the safeguard. The statute also prescribes that desertion must be willful absence without just cause for two years; that habitual drunkenness must extend over the same length of time; and that there must be a *bona fide* residence of one year to entitle complainant to a decree. But it is evident that there is small pains to ascertain whether the affidavit of the complainant upon this point is true or false.

The instances of fraud that come to light from time to time prove that those which do not come to light must be very numerous when there is so much laxity in the practice. There are, just now, two cases in the courts, one of which has been published and the other not, illustrating both phases of fraudulent divorce. In one, the complainant appeared and made affidavit that his wife had treated him cruelly and finally deserted him, and that he was ignorant of her place of residence. A decree of divorce was granted in due time, and a couple of days later the wife appeared, having then heard of the case for the first time. Her place of residence was perfectly well known to the complainant, as she had not changed it, and it was he—and not she—who was the deserter. In another case, the attorneys on both sides put in an appearance; the bill was brought in the wife's name; the husband confessed the charges made against him, and a decree was granted to the wife. Now the wife turns up and says that she never had any knowledge of the proceeding, and had never authorized any one to apply for a divorce on her part. It is said that the husband had, some time previously, induced his wife to convey to him some separate property, which he disposed of. He then wanted a divorce, and resorted to this means to procure it. If the case is correctly stated, there must have been fraudulent collusion between the attorneys on both sides, if it did not extend further.

The Circuit and Superior Judges can do something toward correcting the abuses of the divorce practice by instituting a more rigid inspection of the Masters' reports. Judge Farwell seems to properly appreciate the opportunities for fraud which the practice affords. The occasional withholding of a decree for additional evidence in cases that have a suspicious aspect would do much to check the abuses. The Judges could also contribute something to the information of parties who are apt to be divorced without their knowledge by declining to make an immediate reference to the Master in Chancery. If the papers were thus filed regularly in the Court for some time previous to a reference, the reporters for the daily papers would chronicle the cases, so that there would be a fairer notice to absent defendants than they now get in the regular form of publication in some obscure weekly paper. The next Legislature should also revise the law of divorce. Even if it should be deemed advisable to leave the causes as they are now, there should be a provision for granting *nisi* decrees, under which the divorce should not become absolute within at least a year from the date of decree. This would give injured persons time to discover the fraud and have the decree set aside.

The Minnesota farmers, who held their convention at Long Lake on the 29th, were evidently determined to call things by their right names. One of their resolutions condemns the action of two of the Minnesota Representatives, Averill and Dunnell, for their action in taking the "wages of sin," meaning the salary-grab. The Minnesota farmers are to be congratulated on having christened this steal with a very happy and appropriate name. Another resolution says: "We also demand that our Representatives shall attend honestly to their duties while the Legislature is in session, and not spend their time in purposeless junketing and pleasure-seeking while in the pay of the people,—a system that not only wastes the time that belongs to the services of the people, but contributes to the formation of intemperate practices and the cultivation of bad morals." Here, again, the Minnesota farmers call things by their right names, and evince a regard for the morals of their legislators which is both touching and tender. It is a protest of bucolic honesty against urban immorality; a warning against temptation; a public rebuke from the master to the servant, which ought to have the immediate effect to restore these wanderers to the paths of virtue. It is all the more significant from the fact that the rebuke is coupled with the intimation of a penalty, which the farmers are just now in an admirable mood to administer.

HOW TO COLLECT SCHOOL-FUNDS.

Mr. Scammon has set this city an excellent example for proceeding against him on the old school-fund account. He has shown that he can take very active measures when school-funds are coming to him. He prosecuted his claim for $56.19 against Mr. Fernando Jones *a l'outrance* for rent of a school-house which Mr. Jones had guaranteed. He improved the occasion of Mrs. Jones' absence in Europe to hang out a red flag at her residence and sell off the gaiters and hoop-skirts she had left behind. Now, if Mr. Scammon adopts such measures for the recovery of $56.19, on a claim for school-funds, it shows his opinion of what the city ought to do in a case where it has a claim for school-funds in a much larger amount, and with a much fairer basis of action than Mr. Scammon had against Mr. Jones. If Mr. Scammon attaches an old carpet-bag, a family-Bible, a prayer-book, a hoop-skirt, a pair of slippers, and even the shirt upon Mr. Fernando Jones' back, all for $56.19, we should say that the city ought to summon the services of the same auctioneer as soon as possible to collect its claims against Mr. Scammon. To offset the old carpet-bag, the family-Bible, the pair of slippers, and the hoop-skirt of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. Scammon might make an equally flourishing list of assets, including a collection of stump-tail currency of '57; the deposit-account of the Mutual Security Insurance Company; ditto of the Swedenborgian Relief Fund; uncollected pew-rents of the Adams street church, together with the good-will of the *Inter-Ocean* newspaper, If this schedule should not realize as much as Mr. Fernando Jones' old shirt, the proceeds might be credited on Mr. Scammon's indebtedness to the city, and a new suit be brought for the balance.

The scientists, when in session at Portland, for several days discussed the Cerebral Fissures of the Mammalia and the Limits of their Homologies, Liparis, Cyclopterus and their Allies, the Genitalia of the Brachipods, the Morphology of Limulus, the Hermaphrodism of the Rhus Cotinus, and the Periodic Error of the Right Ascension in the Nautical Almanac. It is to be hoped that these distracting questions are now settled; that the limits of a mammal's homology are fixed; that the limulus is cured of his, her, or its morphology; and that the publishers of the Nautical Almanac are sufficiently rebuked for the periodic error in right ascension, which they have been committing year after year, when nearly every well-informed person knew that the ascension was wrong all the time. It is cheering to know that our scientists have wound up all these things and set them running for another year, and that the limulus and rhus cotinus and cyclopterus will not disturb the public again until next August. Meanwhile there are on the proceedings two events of peculiar interest. One is the discussion of the question whether snakes swallow their young—a conundrum any country boy might have solved for them, but which seemed to perplex the learned Doctors as much as the milk in the cocoanut did Thackeray's natural philosopher. This shows that the savants have not exhausted the field of human knowledge. The other is that they have been to a clam-bake, and there is nothing to show that they stopped to discuss the limits of the clam's homology, or the manner in which he originally got into his muddy hole. This shows that the savants are human.

A dispatch from Des Moines says that a Woman's Dress Reform Association has been organized in that city, and that its platform advocates moderately short walking-dresses for the street; looser and wider corsets; warmly-clothed extremities; the discarding of superfluous finery in church-costume; and skirts suspended from the shoulder. We have little faith that the reforms will be very generally adopted; still there is a world of good sense in the ideas propounded by the DesMoines reformers. Short dresses in the streets will do away with bedrabbled hose, muddy skirts, and trains sweeping up apple-cores, cigar stumps, and general sidewalk garbage. Looser and wider corsets will furnish more generous waists, healthier lungs, broader shoulders, and more blooming faces. In this respect the reform is an admirable one. A few more ladies of the Venus di Medici style of build would be refreshing, in comparison with the pale, sickly, languid creatures imprisoned in corsets of the present fashion. The discarding of superfluous finery in church, however, will be a hard task. Of what use is it for a lady to go to church if she cannot show her new bonnet and good clothes, and if she cannot show a handsomer bonnet and clothes than her neighbor in the next pew? This reform will touch the universal female kind in a tender spot, and disturb an ancient prerogative which has been exercised since the time of the building of the first meeting-house, whenever that was. We have no faith that the women of DesMoines will ever adopt such an innovation upon long-established rights. What will become of the minister's conventional harangues against female vanities when there is no finery to offend his eye? What will become of the young fellows who hang about the church doors to see the styles?

In the absence of any wars between the great powers, the little ones seemed disposed to do their part in killing off the surplus population. The latest "unpleasantness" is in New Zealand, which is going to war with the King of the Maoris, because a Maori shot a New Zealander, and the King won't give up the murderer. It appears that the New Zealander was engaged at work upon some land claimed by a Maori, who applied to his King for some legal process of ejectment. The King coolly informed him that the easiest way to eject him was to shoot him, which the Maori, as a true and loyal subject, went and did. The result, however, will probably be the wiping out of the Maoris. If it be true that wars are necessary for the reduction of surplus population, the Maoris can be spared as easily as any.

By the latest mail advices the Shah was still on his travels in Europe, and, from all accounts, a very expensive and exceedingly lavish visitor. He was keeping up his practice of spitting out his food at the dinner-table, borrowing pocket-handkerchiefs and failing to return them, tasting all the ices and sherbets in his immediate vicinity and passing them to the distinguished people near him, and so forth. The French Republic invested its money in entertaining this dainty brute with the most costly banquets. The lunches on the way from Portsmouth to Charbourg cost $385, and the breakfast at the latter place cost $530. At this meal, it is reported that the Shah and his retinue emptied six bottles of Madeira, four bottles of sherry, forty bottles of St. Julien, of the vintage of 1843, thirty bottles of champagne, eighty bottles of table claret, six bottles of brandy, and two bottles of Kirsch, a strong liqueur. The list reads much as though the French Government had been entertaining a favorite regiment of soldiers or a large delegation of country 'squires. In addition to these expenses, the Government has had large bills to pay for articles bought by the Shah and his people, which they failed to settle for before their departure. One item of $250 worth of gloves purchased by one of his people is mentioned as an instance. We may henceforth read the Dickens sketches of American toadyism with a comfortable assurance that they will bear comparison with English and French samples.

The telegraph states that the operation of the Beer law in Massachusetts is creating considerable excitement in Washington, as about two-fifths of the whole revenue of the Government comes from tobacco and spirits, and Massachusetts is one of the largest of the beer-manufacturing States. This brings up a new phase of the beer question, and one which touches the National pocket. As the brewers of that State have made a test case to go before the United States Supreme Court, and rest their case upon the opinion of eminent lawyers, that no State has the right to forbid the manufacture of any article which the United States Government allows to be introduced from a foreign country, the decision of the Court will be looked for with great interest. As long as the regulation of beer is a matter of mere morality, and involves no pecuniary consideration, it requires no special courage or self-sacrifice to say that men shall not drink it. But in this case it is a question of money. It affects the whole country in its most vital spot. It remains now to be seen whether the United States Supreme Court will affirm the State law of Massachusetts, which cannot prohibit the importation of beer, and which seeks to take away the large property of the brewers upon which they have already paid the Government tax. Considering the hardships to which the beer-makers and beer-drinkers of Massachusetts are subjected, the same classes in this State have reason for congratulation that their lines are cast in such pleasant places, and that their roubles are confined to one day in the week instead of seven.

The District of Columbia has one more complication added to the numerous other complications which have been distracting it during the past year. The colored men of the District have commenced to carry the war into Africa by establishing a Know-Nothing Club, under the style of the Equal Rights League. In other words, under the garb of secrecy, these colored gentry are resolved to work until they get into society on equal terms with white men, and have the freeedm of the hotels, horse-cars, theatres, opera-houses, etc. As this is a matter which cannot be effected by legislation, there will undoubtedly be two parties to this movement. It, therefore, becomes an interesting question what the black Know-Nothings will do if the whites should also form a combination to prevent them from attaining equal rights, especially as the whites outnumber them about three to one. The most amusing part of this new complication is the fact that these dark Know-Nothings who are advancing upon Equal Rights with skull and cross-bones and dark-lanterns are the wards of the Administration party, and that the organs of the party are in desperate alarm over this sudden shoot of their erratic flock, and are begging, imploring, cursing, and threatening to get them back into the beaten road again. As they have all gone pell-mell over the fences to feed in the new pastures, it promises to be a difficult job. Rather than be responsible for this new freak of its flock, however, the Administration organs will disown them and organize against them. Its only use for them is to vote on the right side, but for this service it cannot afford to pay so expensive a price as equal rights.

A San Francisco paper states that two sisters, Miss Lelia and Miss May Curtis, who had previously acquired the art of wood-engraving in New York, have opened an establishment in the former city for that business. They devoted themselves to the business with so much industry and skill, that their work speedily increased on their hands, and they have now several other young ladies associated with them. Their establishment stands second to none in San Francisco. In the meantime, both ladies have been married, but they have not allowed this fact to interfere with their business. It is not related whether their partners in life have any partnership in the business, although they help enjoy its profits. Here is a striking instance of what two practical, common-sense women can do. Instead of going about the country haranguing crowds upon theories of women's rights, they have deliberately gone to work and taken their rights. The results of the labors and skill and sense of these two women are worth more to the community at large, and to women in particular, than all the pronunciamentos and speeches of all the theorists combined. The success of these ladies in active business life furnishes a very useful lesson to that large class which is scolding or whining about its wrongs.

Mr. J. G. Cannon, the Danville Congressman, took his inspiration, in his recent defense of the salary-grab, from Senator Carpenter. "The Constitution requires Congress to fix its own compensation," he says, "and the Constitution would be violated if Congress were to take a less sum than would compensate them." We do not think that there is any danger that Mr. Cannon will ever violate the Constitution on this score. In point of fact, it is fortunate for Mr. Cannon and Congressmen of his calibre that the Constitution is not so construed as to pay every Congressman a fair *compensation*, or what his time and services are actually worth. If it ever comes to this, which would necessitate a sliding scale of prices, there will be no such popular protest as the late salary-grab has occasioned. The protest will then probably come from Mr. Cannon and other gentlemen of his metal. The Danville *Times*, which supported Mr. Cannon at the last Congressional election, now says: "The temper of the people is such that, if an election were now to transpire, Vermillion County would wheel out of the Republican line, if the contest lay between Mr. Cannon and a Democrat.

The owners and managers of our street-car lines and stages owe the public greater protection against ruffianism than they afford. Nothing is more common in the experience of those who are accustomed to daily travel in these conveyances than to encounter drunken men and roughs, who are permitted to violate all the laws of common decency without interference or protest. The passengers are left, as a rule, to protect themselves against insult or outrage. This is especially true of the South Side cars, which have no conductors, and where the drivers are kept busy with the management of their horses, making change, collecting the fares, and guarding their money. As the system has been adopted of paying the drivers a certain commission upon the fares collected, their principal object in life is to get as many passengers on board as possible, and drunken fares seem to be quite as acceptable to them as sober ones. If an appeal is made to them to stop the smoking in a close car, to check the vulgarity of some rough in the presence of ladies, or for any other protection against insult and outrage, they coolly inform the complainants to take care of themselves. It is not very attractive work to engage in an altercation with a drunken man or a professional bruiser, and the insults and indecency, which the management fails to suppress, are rather borne in silent disgust and unuttered protest. For all this, these common carriers should be required to furnish a conductor to preserve order, and do their own business of collecting fare. No one doubts that their receipts fully warrant the extra expense.

The Hon. George E. Pugh, ex-Senator of the United States, and one of the ablest men of the old Democratic party, in a recent speech in Ohio, urged the abandonment of the oft-defeated and now odious party organization, and the formation of such new party as, embracing the Conservative men of the country, would be able to arrest the corruption which has become general in national politics. He thus described the present attitude of the Democratic party in Ohio:

> Now, where is your Democratic party? Talk to me about it! I give you the answer which the people gave when Louis Philippe thought he might put his grandson on the throne. "It is too late." It is too late. [Applause.] And you marched off to the City of Baltimore, and, with the Delegates of the Democratic party from every State in the Union, you supported Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown, with the relegation of free trade to the Congressional Districts. And now we have my dear old friend, William Allen, brought up, and a parcel of other old boys and young boys, with paper-caps on their heads, with chicken-feathers in them, and wooden swords, blowing tin trumpets, and beating drums. Talk to me about the Democratic party! You killed it, and you can never revive it.

This picture is not overdrawn. The Democratic party in Ohio is making a sham fight. The only purpose of nominating a ticket at all was to render the election of the Republican candidates a certainty. In this the Democracy will be eminently successful.

The Prescott (Arizona) *Miner* seeks to explain the failure of the late Mormon attempt at colonization in that Territory, and at the same time, to disprove the assertion that the cause of the failure was the nature of the country. The leader of the Mormons, Mr. Henry Holmes, reported that it was impossible to live on the Little Colorado, owing to the extreme drouth, whereas the *Miner* claims that the party came in the wrong year and in the wrong season, and adds: "For the past five years, all of Arizona has had very short rations of snow and rain—a drouth, in fact, that would have made an irreclaimable desert of any other Territory. If they had followed the Little Colorado, however, they would have found a fine stream of water, large and rich valleys, and other inducements for settling." One would naturally suppose, however, that the Arizonians would be so delighted with the fact that the Mormons did not follow the Little Colorado, but turned their faces homeward again, that they would hardly care to offer any inducements for a second attempt.

Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, read a paper at the current session of the American Scientific Association, a synopsis of which was published in THE TRIBUNE of Friday. Prof. Young threw out the suggestion, which was accepted as a novel one, that the sun is surrounded by a relative crust of liquid matter condensed from the interior gases. This interesting hypothesis is, however, scarcely a new one. In Colbert's "Star-Studies," published in this city in 1871, we find the following, page 49:

> If there be any solid form of matter at any considerable distance from the sun's centre, it is, in all probability, to be met with temporarily only, and near the outer limits of the solar atmosphere. Huge cakes or flakes, of solid matter may be formed there, where the temperature is sufficiently low to permit it, just as ice is formed on the surface of a sheet of water. But the strong upward and downward currents, which we have yet to note at greater length, perpetually carry these flakes downward, to be melted into liquidity by the greater heat, and their place is taken by cooler matter, to be, in its turn, solidified, and carried down, deep into the molten sea.

The returns of the Assessors of Boston and their assistants show that that city is recovering very handsomely from the effects of its great fire. While the street improvements in the burnt district have removed from taxation real estate to the amount of $3,500,000, the value of property has been so enhanced by the improvements that the total loss in the valuation of real estate in Ward Five, which was the principal locality of the fire, since last year is only $118,200. The loss of over $90,000,000 in personal property has also been partially made up by gains from business removed to other wards. Considered in its general aspects, the fire was not an unmitigated calamity, as the losses have been largely replaced, and substantial improvements have been made which have long been a necessity.

Another element of distraction, if not of destruction, has been let loose in the Republican party. The new departure of the negroes, which commenced in Washington with the formation of a secret Equal Rights Club, and thence spread into Ohio, has now broken out in Maryland, and is spreading with such rapidity that the leaders of the Administration party are unable to check it. The poor old Republican party must be pretty far gone when even the negroes turn their backs upon it and leave it in disgust.

STRAUSS' LAST WORK.

DER ALTE UND DER NEUE GLAUBE. Ein Bekenntniss. Von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Leipzig. 1872.

Strauss has within a year spoken to the world again. Spoken to the world, we say; for it is not too much to claim that, when Strauss or his compeer Renan speak, the world hearkens. People may not think as do these writers; they may consider them very bad and very dangerous men; they may dispute their facts and reject their conclusions—ignore them they cannot; since, bad or dangerous or pestilential as they may perhaps be considered, they are among the leaders of an ever-increasing army of thinkers, formidable by their boldness, if not by their organization and discipline. Strauss has long filled a prominent place in the public eye. When only 27, now forty years ago, he, although at the time a lecturer in a Christian theological institution, composed and published his famous "Life of Jesus," and threw it like a bombshell into the camp of the faithful. A bolder blow had never been aimed at the august figure, the head and centre of the Christian religion, than that by this young "Stormer of Zion." It was the work, however, of a young man without experience, tolerably well versed in book-lore, but ignorant of man's needs, of the moral wants of society; and who, more than likely, did not himself understand the full meaning of his destructive work. Some thoughtful witness of the rashness of the half-fledged philosopher may have reflected that time would teach him better, and life's lessons lead him back to the ways of his boyhood and to the faith of his fathers. We may imagine such a one saying: "Forty years hence I should like to see where young Strauss will be." The forty years are over, and Strauss comes, his written confession in his hand, to tell us where he is; to give us his religious or irreligious experience, his own physchological picture and the gospel of the new Faith. His book is not a very learned one, nor free from platitudes. Little of what he has to say in the way of information will be found new to those at all familiar with the current scientific literature of the day. His historical facts may, many of them, be disputed—many of them are disputed by most respectable authorities. His scientific theories have great names on the other side, and one may reject the conclusions he draws from both, and not be convicted of error. His interpretation of Christian doctrines, non-Christians even might often consider unfair, unwarranted, nay, entirely wrong. But, spite of all this, the book is a significant one. It is significant because it is the perpicture of the mind, of one who has reached a point whither many in our generation are moving, whither "modern culture" is—whether necessarily or not, this is not the place to inquire—impelling many, towards which, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or half reluctantly, gladly or sadly, numbers are advancing. Be that point the summit of delectable mount, or the depth of an abyss, Strauss has reached it, and he tells us in his little work what he has discovered there.

He calls his book a "confession." But it is not his confession only that he writes. He speaks not for himself alone, not in the singular, but in the plural, number. He speaks for many like himself, men whose number, he says, is no longer reckoned by thousands,—and he claims the right to speak for them,—for all who lead the modern life, who are filled with modern ideas, who are up to the age, and of the age, in fact as well as in word. True, he says that those whose spokesman he is do not make up an organized body, but that if they do not, they know why. Indeed, Strauss does not favor the organization of those who agree with him, whether they agree with him entirely or only in a general way. He does not, in other words, encourage the organization of anti-Christian forces for anti-Christian purposes, for the reason that the body thus produced would be but another form of Church, a Church founded to abolish a Church, an evil created to remedy an evil. Our author is neither an aggressor nor a maker of proselytes. He seems to think that men will come to him when their minds are prepared for the change. The Church he recognizes as *indispensable* to many, and, with commendable toleration, is entirely willing it should last as long as any one needs it.

To be more definite, Strauss speaks for all who find no stilling for their intellectual cravings in the orthodox reformed Churches,—the Roman Catholic he has little or nothing to say about,—who can find no reconciliation between the learning, the social and political requirements of the time, and the proffered religion of the civilized world.

His book he divides into four parts, each part devoted to a great question,—the first to the inquiry, Are we still Christians?—the second to Have we any religion?—the third to How do we view the world?—the fourth to How do we regulate our lives? His answer to each of these questions is a conclusion from facts which by no means necessitate it. But not the method—even though that method be the inductive—not the road he travels over so much as the end he reaches, is of interest to us. If his creed is to be the creed of the future, the profession of faith of those who give up Christianity, or if it is to be the belief of large numbers only of those who sever all connection with the Church, or the Churches; if it is to be the "new faith" in contradistinction of the "old," we are certainly interested in knowing it, irrespective of the basis on which it rests; and certain it is that, under the pressure of "modern culture," there are many who are tending towards Strauss' views. Those who know Strauss only from his past would find it difficult to answer these questions of his as he answers them himself, for the Strauss of the past is not the Strauss of the present—the Strauss of 1864 even, when he published his second life of Jesus, is not the Strauss of 1872. The man has moved, we will not say advanced—for what fixed point is there in our age from which to measure progression or retrogradation?—since then, and his motion has been a change of place and of view. In one thing alone he remains unchanged—in his boldness. He seems to take pleasure in defining his position in words calculated to shock those farthest removed from him; which may, however, be only the result of a desire to be exceedingly frank.

But to his first question. Are we still Christians? Before proceeding to give us his answer, Strauss takes a survey of the Christian dogma, of the creed, the trinity, creation, Scripture and inspiration, the fall, the devil, original sin, redemption, the sacraments, Biblical criticism, Christ, the resurrection, etc., etc. He shows to his own satisfaction at least, and that is all we are here concerned with, that the views of Christians in the past on these matters are not the views of the man of culture of our day; that these things are absurdities, borrowed from Oriental religions, irreconcilable with facts which everybody accepts, with that body of knowledge which is the intellectual capital of educated men. He considers these dogmas as of the essence of Christianity, and has little patience with those who by subterfuge would consider them otherwise. As before remarked, it cannot be said of him that he always correctly represents Christian dogma. We know those who believe in the Trinity, and who do not consider that belief a belief that three are one, or one three. Even Roman Catholic Doctors teach, we believe unanimously, that this would be, and is, a misrepresentation of that article of their faith. We know those, too, who believe in a heaven, but who do not think their faith on that point requires them to place it in that region above the crystalline spheres which astronomy has proven does not exist. Yet such is Strauss' view of the Christian Trinity and the Christian Heaven. Of all the articles of the Christian faith, there is not one that he accepts; not even the existence of God or the immortality of the soul. And now for his answer to the first question. After having examined it in the manner we have just pointed out, he closes substantially thus: "My conviction is that if we would not seek to escape the consolation, if we would not hoodwink ourselves, if our speech is to be yea, yea, and no, no; if we must answer like upright, honest men, confess we must we are no Christians."

Christianity and religion are not synonymous in Strauss' language—nor are they in fact. Therefore his second question is not disposed of by his answer to the first, and he proceeds to inquire: Have we any religion? It has been said that there have been religions antecedent to Christianity, that there are religions contemporary with it, but that, after Christianity, there can be no further religion; that the man who gives up Christianity gives up all religion, and Strauss' question is practically an inquiry into the truth of this assertion. Accepting the materialistic view of the origin of religion,—that it had its rise in man's ignorance of nature,—it is evident that he must hold that when that ignorance is dispelled, religion must go with it,—such religion at least as is based upon it, and, according to Strauss, the religions of the world have hitherto had no other foundations. Our views of Nature and of law make prayer an irrational act, and with prayer the existence of a God who can be prayed to stands or falls—"A God to whom we cannot pray does not interest us," and "God and Nature are only two expressions for the same idea." Schleiermacher made the essence of religion consist in a feeling of dependence, Feuerbach in desire. Strauss' definition is a compound of Schleiermacher's and Feuerbach's,—a feeling of dependence on an external power, coupled with the desire that the power may be propitious to us; and, as the wish is father to the thought, we easily persuade ourselves that it is so. This power in the *all*, and the feeling of dependence that we are part of a part of that *all*, and so subordinate to it, the desire, that we may, although a part, make the *all* obey our caprices. Thus religion is only a pleasant self-deception; and Strauss seems to take similar delight in the observation which he makes that its domain grows narrower every year, like the territory of the North American Indian before the advance of the white man. His answer to the question proposed in the second part of his work is, that whether we have any religion or not depends very much upon what we understand by religion; and he insinuates that we may have a little left, in so far as we transfer to the universe of things, in its unity, the feelings the race has hitherto experienced towards God. Evidently in the sense in which religion has ever before been understood, Strauss is of the opinion that we have none.

And now to his third question: How do we view the world? Not as the work of an intelligent personal being. Heat is the first great cause. Heat and motion explains all things. There is nothing in his work to show that even intelligence does not owe its origin to the eternal cause, heat. So that we conceive the world in a purely scientific way, and know nothing of it but what geologists, botanists, and chemists can tell us, and have no view of it but such as we obtain from the information they afford us. The world, mind,—everything, in fact,—is destined to destruction and ultimate chaos, from which a subsequent world, other intelligences, and another history, may be, and in all probability will be, evolved.

Strauss' last question is, How do we regulate our lives? or, rather, how should we? Here he touches on the great political and social questions of the time; and it is remarkable what a contrast exists between his religious radicalism and political conservatism. Here, too, he lays down his standard of ethics. Following Kant, he makes this to be: So act that your rule of conduct may be a universal rule for mankind. He rightly says that the man who considers himself the descendant of an inferior being must necessarily have of himself views very different from those entertained by Christians, who look upon themselves as the workmanship of the Almighty's hand. The decalogue he finds good as far as it goes, but is itself the result of experience. Moral action is the "self-determination of the individual in a manner in harmony with the nature of his like." Forget at no moment that those are a man, and that all others are men. Act as man towards men. Remember that it has taken a practical eternity to produce you, O man! Hem in lies your true dignity. You are at the summit of creation!

The indissolubility of marriage Strauss discountenances. He has little sympathy with the advocates of universal peace. As well try to do away with war as to abolish thunder-storms. Reason alone will never preside at the settling of national disputes. The dream of the parliament of man and the confederation of the world is a dream only. Universal suffrage is an absurdity. The State should grant privileges to the citizen in proportion to the service received from him. The abolition of the death penalty would be in any time a crime against society, just now an insane act. There are Huns and Vandals, socialists, and communists in every community, for whom the gallows is the only cure. Neither does he advocate the eight-hour law. The relation of Church to State he has little to say about. All he asks of ecclesiastical establishments is, that they shall stand out of the light of the State.

But what is the world to have in the place of the religion of the past? What is there left to console men in the sorrows and disappointments of life? Strauss has an answer ready. Poetry and music he leaves us the only sources of comfort for all the ills the heart is heir to. In the ethereal regions to which the poets exalt us, in the ocean of song which the masters of harmony pour about us, every earthly sigh expires, but, says Strauss, expires only for an instant. The moment we return to the realities of life that moment we find "the old man" again. "Christianity points us in sorrow and sin to the Redeemer; in the struggle of life, to the protecting arm of Providence; when wearied with the troubles of life, to the happiness beyond." All this the new faith has lost, and is without anything to give us in its stead, save, for a Redeemer, "the consciousness of effort;" for Providence, the immutability of Nature's laws; for the eternity of happiness, the knowledge that we have participated for a time in the play of the elements. Such are the results Strauss has reached. It will be easily understood that the book has not given universal satisfaction. Several of his old friends are not satisfied with the position he assumes. He has been accused of descending from the purely human and ideal standpoint of his former works to the superhuman and materialistic. Those who followed him in his application of the Hegelian philosophy to religion are not, many of them, ready to follow him in his application of Darwinism to the same. It has been urged by men who hitherto agreed with him to a great extent, that in his last work he neither intellectually nor morally advances mankind. In dismissing religion entirely or almost entirely from the world, he is doing only what the school of Epicurus did before him. In his views of morality, he is essentially a Stoic.

As a contribution to contemporary religious history, his book has a value, but few who take it up not sharing the author's peculiar views will close it convinced.

DEAD TREES.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: In my daily peregrinations through the streets of the city, I meet in every direction great numbers of unsightly dead trees, many of them of large size, which were transplanted at a season of the year most unfavorable to their success. A little more discretion and a little more attention exercised in the matter would result, in most cases, in certain success, and relieve the public from the sight of such dismal-looking objects on the great thoroughfares of the city. Will those persons on Prairie, Wabash, and Michigan avenues, where a goodly number of these dead trees are to be found, go to work and cut down such as may front their respective residences? I am surprised that they should not have done this long ago.

PROGRESSION.

CHICAGO, Aug. 30, 1873.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Death of the Rev. Dr. Storrs, the Rev. Dr. Spring, and the Rev. Dr. Todd.

Something About the New Temple Baptist Church Society.

Excerpts from the Local Religious Press.

Sunday-School Items---Personal Notes---General Items.

Programme of Services in the Churches To-Day.

During this month, three prominent clergymen have died. They were men noted alike for sound doctrine, scholarship, earnest piety, industry, long pastorates, and usefulness. The public life of each began long before Chicago was thought of.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs died on the 11th inst., at Braintree, Mass., aged 86. He had held the pastorate of the Braintree church for sixty-two years. He was so well-preserved and active that he preached his sixty-second anniversary sermon last July. Though laboring all his long life for the increase of the salaries of his brother-ministers, it is said he remained at Braintree without a dollar's advance on his own salary during the entire period of his ministry.

THE REV. DR. SPRING.

The death of Dr. Storrs was followed a week later by that of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, of New York. Dr. Spring had been pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in that city for sixty-three years. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel D. Spring, who was a Chaplain in the Revolutionary army. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., Feb. 24, 1785, and graduated at Yale College, with the honors of his class, in 1805. Among his classmates were Bennett Tyler, Abel McEwen, and John C. Calhoun. He at first studied law with Judge Daggett at New Haven, was admitted to the bar in 1808, and began the practice with good success, but while conducting a choir in a New Haven church he heard a sermon which changed the course of his life. The text of this sermon was, "To the Poor the Gospel is Preached." His purpose to preach the Gospel was immediately formed, and after one year's study in the Theological Seminary at Andover he was called, in 1810, to the pastorate of the Brick Church, New York, in which position he remained until his death. He is the author of many works. He spoke with vigor and wrote with clearness. Though at first supposed to be unsound, he ultimately became a prominent leader in the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church. The venerable Charles A. Spring, of this city, is his brother.

THE REV. DR. TODD.

Six days after the death of Dr. Spring, the well-known and venerable man, the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass., passed away. It took place early last Sunday morning. For a short time in his ministry he labored in Philadelphia, but the most of his long and useful life was spent in the two villages, Groton and Pittsfield, Mass. As an author and contributor to the newspapers, Dr. Todd has secured for himself a wide fame. "The Student's Manual" and many other of his works have been reprinted in England, and it was the custom of European scholars often to call upon the venerable divine. His sermons, books, and communications were always intelligible and entertaining. His style was always fresh, though remarkably plain. He had thoroughly mastered the art of putting common truths into attractive form. In Pittsfield, where he lived for thirty-one years, he was loved by all.

THE REV. SAMUEL R. JOHNSON.

In this connection we add the death of another noted divine, the facts of which are taken from an exchange: The Rev. Samuel R. Johnson, well known in Indiana Episcopal circles, died in Lafayette last week. He settled in Lafayette in 1836, and has ever since been closely identified with the Episcopal Church movements, working earnestly and efficiently to advance the cause. In 1842 he was elected Bishop of the diocese, but declined the honor on the ground that it was not his proper sphere of usefulness. He was regarded by all who knew him as a noble type of the Christian gentleman.

THE FIFTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

There was a meeting of the members of the Fifth Baptist Church a short time since, at which the organization was dissolved. They immediately formed anew, the organization taking the name of the Temple Baptist Church of Chicago. The Rev. N. F. Ravlin was chosen pastor, and the Rev. A. G. Eberhart, of Waterloo, Ia., associate pastor.

This church was originally organized in December, 1856, as the Berean Baptist Church. It was an offshoot of the Tabernacle Church, and of some difficulty between the latter and its pastor, the Rev. A. Kenyon. The first place of meeting was a school-house of Jefferson street, occupied during the week by G. M. Sturdevant with a select school. The Rev. A Kenyon was the first pastor, resigning in October, 1858. Their first meeting-house was built during the winter of 1856-7, on Jackson street, between Desplaines and Halsted. Rev. I. Rider succeeded Mr. Kenyon; but during his administration the church became heavily embarrassed financially. The house was removed to the corner of Clinton and Wilson streets, and subsequently to De Koven street, near Desplaines. Mr. Rider having resigned, Mr. Kenyon was recalled to the pastorate, which he continued to fill until May, 1858, supporting himself most of the time by personal labor, leaving all the resources of the church to be devoted to the removal of its indebtedness. On the 2d of June, 1868, the name of Berean was dropped, and that of the Fifth Church adopted. Until the spring of 1859, the pulpit was supplied by Dr. Colver, Dr. Burroughs, and others. On the 14th of March, the Rev. N. F. Ravlin was chosen pastor, and entered upon his labors a month later.

The church had for some time been agitating the question of a removal to another locality, and the building of a larger house of worship. A lot was finally purchased upon the corner of West Harrison and Sangamon streets, and the foundation of a house 75 feet by 125 laid, the estimated cost of which was $60,000,—more, it is believed, than the aggregate property of the membership at that time. But they proposed to go to work upon the Mueller plan, and depend upon prayer as the means of furnishing the money needed to complete their enterprise. At the same time, however, the members gave liberally. But they did not take into consideration that, while the Mueller plan might succeed once on account of its novelty, an attempt to repeat it would end in failure. The First Church responded liberally to their prayers or appeals, and helped them out of their straits on two or three occasions. But the load they attempted to carry was too heavy, and they soon found themselves sweating under a debt of nearly $30,000, with their lot and uncompleted building heavily mortgaged. In this condition they have struggled along four or five years, encountering also internal difficulties. It is now understood that the pastor, the Rev. N. F. Ravlin, has made a fortune sufficiently large, by getting an interest in a Missouri iron-mine, to lift the debt and finish the house. Besides being committed to the enterprise, he is one of the most liberal and generous-hearted men in existence; so we expect that his prayers will be eventually answered, practically at least, in the obtaining of the means to complete what was in the beginning regarded by almost everybody as a rash undertaking.

Of the precise causes which led to the reorganization and the adoption of the new name, we are not advised. It was done, doubtless, as the easiest way of getting rid of troublesome members and other internal difficulties. The church, at the last report, had a membership of about 150, with a prosperous Sabbath-school.

MISS SMILEY AT SARATOGA.

Miss Smiley, the Quakeress, whose sweet words are remembered by many in this city, has got around to Saratoga. She is not to be disappointed in *her* vacation, nor beaten by her fellow ministerial brethren, and she is correct. Accordingly she has gone to Saratoga, and has built a duck of a little cottage, just out of town, by the Excelsior Spring. And, short as her life has been in that famed city, she has already created quite a sensation. The Congregational Church, on a recent Sunday evening, was packed to overflowing, and the good lady spoke for an hour to a greatly delighted and interested audience. One of the old-line divines, who, it seems, was present this occasion, says her intellectual power is not great, and the gentleness of tone becomes slightly monotonous; and adds, but, if woman is called to preach, as she appears to be, let us pray that the woman preachers may be of that type. The religious influence of this gay centre of fashion will, no doubt, receive new impulse and energy at Miss Smiley's presence. There is now a 10 o'clock daily prayer-meeting, that is well attended, in Saratoga. A writer says no prayer-meeting in the land is a converging point for more varied and far-reaching rays of light and love. So there must be, after all, a real good side to Saratoga.

EXCERPTS FROM RELIGIOUS JOURNALS.

The *Advance* has got what it calls a "new head" on, this week. It is not so large, and much neater looking than the old heading. The smallness of the "new head" is no intimation there will be less brains about the concern than before,—it's only to make it look ten years younger, in which it has succeeded. The current number has an able editorial on the "Weakening of Organic Christianity," which, after alluding to the signs of the times and some of the facts respecting this organic weakening, makes the following pretty strong confession:

> There is plainly great change in this respect. Along with, and partly because of, an increasing skepticism, men are becoming insensible to religious obligations and relationships. They place far less value on any outward religious object. They read the Bible less, they observe the Lord's Day very imperfectly, they have small reverence for ministers, they neglect public worship, they attach small importance to church membership, they connect little sacredness with the sanctuary, they speak lightly of Christian ordinances. This is true not merely of men of vicious lives, or of open infidels, between whom and the Church there would naturally be a wide gulf, but also of men who have much religious sentiment as well as a good moral character, and who still repose faith in Christianity. There is a growing tendency to let sentiment be the all-in-all, and to consider everything organic of small consequence.

The *Western Catholic* contains its usual volume of contributed and editorial matter. Among the latter are treated "The Sanctity of the Catholic Church," "How to Aid Separate Schools," the "Catholic Press in America," the "Jesuits," "Social Pests," etc. In the press article the editor defines unequivocally the position of the Catholic papers, as follows:

> The position of the Catholic press of America is now well understood. The will and the words of the Sovereign Pontiff are the criteria by which we are to be governed. No one assumes to be the organ of either the universal or a particular church. There is but one organ of the Church—that is the voice of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*. No Bishop is responsible for the words of any writer, as we are all liable to err. But writers, priests, and prelates are all accountable to the Church for the doctrines they may hold and teach.

The *Interior* devotes three columns to the "Faith Once Delivered to the Saints," opening as follows:

> "Faith" is used in two senses in Scripture. It signifies not only the act or state of belief, but it denotes also the thing believed. Or, to borrow the philosopher's dictionary, it has a subjective and an objective signification. Jude employed it in the above quotation in the latter sense. When he exhorted Christians to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, he meant that they should be jealous of any tampering with the body of doctrine which had come into their possession.

The *Standard* discusses the "Augustinian Element in Theology," the "Economy of Benevolence," "Society Jubilees," etc. Among the "Notes" is this:

> Dr. Fulton's expression, "the plague of open-communion," seems likely to pass into current phraseology, as some others do, which those who do not like them "first endure, then pity, then embrace." The likelihood, in this instance, seems to be on the part of our Pedobaptist brethren, who are making the phrase in question almost proverbial.

The *Advocate* has got around to the "New York Decline" again, and now says:

> Further statistical cyphering demonstrates the truth of our theory touching the alleged decline of Methodism in New York City. We said that the old city limits proper may contain less Methodist churches and members than formerly, but that an enumeration in the city and suburbs together would show an increase. The Rev. C. C. Goss has been at work, and has verified our theory. We extract a point or two. The following table shows the progress of church erection in this city among the five leading denominations:

	1795.	1805.	'25.	'35.	'45.	'50.	'55.	'60.	'65.	'70.
Episcopalian	3	6	15	25	30	44	50	57	60	70
Presbyterian	1	5	14	24	33	42	40	50	55	52
Methodist	2	4	11	22	62	34	40	40	38	39
Baptist	2	3	9	16	23	28	32	33	29	33
Catholic			4	9	14	13	24	32	34	39

The editor otherwise treats on "Making Broad Church Plans," "Is the Fifth Collection Just?" and "Dr. Dempster's Grave."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ITEMS.

The second annual world's day of prayer for Sunday-schools will be observed Oct. 19 and 20.

Two native Sunday-schools have been recently opened in Yokohama, one for boys and the other for girls. The exercises are in English in the boys' school, but for the girls an interpreter is employed.

Ten years ago there were no Sunday-schools in Germany. There are now 50,000 scholars and 4,000 teachers, and the great work is increasing. This is partly the work of the Foreign Sunday-school Association.

Mrs. Lavina Harkness has a Bible-class of 900 women in connection with the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's Sunday-school in London. The average attendance is 500. Many of them are married, and take their little ones along with them.

The *Independent* says: "Illinois stands perhaps in the forefront of the Sunday-school work in this country. No other State can show so many prominent workers in the cause—men whose names and actions are known throughout land. Until the other States can show as many efficient laborers in this sphere, Illinois must be counted in the lead."

DR. PATTERSON.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Patterson, formerly pastor of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, who, as everybody knows, is a very good man, but who always persisted in showing the dark side of Chicago in his newspaper correspondence, has unfortunately done the same thing out West, where he now resides. In a letter lately about the State University of California, he said:

> At its recent Commencement exercises, the name of God was not spoken; no prayer was offered; nor was any reference made in any of the young men's speeches to moral or religious ideas.

This, it seems, roused up a member of the faculty, who, in the last *Evangelist*, says:

> The facts are these: Rev. S. H. Willey, long a leading Presbyterian minister of San Francisco, "offered prayer." President Gilman, himself a pronounced Christian man, made reverent mention of the sacred name. There were but two "young men's speeches," one of them in Latin; and I believe that the latter had a recognition of a fostering Providence. Perhaps the Doctor was inattentive. But where could he have been during Mr. Willey's prayer?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

Thursday last was a beautiful day, and was improved by about 500 people, young and old, from Grace Church. Picnics, especially Sunday-school picnics, are usually regarded unfavorably, and only a sense of duty induces the older people to attend; but the picnic at Riverside was an exception in this respect, and as novel as it was unusual. The pleasure of the children was consulted in the games, consisting of foot-races, egg-races, sack-races, croquet, etc. The young ladies and gentlemen had an opportunity of dancing during the day and evening, and the elderly people seemed chuck full of happiness in seeing the joy of others. Leaving Wabash avenue and Sixteenth street at about 9:30, arriving on the grounds at half-past 10,—swings, croquet, etc., etc., were in readiness, and the Great Western Light Guard Band, Johnny Hand leading, discoursed sweet music, and soon the grounds were a scene of excitement,—the merry laugh of gay-hearted children mingling with the melodious strains of soft music borne on the gentle air. Such a day makes the old young again. They forget for the time being the cares and anxieties of life. A great many young gentlemen came out in the evening to join in the dance at the hotel, where were assembled "brave men and fair women." The company in the evening was decidedly select, and composed of many of our most popular young men and ladies. There were noticed many a bright form flitting by in the mazes of the dance, whose smile had made happy many a gay cavalier during the past winter. No one came back without the feeling, "It is good to be here," and the wish that such occasions may occur annually.

MEETINGS FOR RAILROAD MEN.

A meeting for railroad men will be held at the Depot Reading-room in the Michigan Southern and Rock Island Passenger-Depot to-day, at 4:30 p. m., to continue one hour. C. R. Blackall will conduct the meeting, and Mr. O. W. Young, with a choir of young ladies, will have charge of the singing. All railroad men, and others who have no regular church home, are invited to attend. Seats free.

NOTES.

The *Interior* says: Religious news is as thin this week as a fashionable congregation's Wednesday evening prayer-meeting.

A Chicago minister, who recently bathed between two Eastern D. D.'s, says he came out so dry he did not need a towel!

The Presbyterian Ministerial Association will meet Monday, Sept. 8, at 10:30 a. m., in the McCormick Block, corner Dearborn and Randolph streets. Subject for discussion: "The alleged annihilation of the wicked."

The Lawndale Baptist Church is the next new church in that denomination on the programme for dedication. Next to this comes the new one at Englewood. In fact, it is a race between the two which will be first.

The meetings of the Woman's Presbyterian Board for the Northwest will take place hereafter at 10 o'clock every Friday morning, in the Presbyterian Room, McCormick's Block. A more full and prompt attendance has been requested.

It is quite the style now for ministers to edit religious papers as an appendix to their pulpit labors. Mr. Beecher has the *Christian Union*, Dr. Bellows the *Liberal Christian*, Dr. Talmage the *Christian at Work*, Messrs. Tyng and Hepworth the *Working Church*, and Dr. Deems the latest new religious paper, the *Christian Age*.

The Rev. W. C. Young, who has faithfully discharged his duties as pastor of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church during the summer, while so many other ministers are away enjoying their vacation, proposes to start to-morrow on his season of recreation for the Cumberland Mountains in Eastern Kentucky. He will be absent five weeks, during which time the regular services of his church will continue as usual. Mr. Young's pastime in the mountains will be that of hunting and fishing, in which he is quite an adept.

A religious exchange is of the opinion that the children's prayer-meetings will be of incalculable value if made "short, simple, natural, straightforward, real, unconstrained, reverent, and affectionate." It occurs, very correctly, to another religious journal, that "these conditions" would improve the adult prayer-meetings.

The amount of Peter-pence collected in the Diocese of Chicago on a recent Sunday was $8,698.32. St. Mary's Church gave $533.40, which was the largest amount from any one Church. That of the Holy Family gave $452; Bloomington, $200; Ottawa, $163.60; Peoria, $100; Sterling, $55, and so on. The smallest collection in any one Church was $10.

The religious press fairly tingles with communications from ministers scattered from ocean to ocean and all over the North, who are just now ablaze with vacation adventures. T. L. Cuyler is at Crosbyside, on Lake George, where he finds a hotel, kept by a good Presbyterian Elder, so good that he recommends the ruling Eldership to furnish a supply of landlords for all summer resorts.

The Rev. J. Ambrose Wight is at Bennington, one of the oldest towns in Vermont, where the late Horace F. Clark's father, D. A. Clark, for a long time preached the Gospel. In this town the "Songs of the Sanctury" were born, and the Robinsons sing there still, and Wight says it is a little the best choir-singing he hears, though not so perfect as some years since when the same voices were winding up a thirty-years' service together.

The Rev. Dr. Niccolls, of St. Louis, is in the Adirondacks. Somehow or other, they have got a cabinet organ up there, and a preaching service was held recently at which was gathered quite a little congregations. The Doctor says it's not so that you can stand in your camp-door and shoot all the game you want.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Smith, editor of the *Standard*, has gone to Kansas City, to attend the Baptist Educational Convention.

LeRoy Church, whose letters of late from the Rocky Mountains added spice to one of our city religious papers, has returned, and is again at his post.

The Rev. Joseph Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Vincennes, Ind., is in the city for a few days, the guest of the Rev. C. L. Thompson.

Prof. J. T. Hyde, of the Congregational Seminary, has returned home from his vacation. Prof. Boardman, of the same institution, is expected home this week.

The Rev. E. N. Lounsberry, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Aurora, has just recovered from a very severe attack of the cerebro-spinal meningitis.

President Strong, of Carleton College, Maine, will supply the Leavitt Street Congregational Church for two Sundays. This church is without a pastor.

The Rev. Dr. Helmer, pastor of the Union Park Congregational Church, on account of the illness of his family, has not been able to take his recreation, as expected.

The Rev. Florence McCarthy, pastor of the Union Park Baptist Church, has returned home from his vacation. He was gladly welcomed back by his beloved people.

Father Pin, a French priest, from Palestine, is now in Illinois, soliciting assistance for some destitute people in the Holy Land. Mass, at the Catholic Church, Ottawa, was celebrated by him recently.

Prof. M. R. Fory, of Judsonia, Ark., passed through the city a few days since on his way to New York and Boston. He represents the new colony as in a flourishing condition.

The Rev. N. L. Rice, D. D., President of Fulton College, Missouri, known to many in this city, is spending his vacation with friends in Virginia. The Doctor has been quite unwell for some time, but is now convalescing. If he should make Chicago a call on his return he would find some folks glad to see him.

The Rev. Geo. Huntington, pastor of the Oak Park Congregational Church, has returned from his vacation. The corner-stone of his new church was laid on last Thursday. The programme of exercises included singing, reading the Scriptures, an address by the pastor, laying of the corner-stone by James W. Scoville, prayer, and the benediction.

TO-DAY'S SERVICES.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. James McLaughlan will preach at the First Scotch Church at the usual hours.

—The Rev. James Harrison preaches morning and evening at the Church of the Pilgrims.

—There will be no service to-day at the American Reformed Church.

—The Rev. W. S. Campbell, of Little York, Ill., will preach this morning and afternoon in the United Church.

—The Rev. Prof. Patton will preach at the usual hours at the Third Church.

—The Rev. Ben E. S. Ely will preach this morning and evening at Grace Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Van Doren preaches this morning and evening in the Jefferson Park Church.

—The Rev. Mr. De Long, of Waukegan, will preach to-day in the Ninth Church.

—The Rev. C. L. Thompson will preach this morning and the Rev. Joseph Vance, of Vincennes, this evening at the Fifth Church.

—The Rev. J. H. Walker will preach this morning and evening at Reunion Church.

EPISCOPAL.

The Rev. H. C. Kinney will officiate as usual at the Church of the Atonement.

—The Rev. Dr. Stocking officiates this morning and afternoon at the Church of the Epiphany. Sunday evening services will be resumed next week.

—The Rev. Henry G. Perry officiates this morning and evening at All Saints' Church.

—There will be full cathedral services this morning and evening at the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul.

—There will be services this morning and evening at the Church of the Holy Communion.

—The Rev. H. N. Powers will preach this morning and evening in St. John's Church.

METHODIST.

The Rev. J. O. Peck will preach as usual at the Centenary Church.

—The Rev. A. Yonker will preach at the usual hours at the Western Avenue Church.

—The Rev. J. McChesney will preach at the usual hours at Trinity Church.

—The Rev. Dr. Thomas will preach as usual at the First Church.

—The Rev. R. D. Sheppard will preach this morning at the Michigan Avenue Church. There will be a "song service," with addresses, in the evening.

—The Rev. P. Hinners preaches as usual at Immanuel Church.

BAPTIST.

Prof. Mitchel, of the Baptist Theological Seminary, will preach this morning and evening at the Michigan Avenue Church.

—The Rev. T. W. Goodspeed will preach to-day at the Second Church. The evening subject is the "Queen of Sheba."

—The Rev. J. Malvurn, of Biddeford, Me., preaches this mording and evening at the Free Church.

—The Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., will preach this morning in the First Church. In the evening, B. F. Jacobs will lead the Gospel meeting.

—The Rev. W. W. Everts, Jr., will preach this morning at the Indiana Avenue Chapel, and Dr. Everts in the evening.

—The Rev. Florence McCarthy, who has returned from his vacation, will preach to-day at the usual hours at the Union Park Church.

—The Rev. N. T. Ravlin will preach at the usual hours at the Temple Church, corner of Harrison and Sangamon streets.

—The new West Side Baptist interest will hold services this evening, in the United Presbyterian Church, corner of Monroe and Paulina streets. The Rev. Mr. Mable, of Oak Park, will preach.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Rev. John Bradshaw will preach this morning and evening at the Clinton Street Church.

—The Rev. E. P. Goodwin will preach this morning and evening at the First Church.

—The Rev. J. W. Strong, D. D., President of Carleton College, Maine, will preach to-day at the Leavitt Street Church.

—The Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Oak Park, Ill., will preach this morning and evening at Plymouth Church.

—Prof. James T. Hyde preaches as usual at the New England Church.

—The Rev. E. B. Burrows preaches this morning and evening at the Forty-seventh Street Church.

UNITARIAN.

The Rev. Laird Collier will preach this morning in the Fourth Church, to the congregation of that and of the First Church.

—The Rev. Robert Collyer will preach this morning in Unity Church.

UNIVERSALIST.

The Rev. A. C. Fish, of Racine, will preach this morning at Murray Chapel. There is no evening service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Elder D. R. and Mrs. M. S. Mansfield will preach this morning at No. 216 Shurtleff avenue, this afternoon in the grove near Lincoln Park, and this evening at No. 619 Lake street.

—The Rev. F. Richards will preach this morning at the English Evangelical Lutheran Church.

—The Society of Adventists, formerly worshiping in the Green Street Chapel, meet this morning and evening at the corner of Sangamon and Washington streets.

—The Progressive Lyceum meets at noon in Good Templars' Hall, corner of Washington and Desplaines streets.

—The Rev. O. A. Burgess will preach as usual at the Christian Church.

—The Christadelphians meet this morning at the corner of Lake and Desplaines streets. The subject is, "Was the shedding of the blood of Christ of any benefit to mankind?"

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

EPISCOPAL.

Aug. 31—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Aug. 31—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost; St. Raymond Nonnatus, C.
Sept. 1—St. Giles, Abb.; the Twelve Brothers, MM.
Sept. 2—St. Stephen, K. C.
Sept. 4—Votive of the Blessed Sacrament.
Sept. 5—St. Lawrence Justinian, B. C.
Sept. 6—Votive of the Immaculate Conception.

REVIEW OF AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

One short word might be judiciously employed to sum up dramatic matters for the past week,—dullness. Only fair audiences at the three theatres in operation, and good business at the minstrel house. There has been a change of bill at the two leading theatres, but not sufficient to relieve the general torpidity. It is strange, too, that some manager does not take advantage of the present quiet to stir the public up with some striking dramatic success. It is strange rather that the attempt has not been made, for now the opportunity has nearly gone by. A third theatre, completing the list, is to be opened to-morrow with a strong star, and competition threatens to carry the cream of public favor a mile west of the leading houses. The energy of the manager of this last house may stir up, by the success it deserves and will doubtless meet with, his competitors on the South Side to renewed efforts. There should be some galvanizing process; perhaps the West Side theatre will be the battery. The outlook is promising enough, however, and the prospect is good for a week of sharp contest among managers, good receipts, and above all entertainment of a varied kind and almost uniform excellence for the people. Two of Bronson Howard's dramas, one fresh from the cradles, and a popular star in a popular drama at a favorite place of amusement.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

The only noticeable event of the past week at McVicker's Theatre was the change in the star, caused by the conclusion of Mrs. Barry's engagement and the commencement of that of Miss Ada Gray. Mrs. Barry's departure for Boston was rather sudden, and left the management no alternative but to place Miss Gray at a great disadvantage, as remarked in a previous notice of the piece. "Central Park" was summarily withdrawn, and "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" replaced upon the stage with a change in only two roles, Miss Gray appearing as *Marguerite*, and Frank Pierce as *M. Laroque*. It is, under the circumstances, scarcely fair to criticise Miss Gray's impersonation of the character. She has a fine figure and pleasant voice, the latter scarcely full enough for so large a theatre. We shall have a better opportunity of judging Miss Gray in the sparkling comedy "Diamonds," which is to be put on Monday evening, with a cast including nearly every member of the company, as follows:

Mabel Wyckoff	Miss Ada Gray
Herminie	Mrs. Ella Kemble
Mrs. Cornelia Vandycke	Mrs. Allen
Nelly Wyckoff	Miss May Montello
The Todd	Mrs. Stoneall
Mrs. Jerome Skidmore	Mrs. Marie Le Gros
Mrs. Plunkett	Miss Long
Mrs. Bachus	Miss Marble
Percivil Jarvis	W. R. Floyd
Hamilton Wyckoff	James O'Neil
John Reddington	James W. Norris
Judge Cartoza	Frank Pierce
Dr. Shuttleworth	M. Rainford
Tom Truesdell	George Gaston
Jerome Skidmore	Ed. Stuart
Mr. Todd	W. H. Seymour
Uncle Ned	George Holland
'Enry Thomas	G. W. Shields
Plunkett	C. C. Jordan
Bachus	H. N. Wilson
Olyphant	T. N. Edwards
William	H. M. Brown

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

"The Victims" ran with only fair success till last Thursday evening, when Andrew Halliday's pleasant two-act comedy, "Checkmate," took its place, and was promptly accepted by the audience as just such a bright little bit of fun as they desired after the heavy pieces they had been subjected to. The plot of the comedy is in itself sufficiently strained as to hover in a most ludicrous manner upon the verge of probability, while the situations incurred in developing the story, the incidents cleverly worked in, and the sprightly, vivacious dialogue with which they are strung together, combine to render this dramatic morceau piquant and relishable. We have already spoken of Mr. Bishop's impersonation of *Sam Winkle*, his original part, as being by all means the best he has given us. He has elaborated it into a creation irresistibly funny. It is especially adapted to his style, his rotund, jolly figure adding to the absurdity of the character. But there are one or two things about Mr. Bishop which begin to impress themselves disagreeably, and perhaps a quiet hint upon the subject may be accepted in good part. Mr. Bishop frequently forgets that the audience are not included in the cast, and yields to the ever-present temptation to play at them both by facial contortions, which are extremely out of place, and also by addressing them instead of the persons in the drama. So experienced an actor and so good a comedian as Mr. Bishop should be content to leave these unworthy artifices to dramatic fledglings. They are unworthy of a man of his capacity. There is one other recommendation which, in behalf of the audience, we should like to make, and that is, the prohibition of profanity in any form upon the stage. Not that it is the rule at Hooley's to swear. Quite the reverse; but our friend Bishop does occasionally slip in a more forcible expression than the audience care to hear. Mr. Hooley's idea has always been to maintain the utmost purity upon his stage, both in the selection of plays and in language, and hence it is that the theatre has become so strong a favorite with the ladies. It was on this account, and none other, that the press opened out on "The New Magdalen." That piece was not worthy of a theatre so sacredly guarded against anything that could offend. Mr. Dillon occasionally forgot the presence of ladies in the house, and exploded in an oath, which the gallery regarded as very appropriate and amusing. If Mr. Bishop will take the hint he will find that he will be none the less appreciated as a comedian, and more respected as an intelligent gentleman. Of Miss Cline as *Martha Bun* we have already expressed an opinion. This lady is especially adapted for "rough chambermaid parts." She is not a finished actress, but her characters are always strongly outlined when she is not placed in too high a sphere. There is a great deal of individuality in this lady, which can be found in her figure, her manner, her beautiful arm, and her not too mellow voice. In fact, it is as much the rasping quality of the last possession that would unfit Miss Cline for any more refined character than that of *Martha Bun*, were she by culture and study otherwise adapted for it. Not, be it understood, that the crudities of her method are beyond the reach of improvement. With earnest, conscientious application to her art, the lady could fit herself for a loftier place, but without it she cannot aspire to play with anything like faithfulness a light comedy part, such as was assigned her in "Divorce." Mr. Sullivan played the part of *Sir Everton Toffey*. It is an eccentric character, and one which suits Mr. Sullivan in some respects, but not in others, and for this reason, Mr. Sullivan is naturally nervous. He betrays it in every utterance,—not the mere nervousness of indecision, but that which inclines its victim to act upon the impulse of a thought quite contrary to his previous intentions. Mr. Sullivan is excellently adapted for a sharp cross-fire of a witty dialogue, when there are more than two parties engaged in it. He has plenty of vivacity, and shoots in his lines with erratic vigor, but the same mental properties which qualify him for this are a disadvantage in a quiet conversation with so arch a little lady as Miss Cowell's *Charlotte Russe*. The dialogue here portrays *Sir Everton* as rather languid in his acquiescence. "Yes," he admits, "we must have butter with our bread." Think of the prodigious nonsense of this remark if drawled out as an Englishman would drawl it out. It is a remarkable concession of domestic economy to traditional necessity, and the contrast between the microscopic value of the subject, and the importance of the manner in which it is uttered, should be marked distinctly. We mention this as a specimen. There is no doubt that, by a little study, Mr. Sullivan can so discipline himself as to be ready for any such emergency. His first appearance in Chicago in the role of *Alfred Adriance* distressed him, because the part was manifestly uncongenial. Nobody has any sympathy with that person, for he is little less than a lunatic. Mr. Sullivan greatly improved the impression he first made, favorable as that was. We hope to see him in other roles where he will be yet more at home. There is not much to be said about Miss Cowell, because the character of *Charlotte Russe* does not admit of it. She makes it pretty, arch, and pleasant, and that is all there is to it. "Checkmate" will be played to-morrow evening for the last time. Miss O'Conner, we are happy to say, is so far recovered as to be able to appear on Tuesday evening, and, though not really well enough to do her best, will essay to please in the tearful role of *Lilian*, in Bronson Howard's new piece, "Lilian's Last Love," which will be given with all the rich appointments characteristic of the house, with the following cast of characters:

Owen Rutledge	J. W. Blaisdell
Archibald Strebelon	J. J. Sullivan
George Washington Phipps	C. B. Bishop
Lawrence Westbrook	Russell Soggs
Babbage	George Giddens
M. Le Comte Carignac	N. Saulsbury
Wm. Braun	B. B. Brick
Montrillain	W. H. Otis
Dr. Beaumarchais	W. A. Eytinge
D. Mildwinter	W. B. Arnold
Jerrold	S. Reed
Lilian	Eliza O'Conner
Florence	Emma Cline
Aunt Fanny	Mrs. C. F. Maeder
Lisette	Miss Jackson
Natalie	Annie Hamilton

It should be stated that Mr. Sullivan plays the part only to oblige, and "for this occasion only."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

During the past week we gave an extended description of the beautiful little theatre remodeled by Mr. Gardiner, on Halsted street. The new stage, upon which as yet the carpenters and scenic artists have been the only performers, will be submitted to public inspection on Monday night, when Lawrence Barrett will open the theatre as *Richelieu*, in Bulwer's drama of that name. Mr. Barrett is too well known an actor to need any more heralding than Booth, and we shall leave Mr. Gardiner to do all that is necessary, commending Mr. Barrett to the recollection of those who have seen him, and the regrets of those who have neglected their previous opportunities. Mr. Gardiner could not have selected from his long list of stars one more acceptable to the public than Mr. Barrett, nor could he indeed have offered a much better opening piece than "Richelieu." The management are apparently desirous of preserving secrecy as to the cast.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

It is a long time comparatively since the spectacular drama has been revived in Chicago with anything like the splendor of its first introduction. The "Black Crook," at the Academy of Music, is the last we saw of the spectacular, properly so called, and there it was not, strictly speaking, splendid, or gorgeous, or superlative in any degree. Now, however, we are to have a revival in the form of "Aladdin," with all the scenic effects and recommendations of its production in Eastern cities. It has gorgeous scenery and an enormous ballet, with 150 performers, and an ensemble a long way in advance of the "Black Crook." The cast of characters in the spectacular drama is a matter of less consequence than anything imaginable, but the principals will be as follows: *Aladdin*, Mrs. W. H. Leighton; *The Princess*, Miss Cassie Troy; *Kazrac*, Mr. Sam Ryan. The dancing will be guaranteed by the Miles. Emily and Betty Rigl, Emily Siegle, Clara Bogart, Jennette Juby, Marie Bogart, Lotta Cooke, Edith Shuler, and others. Among the other attractions are the Girards in their extravaganza entitled "Leg Mania," and Prof. O'Reardon, with his "Tumbleronicon."

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE.

The success of the past week at Myers' Opera-House is unprecedented in the history of Western minstrelsy, the house being so crowded every night that hundreds of people have been turned away. One can just imagine the effect of this extraordinary success on Sam Myers. His face, always beaming, has absolutely shone during the week, and he only laments that his theatre is not as large as McVicker's. There is a change of programme for the week, the only thing retained being the absurd burlesque entitled "Divorced." Ben Cotton's song, "The Gal in the Dollar Store," and Arlington's recital of the woes of "Our Summer Tour" have not been taken off, and there is plenty of fun substituted for that which has been removed.

AIKEN'S THEATRE

appears to have been almost forgotten in the busy stir of the coming amusement campaign. An enterprising pair of New York managers, Messrs. Chapman & Cordova, have secured a lease of this beautiful house for one year, with the privilege of extending it to two if desirable. During the term of their lease they will run the theatre as a Vaudeville, upon the principle that has never received anything more than a merely nominal trial in Chicago. They intend to make it first-class in every way, giving such a series of performances and exhibitions as will interest ladies of refinement, without permitting anything on the stage which shall be in a remote degree offensive to good taste or delicacy. Such is their programme. The promises we have all heard before; if they fulfill theirs, they will be the first to do so, and will succeed. Otherwise not. They will open two weeks from to-morrow evening, before which date their programme will be announced. They announce the following stars as engaged: Miss Lina Edwin; Bland Holt, the English comedian; the celebrated Martens family of "Cat Duet" fame; Casolotti, the famous Italian gymnast; William Wells and Maud Gray, in their new English sensation, entitled "The Statue of the Period;" Signor Caseletti, the celebrated violinist; Pat Rooney, the Irish comedian; Miss Ida Burt, vocalist and soubrette actress; Miss Leo Gordon; Miss Lottie Brown, vocalist; Mad. Nully Pieris, from the Grand Opera-House; Mr. Gus Mills, change artist and burlesque prima donna; Sergeant Childers, in his Zouave drill, the Ventini family of acrobats and gymnasts, and Johnny Bowman, negro comedian. The regular company will consist of the following ladies and gentlemen:

J. H. Clarke,	Mrs. J. H. Clarke,
E. Buell,	Miss Ida Mason,
Harry Phillips,	Miss Alice Merry,
W. Sharpley,	Miss Annie Ward,
J. Barry,	Mrs. J. Barry,

George F. McDonald.

Sig. Cardella will be ballet-master. The entire ballet has not yet been selected, but is being filled up rapidly.

PERSONAL.

The public will be pained to learn that an estimable lady and accomplished actress, Mrs. Mary Myers, who has been identified for a number of years with McVicker's Theatre, is suffering from a distressing affection of the eyes, caused by catching cold. Her recovery, we are glad to learn, is assured, although it will be some time before she can take her place on the stage.

"FRENCHWOMEN."

Under the foregoing caption we are soon to see a performance at McVicker's Theatre of Henri Murger's celebrated comedy-drama, "La Vie de Boheme," anglice "Bohemian Life," a play which, under the title of "Mimi", has occupied the boards on Wallack's Theatre for the last two months and a half. The translation used at Wallack's is from the pen of the irrepressible Dion Boucicault; the other translation is from the hand of a countryman of Henri Murger, and is offered, he says, in vindication of the real meaning and true beauty of the play. The history of this play, the most successful of its decade on the Parisian stage, is not a little interesting. Henri Murger was a Bohemian, the Bohemian *par excellence* not only of his own but all ages. He lived in a mysterious way, going often two or three days without bed or board, and, whenever he made a hundred francs, spending them in an hour with a set of authors, artists, and students reckless as himself. From this set of men have sprung the majority of the great authors, thinkers, painters, and poets of the France of our day. In a moment of inspiration Murger sat down under the tiles of a French Mansard-garret, and on brown wrapping-paper, obtained at a grocer's, wrote a narrative work which he entitled "Scenes de la Vie de Boheme." This book he brought to the great critic, Jules Janin. The latter read it in amazement. The purity of its French, rivaling that of Camille Desmoulins, the genial humanity that pervades its every sentence, its poesy and humor took him entirely by surprise. "You have produced a classic," said Janin. "Possibly," said Murger, "will you give me 300 francs for it?" Janin smiled sadly at the Bohemian devil-may-care spirit of the proposition, and said, "I will get you 30,000 for it." "Oh, bah! was the reply. Janin took him to his own publisher, and the work was issued, netting to Murger, ere he died, nearly 200,000. The sale of its first edition, however, was slow,—very slow,—and Janin said to Murger, "I will tell you how to hurry the returns. Make the story into a play." "I never wrote a play," said Murger." "Then do it now," insisted Janin. "But there is nothing dramatic about me," said the lazy, brilliant poet of Bohemia. "Get Barriere to help you in the damatization." Barriere is best known in the America of to-day by his worst work, played here under the title of "Alixe," and in France under that of the "Countesse de Sommerine." Murger went to Barriere.

"Will you make a play for me out of the 'Scenes de la Vie de Boheme,' put my poor *Mimi* on the stage, and let Paris see that if we poor fellows write poetry for money, we live poetry for its own sake? I will pay you half the proceeds of the play."

Barriere, practical as the other was poetical replied simply—"I will give you three fourths. You bring the original thought, you are the poet, which now, as in the days of the Greek, means the maker, and he who makes should own."

Murger—"Fix the terms as you like, but do advance me 20 francs to get a pair of boots."

The 20 francs were lent, and in the boots they purchased Henri Murger sat in the Varieties at Paris in the cold November of '49 looking at his play, and hearing Guizot, Thiers, Gautier, Dumas, and all the rest of that brilliant coterie express their delight and admiration; and both the play and the original work passed at once into the standard literature of France. The popularity of the play called the attention of the masses to the original story, or rather stories; and Murger, like Byron and Chatterton, awoke one fine morning to find himself famous for all the time that the language of France may endure.

This excerpt from the curiosities of French literature has long since found its way to the "readers" of the French schools, and not "The School for Scandal" is better known in England than "The Vie de Boheme" in France.

Now, reader, drop this paper, and buy a copy of the latest New York *Herald* on the news-stand. Turn to the advertising columns. See under the head of Wallack's Theatre the following:

"MIMI"—*By Dion Boucicault.*

Recollect that this "Mimi" is but a translation of Murger's play, and then ask yourself what would be the size of the red-hot stove in literature that Dion could not steal——that is, "appropriate." Line for line, scene for scene, speech for speech, Boucicault steals; and, though he knows that not a single Frenchman, not a single French scholar in the audience, fails to recognize the work, he comes on the stage, and, with a face as calm as that of Oakes Ames before a Congressional committee, utters, himself, as author and actor, the leading lines of Murger's creation.

From "La Vie de Boheme," the "Mimi" of Boucicault, and the "Frenchwomen" in rehearsal at Mr. McVicker's, came the foundation of Dumas' great play of Camille, and his novel of the Dame aux Camellias, so popular here ten years ago; but which, lacking the purity of Murger's work, is necessarily limited to a shorter life.

The translation of Murger's play now in rehearsal at McVicker's is said to have been carefully done by one who, a Bohemian himself, could well sympathise with the fascinating yet melancholy lessons of that immortal drama.

ALEXANDRE CAZARAN.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Barney Williams has canceled his engagement at Booth's and goes back to Europe in October.

Mr. Louis James has been induced to remain in New York, and will continue with Mr. Daly's company.

Mr. Bellew, the distinguished reader, has arrived in London from a tour of Switzerland and Italy, and purposes to sail for this country on Sept. 12. He will stop at Quebec for a few days before coming to New York.

The American tour of Signor Salvini is limited to 100 performances, to be given in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, and Havana.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons plays *Juliet*, in Edinburgh, in September, to the *Romeo* of a young actor who was recently "walking-gentleman" at the Lyceum. Juliets now-a-days love wretched Romeos, and love to monopolize the strong acting.

Mr. Bateman, in London, is getting up the play of "Richelieu," with which—in very costly and magnificent style—to open the new theatrical season at the Lyceum Theatre in that city. Mr. Irving will perform the *Cardinal*.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, the principal proprietor of the *Daily News* in London, is also the lessee of the Queen's Theatre and the Royal Theatre, and, strange to say, has not lost much money by these dramatic experiments.

The thirty-first dramatic season of the Boston Museum will commence to-morrow. Among the well known artists engaged for this old home of comedy are Messrs. Barron, Warren, LeMoyne, McClannin, Smith, Williams, and Ring; Miss Annie Clarke, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Mary Cary, and Mrs. Fred Williams.

Mr. Sothern is happy, having reached the summit of his advertising ambition. He can now appear before an audience with the prestige of a murderer. The poor, helpless drunkard he so bravely threw from a railroad car in California died of his injuries. Everybody go and see Sothern.

"Nym Crinkle" (Wheeler, of the *World*,) says: "Every year the managers have found it more difficult to procure stage stories combining the romance of the old with the realism of the new. Either the men capable of furnishing the theatre with ideas were not to be found or they were better employed."

The following millennial hope expressed by the dramatic critic of the *World* may not be realized: "Indeed, squinting at the whole matter with a practical eye, I do not despair of the time when Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer will have so perfected their business as to be able to serve us up ballet-girls on toast between the acts. NYM CRINKLE."

Mr. Barnum has organized a new show, to be called "P. T. Barnum's Marvelous Drawing-Room Aggregation." It includes the Majiltons, the English Wait Family, and a miscellaneous corps of about forty performers. Mr. B. F. Lowell is manager. This show is to travel, and give burlesque, dancing, comic opera, and all sorts of light entertainments, in halls and opera-houses throughout the country. It will begin at Bridgeport, Conn., on Sept. 22. Mr. Barnum's Circus and Menagerie will not be discontinued.

The company belonging to the Fifth Avenue Theatre make their first appearance in Cincinnati, on the 1st of September, in "Divorce." They remain three weeks, playing during the time of the Great Western Industrial Exhibition in that city. The cast will be as nearly as possible the same as when the piece was played in New York,—Miss Morris, Miss Davenport, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Davidge. The piece is one especially adapted to reveal the strength of the company, and the people of Cincinnati may congratulate themselves on the opportunity of seeing a perfect ensemble.

Of the principal New York theatres now open none are offering to their nightly patrons performances of high art. With the opening of Booth's Theatre to-morrow evening grounds for this complaint will be removed. The drama of "Rip Van Winkle" has become so well known that every entrance, every exit, every quaint remark of the hero, and each guilty start of the very melodramatic villain is anticipated by the ordinary play-goer; but the rendering of the principal character as given us by the best of our comedians is the perfection of art. We understand that these forthcoming series of performances of the famous legendary play will be the vehicle of Mr. Jefferson's last appearance as *Rip* for some time to come, as he intends presenting an entirely new characterization at an early day.

The fall season at the Boston Theatre will commence to-morrow with the performance of a scenic drama entitled, "Polaris; or, The Northern Lights." The new company consists of the following artists: Mr. L. R. Shewell, Messrs. J. H. Fitzpatrick, C. Leslie Allen, D. J. Maguinnis, H. S. Murdoch, Harry Richmond, Geo. W. Wilson, E. B. Holmes, W. H. Norton, T. M. Hunter, J. W. Hague, J. O. Stevens, Rufus Scott, J. W. Gardiner, R. L. Dillon, J. Taylor, Albert Collins, C. Madden, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Olivia Rand, Mrs. Chas. Poole, Mrs. T. M. Hunter, Miss Blanche Hayden, Mrs. C. Leslie Allen, Miss Ruth Hoffman, Miss Hattie Stevens, Miss M. A. Uart, Miss Carrie Prescott, Miss M. Follett, Miss A. Winslow, Miss Jessie Morgan, Miss E. Smiley, Miss J. Smiley, Mr. W. Raynor, Mr. N. Lothian, Jr.

The New York *Tribune* says: "It was rumored some time ago that Matilda Heron had written her Autobiography. Time proves the statement true. Miss Heron's work has received its last touches, and we are informed that it will very soon be published. It deals with the professional life of the distinguished actress, and with that alone,—all mention of her domestic experience being omitted. That experience, it is but too well known, has been full of painful vicissitudes and wretchedness; and the actress is wise to leave it to a possible oblivion. Miss Heron, in her day, was a very brilliant success, and had a career that should be fruitful of instructive lessons as well for followers and observers of the stage as for students of the effect of dramatic art upon human character. The period through which she has lived has been illumined by bright names and honorable achievements on the stage, and has been attended by strange fluctuations of theatrical fortune and of public taste. All this she has seen, and in much of it she has participated; and, since we cannot doubt that her narrative of its incidents will be full of fiery spirit and originality of manner, we think there is reason to anticipate in her autobiography a valuable addition to the historical literature of the stage."

If the following estimate of a popular burlesque actress is not complimentary, it has the sterling merit of truthfulness. It is from the New York *Tribune*, in a notice of the last piece of extravagant nonsense entitled "Mephisto:"

> Miss Lydia Thompson appeared as *Pluto*. We know not which is the more inveterate in pernicious recurrence—Miss Lydia Thompson or the midnight musquito. Both get slapped at a great deal. Both take brief and whirring flights. And both are certain, at fixed intervals, to skip back, as gaily as ever, to sing and to bore. Miss Thompson may have been funny at some remote period of her long and chequered professional existence; but, as Quinn says in the play, we "do no habitually read ancient history." She certainly is not funny now. She never makes anybody laugh. She has not a particle of drollery, in temperament or in action, and her whole idea of burlesque appears to be—agility and animal spirits.

The New York *Herald* publishes a stricture from a lady correspondent on the indecency of Matt Morgan's pictures in the "Black Crook," which provokes the painter to hurl the following at the public:

> *To the Editor of the Herald:*
> I am exceedingly loth to take up your time or encroach upon your valuable space, but the prominence you have given to "a young lady's opinions" on my pictures in the "Black Crook" compels me to say a few words in self-defense. May I ask the young lady in question, or any other lady, young or old, if she has ever seen the illustrious American sculptor, Hiram Powers' statue of the "Greek Slave?" Has she ever seen Titian's "Venus?" Has she ever been into any great collection of paintings, and whether she has come to the conclusion that such exhibitions are "outrageously lewd?" If she has come to such conclusion, I have nothing more to say; but while thousands of pure-minded American ladies can contemplate the works of our great sculptors and painters, both here and abroad, without a blush, I have yet to learn that the mere fact of such works being exhibited in the "Black Crook" would render them "outrageously lewd." "To the pure all things are pure." Away with such criticism! It is of the kind which would cover the "Venus de Medicis" with a gauze petticoat and put trowsers on the legs of pianofortes. I remain yours obediently, MATT MORGAN.

An American gentleman in Florence, who went to see the Italian tragedian Salvini (soon to visit America) play "Othello," writes to a New York journal: "When Salvini appeared there was a loud buzz through the vast auditory of 6,000 people. He was made up as a genuine Moor,—perhaps a little too dark,—but the majesty of his presence, the virile puissance of the man as he strode on, left no room to question the complexion of his face. Somehow he reminded me then and afterwards of Forrest. Whether it was the muscular proportions, the emotional intensity, or the rich bass of his voice I could not say, but I found on comparing my impressions with those of my American acquaintances, that I was not alone in this notion. It was not long before he interested me in spite of myself. Throughout the purely emotional parts of the play, I was struck by his declamation no less than his passion. He seemed to fit one so exquisitely to the other, and I can hear his mellow, bass voice ringing through those stone corridors as I write now. It was in the last act, however, that he rose to his full height as a tragedian. In the bed scene with *Desdemona* he stood with his back to the audience, but in the momentous intervals he turned and looked over his shoulder, displaying a face so tortured with passion that it seemed transformed. And by this simple act of exhibiting his agony, he so worked upon the spectators that before the work of smothering *Desdemona* was completed they broke out in cries of *basta! basta!*—enough. After this performance I went behind to see the actor, at the invitation of a friend. We found him prostrate in a chair panting and gasping like a victorious race horse, while two or three attendants were bathing his head with cold water. He seemed utterly prostrated, and our interview was a short one.

MUSIC.

To quote commercial parlance, the musical market remains unchanged, but with an upward tendency. We have already given the details of the forthcoming operatic concert campaigns with such fullness that it is unnecessary to refer to them at present. The Apollo Club enters upon its second year this week. It has taken new rooms in the Superior Block, on Clark street, which have been very handsomely furnished, and which will be occupied for the first time on Monday evening, upon which occasion the annual meeting will be held. It is, as yet, too early to outline the concerts of the Club for the coming season, but we may state authoritatively that they will be even more attractive than those of last season, which, it will be remembered, were a remarkable success.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A new paper called the *Gossip*, devoted to music, the drama, fine arts, and society intelligence, has been issued here under very excellent auspices. If it is kept up with the same ability which marks the initial number, it ought to prove a success.

Louis Falk, the well-known organist, has written a march called "The Grand Exposition March," which has just been published by Th. Falk & Co., 750 West Washington street. As might have been expected from such an excellent musician as Mr. Falk, the composition is one of exceptional merit, and ought to make a more than local reputation. The title-page, giving a picture of the Exposition Building, is a remarkably beautiful one.

We are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Balmer & Weber, St. Louis, for a new song and chorus, "Little Sweetheart," by T. H. Campbell.

Mr. John Molter, the music dealer, has just received Nos. 1 and 2 of the second volume of the *Musical World*, being for July and August, 1873. Like all the other numbers of this splendid work, they are filled full of vocal and instrumental gems.

ENGLISH OPERA.

Mr. C. D. Hess, the manager of the English Opera Troupe, has returned from Europe, and is at present stopping in this city. The company is now full, and is made up of the following artists:

Sopranos—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Madame Brignoli (formerly Miss McCulloch), and Miss Annie Schofield.

Contraltos—Mrs. Zelda Seguin and Miss Kate Owen.

Tenors—Wilford Morgan, Joseph Maas, and Theodore Habelmann.

Baritones—William Carleton and G. F. Hall.

Bassos—Henry Peakes, John Clark, Ellis Ryse, and Edward Seguin.

Conductors—Edward Reyloff and Benjamin Owen.

The novelties of the repertoire are "Mignon" and "Crispino," and, perhaps, Balfe's "Talisman." The season commences in Philadelphia Oct. 6, but no dates have yet been fixed for Chicago.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Florence Ziegfeld, the Director of the Chicago Musical College, has just returned from Europe, where he has been for his health. He comes back greatly improved and strengthened, and will resume his duties at the College on Sept. 15.

Signor Farini, the music-teacher, is again in the city, and has taken rooms for his professional duties in the Palmer House, over Bauer's music store.

TURNER HALL.

The Turner Hall programme for this evening is as follows:

1. Overture to "Indigo" ... Strauss
2. Duo for cornet and trombone ... Schnappe
3. Adagio from Grand Septette ... Beethoven
4. Potpourri from "Trovatore" ... Neumann
5. Overture to "Lestoque" ... Auber
6. Morgenblatter Waltz ... Strauss
7. Potpourri from "Robert" ... Meyerbeer
8. Kaiser Polonaise ... Strauss
9. Snow-Bell Polka ... Faust
10. March ... Hamm

CHURCH CONCERT.

A sacred concert will be given this evening at St. Mary's Church under the direction of Mr. Frank G. Rohner, organist, with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Organ Solo—"Concerto" ... Rink
Mr. Rohner.
2. Trio—"Let Thy Loving Mercy" ... Southard
Miss Farrell and Messrs. Schultze and Bowen.
3. Solo Soprano—"Salve Regina" ... Davis
Mrs. McGuire.
4. Solo Tenore—"Ye People, Rend Your Hearts," ... Mendelssohn
Mr. Ed. Schultze.
5. Duo—"Ever Blessed Child" ... Mendelssohn
Mrs. McGuire and Miss Farrell.
6. Organ Solo—"Andante and Fugue in D Minor" ... Hesse
Mr. Rohner.

PART II.

1. Solo Basso—"Aria" from "St. Paul" ... Mendelssohn
Mr. F. A. Bowen.
2. Solo Contralto—"But the Lord is Mindful" ... Mendelssohn
Miss L. Farrell.
3. Trio—"O Salutaris," arranged by Mr. Rohner from ... Verdi
Mrs. McGuire and Messrs. Schultze and Bowen.
4. Organ Solo—March from "Athalie" ... Mendelssohn
Mr. Rohner.
5. Quartette—Benedictus from "Fourth Mass" ... Haydn
Choir.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Madame Parepa-Rosa will reappear on the lyric stage as soon as her health permits.

It is rumored that Maretzek's orchestra will be composed of non-members of the Musicians' Protective Union.

Mrs. Martha Condeen, a pupil of Mrs. J. H. Long, sailed Aug. 14, in the Olympus. She goes to Milan to study music three years.

Mme. Nilsson-Rouzaud was to visit Switzerland before sailing for America and appearing at the Academy of Music, in this city, on Sept. 29.

Adelina Patti was presented at her London benefit with a canoe covered with roses, in delicate acknowledgment of her having successfully paddled her own.

We hear that the orders for boxes and seats for the Nilsson-Strakosch season of Italian opera, at the Academy of Music, have been extraordinary, assuring a prosperous engagement.

Mr. Delafield, the brewer, who carried on the Royal Italian Opera in London for two seasons, lost $400,000 by the enterprise.

Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the famous German war song, "The Watch on the Rhine," died on the 26th at Schwalkeiden.

Milan ought to be the paradise of writers upon music and the drama. No fewer than fifteen journals devoted to these subjects are there published. How the performers must suffer!

During the Italian opera season that is just over in London, only thirteen operas were given in fifty-seven nights, and of these two were revivals and the remainder hackneyed compositions.

Theodore Thomas is reported to be negotiating with Mr. M. W. Whitney, the celebrated bass singer, of Boston, for a tour through the West.

Miss Rose Hersee sings in Haydn's "Creation" and other pieces for a week, at the close of the present month, at Covent Garden, and then travels in England with the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

"Missourian" writes to the New York *Tribune* asking if there is no way of putting a stop to the talking at Thomas' concerts. "How would it do," asks this aggrieved lover of music, "to hire a man who is a good shot with the revolver, and station him in some part of the hall, with instructions to 'pick off' all persons talking while any piece is playing?" But you couldn't penetrate the hide of the gabblers with anything short of an ounce ball.

The London *Hornet* gives the following: "Sir Michael Costa is the author of the last musical mot. At a rehearsal of 'Il Talismano' at Drury Lane, Miss Nilsson complained of the expression in the Italian libretto, 'When the turtle-doves behold you, they begin to sing.' In vain was it explained to her that, as the words were not in her part, but in Signor Campanini's, her complaint was ill-founded. At last, in despair, Signor Zaffira, the Italian librettist, appealed to Sir Michael. 'What!' said Sir Michael; 'she objects to turtle doves? Then make it geese. When she appears the geese begin.' That ought to satisfy her."

A new mass by Gounod will be presented for the first time at the composer's London concerts, which begin in January next. The French composer has completed the music of Jeanne d'Arc, and the work will shortly be brought forward at the Gaite, Paris. The music comprises: An orchestral introduction, chorus of peasants, scene des voix, romance for Charles d'Orleans, chant religieux, minuet, chorus of cavaliers, chorus of soldiers, prayer (Veni Creator), chorus of women, march and coronation chorus, chorus of soldiers and duo of nuns, funeral march, and scene at the stake.

GERMANY.

Some Extracts from Mr. Fulton's Correspondence.

Sights at Munich, Stuttgardt, and Heidelberg.

A Royal Palace—The Statue of Bavaria—Beer—A Sunday in the Capital of Wirtemberg.

Revisiting the Fatherland—The Marriage-Question—A Noted Old Castle.

MUNICH.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

THE ROYAL PALACE.

We put off to our last day in Munich a visit to the Royal Palace, which we found to be a very capacious establishment, full of rotten, faded, royal gilt and crimson splendor. The walls are frescoed with war scenes and peace scenes in the history of Bavaria. We passed through from forty to fifty spacious halls and rooms, consisting of ball-rooms, concert-rooms, and churches, the ceilings of which were fully thirty feet high, paneled and ornamented with gilt and frescoes. War scenes figured everywhere, most of them seeming like a mass of horses, men, banners, cannon, and warlike accoutrements, thrown together in inextricable confusion, each warrior with sword, battle-ax, or dagger, just about to plunge it into the bowels of his next-door neighbor. Indeed, in most cases, if the fight should have gone as it was in progress when the painter caught a glimpse of the scene, in a very few moments there would have been no one left to tell the tale. There were two large rooms, however, which contained a collection of paintings of Bavarian beauties. Old King Ludwig had a passion for ordering a painting of every very handsome woman that he met, and there are about sixty of as beautiful specimens of humanity in these two large halls as the world can produce. The two handsomest of the collection were from the lower strata, one of them being the wife of a circus-rider, and the other a cobbler's daughter. The famous Lola Montez, who bewitched the old King, had a place here once, but she has been removed. The throne-room is very large and elegant, the ceiling being 40 feet high and paneled in gilt, whilst along the walls of the room are stationed statues of the sixteen Kings of Bavaria, cast in bronze and richly gilded. The present King is quite a fine-looking fellow, but he keeps himself shut up in his country palace, and will seldom see any one. He is only a King by name, as Bismarck is the master of Bavaria, and he is probably disgusted with the empty bauble he holds by divine right.

THE BAVARIA.

This wonderful statue, which we had only seen from a distance, is still more wonderful on a close inspection. We drove out in the cool of the morning yesterday before the sun had concentrated its rays on the burnished metal and thoroughly explored it. A winding iron staircase passes up through the white marble pedestal, and continues on through the body of the statue, the whole number of steps being about 130, one-half of which are through the pedestal and the balance through the internal portion of the statue. The stairs are narrow, only large enough for one person to go abreast, but until the waist of the figure is reached the banister on each side is fully four feet from the outer metal. A gentleman and lady had passed up before us, and when we reached the head they were seated side by side in one of the cheeks, leaving room enough for four more inside of the capacious head. We looked out of her eyes on Munich and the mountains, and also by standing erect, through a hole about as large as a man's hand at the base of her water-fall, or twist of hair. To do this the reader will please to understand that we had to stand erect inside of the head, and rise on tiptoe. It was too hot at this early hour to remain long, especially as we heard some more visitors coming up, and concluded to beat a hasty retreat. At the foot of Bavaria a lion is sitting, and on the inside both the lion and the dress of the figure forms one cavity. The appearance of this statue as it is approached across a broad meadow, with the large white marble colonnade in the rear and sides of it, is that of a magnificently-formed giantess, with her right arm extended over her head holding a wreath. The idea that the figure itself is sixty feet high, from the heel to the crown of the head, seems preposterous, and that it is possible for six persons to enter the cavity of the head at the same time you feel disposed to doubt. However, we thoroughly tested it, and although there were four of us in it at one time, we assure the reader that there was abundant room for two more ordinarily-sized mortals to be comfortably seated. It stands on the summit of the hill, and sixty broad marble steps have to be mounted to reach the level on which the pedestal and the marble temple stands. The wreath in the hand of Bavaria is, therefore, nearly two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country.

BEER.

It is difficult to pass a day in Munich without striking upon a new phase of the beer question, and it is equally difficult to write a letter without taking it as a text for at least one of the chapters. There is probably not a human being, from the infant in the cradle to the old man or woman tottering to the grave, that does not drink at least one *litre* of beer per diem, which is equal to four full glasses, independent of the froth, such as is sold in the beer-saloons of Baltimore. Most men and women drink two *litres*, and some four, five, or six, and it must be understood that each *litre*, independent of the froth, represents a full solid quart of beer. There are, besides the saloons and restaurations, forty-three *kellers* or breweries, in Munich, where the people assemble as in mass meeting, and drink these huge *litres* of beer. At these places there are no waiters, everybody being compelled to wash their *litre* and wait upon themselves.

Let the reader imagine forty-three schuetzenfests, similar to those we sometimes have in Baltimore, all in daily progress, and some idea can be formed of everyday life in Munich. At these *kellers* all classes of people, with their wives, daughters, and sons, young men with their sweethearts, and children in arms, are among the visitors. It is part of the daily food of every one, and is drank at the breweries and gardens because it is always cold and fresh there. At all of these places a barrel is emptied every few minutes from sunrise to sunset, and stale beer is consequently an impossibility. When drank at home they send their servants with their glasses to the *kellers*, and have it always fresh and good.

Neither whisky, brandy, gin, nor any other intoxicating liquor is known in Munich. Brandy can only be had at the apothecary shops on a physician's prescription. If brandy or whisky was called for at any of the restaurants, there would be as much surprise as if laudanum had been demanded. Beer is part of the daily food, and it is called for and drank with as much innocence of any idea of intoxication, as if a cup of tea or coffee was being partaken. Sometimes a man who has drank too much beer will fall asleep, but intoxication is entirely unknown. The workingmen drink a *litre* of beer at dinner-time, and another at supper, but seldom go beyond this, except on Sunday, when they have nothing else to do. Being accustomed to it, the effect on them may produce drowsiness, but never drunkenness.

We were called upon last evening by Prof. Rothmund, of Munich, who desired us to accompany him to one of the *kellers* in the western section of the city, to see Munich life as it really is. We reached there about 8 o'clock, and, although there were seats and tables for fully 2,000 persons, it was with difficulty we could find room in any part of the grounds. It was in a section of the city where the laboring people reside almost exclusively. Nothing could be had here but beer, bread, cheese, and radishes, and all that vast mass of people were sitting together, with their wives and children, partaking of this simple food, to the great majority of whom it was their only supper. We remained until nearly 10 o'clock, at which time the company had thinned down more than one-half, and during the two hours we heard not a loud word spoken, nor anything said at one table so loud as to be heard at another. Everybody had to wait upon themselves, and wash their own mugs, and sometimes the throng at the windows of the tap-room was five or six deep. The tables were closely packed together, each being about sixteen feet long, with plain wooden benches of the same length, and just room left between them to pass in or out. All classes of people here intermixed together, and we observed at some of the tables people who bore all the outer evidence of being of the very best class in Munich. There were a number of carriages waiting to take home parties who had come here to spend the evening. We got into conversation with a German lady at the table at which we were sitting, who we found could speak some English. She was both shocked and surprised at one of the ladies of our party refusing to drink beer, and laughed heartily as she saw her drinking water from a brown beer mug, which was the only drinking vessel that we could find. She said that she and her husband made a practice of visiting this *keller* every clear evening, and that it was precisely as we found it, and equally thronged. The only question inquired as to a place was as to the quality of its beer. All were served alike and treated alike, whether prince or peasant, or laborer or mendicant, and all were expected to behave themselves alike. There were no police officers in attendance, and none were required. Both this lady and her husband (he proved to be a clergyman and she the sister of the Chief Justice of Bavaria), made many inquiries as to the beer question in America, both of them persisting in regarding beer as an essential and necessary article of food. They contended that it was also healthy, much more so than coffee, and although they admitted that some persons injured themselves by drinking too much of it, they persisted that they should be classed among the gluttons, who were still more numerous, and injured their health by eating too much. To drink beer to personal injury they regarded as a long and arduous undertaking, requiring so much time and so much beer that few ever succeeded in it.

MATRIMONIAL CUSTOMS.

It may be an interesting item of news to some of your lady readers to notice the fact that on every Monday morning a list of all the engagements for marriage that have taken place during the preceding week are published in the morning papers. They proceed to state that "John Schmidt, son of Thomas and Marie Schmidt, has entered into a contract for marriage to Katherine Von Jones, second daughter of Josef and Emile Jones, and that all the papers have been signed and approved by both contracting parties." How would our ladies like this formality of proceeding, which virtually cuts them off from all gentlemen's society except the affianced one? He is allowed only to spend one evening a week with her in company of father and mother until the ceremony is performed; and how would our youthful Benedicts like this, especially as they are not expected to give much time to their lady friends after the publication of this formal announcement?

STUDYING ENGLISH.

This lady, to whom we have alluded, assured us that she had been studying English for two years, and added that "everybody in Munich is studying English." There were so many English and Americans constantly visiting Munich, and so many students and others permanently residing here, that all people in business find it to their advantage to have some knowledge of the language, whilst others were picking it up by coming in contact with American and English families. English was also being taught in the schools. A few evenings since, whilst taking supper at the garden of the Maximilian Restaurant, a large family of Germans were sitting at the adjoining table, including eight grown persons and three children. The children were playing around the table, and, although the conversation among the elders was entirely in German, the children played together in English, and whenever the mother addressed them it was always in broken English. The children would occasionally come up and take a sip of beer out of the father's or mother's glass, at the same time exchanging kisses, and slip off to their play again.

STUTTGARDT.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

SUNDAY IN STUTTGARDT.

We spent Sunday in this rejuvenated ancient city, and found it quite different from Sunday in Austria. This is a Protestant country, there being but 10,000 Catholics in this city to 90,000 Protestants. As usual, we started out in search of fruit, but found everything closed up, as if hermetically sealed. The market-house was not only empty, but cleaned and washed, so that you could scarcely tell whether it was a market-hall or ball-room. The bells all over the city were announcing the Sabbath day, and the people were out in their best attire for early morning worship. The beer-shops were all closed, and all manner of business suspended. A more staid observance of the day could scarcely be found in old England, though in the evening the strictness was somewhat relaxed so far as all kinds of eating and drinking were concerned. The beer of Stuttgardt is not inviting, and tastes very much as if it were the rinsings of the Munich brewers. It is not, therefore, drank to any great extent, except by those who cannot afford wine, which is so cheap and abundant here. In fact, we are grateful to be able to record the fact that we are again in a city where water is used for some other purpose than squirting it through fountains. There are plenty of fountains here, and the water is good and palatable. We record it to the honor of Stuttgardt, that it is the only city on the Continent where drinking-cups are suspended at the fountains, giving an opportunity for man to lave his thirst in passing, without being compelled to lap up the water like a brute.

But Sunday in Stuttgardt is so anti-Continental that we do not wonder that it is becoming a favorite place of residence for both English and Americans. A large number of American and English families have located here to educate their children. At the hotel table this morning, a number of those present were using the English language. On the corners all over the city posters were up with a representation of the American flag, under which was a notice to Americans to attend the Fourth of July celebration. At all the hotels the waiters speak English, as the clerks do in most of the stores, which fact please report to President Grant, in proof of the approaching millennium of language when all the world will say its prayers and call for its beer in good plain English. Although we liked the opportunity of returning again to good water, and finding the English language spoken, we felt a longing this morning for the rich and luscious coffee of Vienna, where no one knows how to make bad coffee. We could stand the bad beer of Stuttgardt by doing without it, but we seldom remember to have tasted worse coffee, even when brewed in a hut in Santo Domingo, than was placed before us at the most fashionable hotel in Stuttgardt this morning.

VISITORS TO THE FATHERLAND.

We met to-day in the cars, on our way to Stuttgardt, a German who has for many years resided in California, and who is now returning from a visit to the home of his childhood. He had his youthful remembrances of its attractions, and the joyful days when all seemed bright and beautiful. For many years he had longed for the time to come when he could revisit the Fatherland. He even imagined that the fruits of Germany were more luscious and sweet than those of California, and had often boasted that such was the case. He had finally come to spend a few months amid the scenes of his youth, and was now returning disgusted with everything. Most of his old acquaintances were either dead or gone to America. Many of them had been killed in battle. The fruits which had tasted so sweet were insipid as compared with the fruits of California. None of the comforts of life were known here except to the titled and wealthy. Hotel life, as compared with the hotels of San Francisco, was worse than living in a hovel at the mines. He had found it a constant struggle to get anything fit to eat since he had landed at Liverpool. The *table d'hote* he regarded as a burlesque on good living. He had found everybody he came in contact with planning some mode to swindle him, or begging for money for services that had not been rendered, or for which he had already paid. A more thoroughly disgusted individual we had never met with, unless it was Mr. Raster, editor of the Chicago *Staats Zeitung*, who is also on a visit to the Fatherland. When we last met him he was more in love with his adopted country than ever, and longed for the comforts of his home. This is the case with nearly all the American Germans whom we have met with. They have been thoroughly cured of their longing for home, and will return better Americans than ever. They can no longer see any pleasure in the glitter of royalty, or admire the costly palaces and monuments to the memory of dead tyrants, whose whole glory consisted in leading to slaughter hecatombs of their countrymen to maintain kingly prerogatives or avenge personal grievances. The young men of Europe, cooped up in barracks, and being marched and drilled in the scorching sun, that they may be ready to lay down their lives at the bidding of their masters, are to them a sad sight, when they remember the freedom of their own children from military service. It would do good to a good many of our naturalized citizens to pay a visit to the Fatherland. Many of them are like the grumbling husband who imagines that nothing tastes as good as that which his mother cooked, forgetting that he then had a youthful appetite that sweetened his food and helped his digestion.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Whilst driving around and viewing the sights of Stuttgardt yesterday afternoon, a conversation with the carriage-driver was thoroughly corroborative of a statement made in a former letter as to the difficulty a poor man had to encounter before he could get married in any of these German countries. It will be remembered that as one of the reasons for the great disregard of the marriage relation in Austria, we stated that men and women were driven to lives of shame by the obstructions of the law to marriage. That unless a man could prove to the Mayor and Council of the town in which he was born that he was able to support a family, and that his children, if he should have any, would not become a charge on the town, no priest or clergyman was allowed to marry him. It seems that this law prevails throughout all German-speaking countries, and is rigidly enforced, for the protection of each other from pauperism. The carriage-driver inquired whether there was any law to prevent a man from marrying in America, and, on being assured there was not, proceeded to state his own case. He was a man but little under 40 years of age, of more than ordinary intelligence, having all the appearance of a sober, industrious, and honest man. He said he had been driving a carriage for a great number of years here in Stuttgardt, and had saved sufficient money to enable him on the death of his employer seven months since to purchase from his widow not only the carriage and horses which he was driving, but the license and number, which it seems is also a marketable commodity. Being now fully convinced in his own mind of being able to support a wife and family he had applied to the authorities of his native town for a permit, forwarding them also proof of his present promising condition; several months had elapsed and no permit had yet been given, though he was not without hope that recent efforts which he had made would be successful in procuring it. But unless it was given he could not be lawfully married. He might go on, as we rather expect was the case, and have a family without marriage, but they would not, if illegitimate, in case of his leaving them destitute, become a charge on his native town. Is it any wonder that the poor are fleeing from such a country, where a man is born a slave to military service in the prime of his life, and forbidden all the rights of manhood in his maturity? This carriage-driver had spent the best portion of his life in military service. Thus it is that a man and woman living together without marriage in Austria does not lower them in the estimation of their neighbors, even if they should change their "men" annually. We were not prepared to find such obstacles to marriage in this more staid and solid portion of Germany. Human nature revolts at such laws, which are unworthy of a civilized community in any part of the world.

HEIDELBERG.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

Looking up at the castle from the east end of Heidelberg, it appears to hang directly over the town. From this point no conception can be formed of its extent, as only the front walls of the main building and the towers are visible, but on reaching the summit it is found to extend over at least ten acres of land, including a large garden without the walls, which has been restored to the condition it was in when the castle was in all its glory and the home of the rulers of the Roman Empire. On entering the garden, immediately to the left is seen the Elizabethan gate, built by Elector Frederick the Fifth, in 1615, as the inscription says, "To his dearly-beloved wife, Elizabeth of England." Both sides of the gateway represent four trunks of trees, entwined with ivy, and above the archway are two female figures holding cornucopias, whilst the freizes of the arch are decorated with the lions of England and the Palatine. This gate is the entrance to the Common Garden, which at one time was part of the ramparts, but is now a beautiful grove of lime-trees, from which a splendid view of the town and the fertile valley of the Rhine is obtained. On the north side of the Common Garden are the walls of the Thick Tower, a colossal building, which closes the north side of the castle. It is 90 feet in diameter, in which was the banqueting-hall, sufficiently capacious to contain 100 tables and dine 400 guests. In the niches of the wall, partly concealed by ivy, are the statues of two of the Electors, and a Latin inscription giving the history of the building. At the destruction of the castle by the French, in 1689, the tower was blown up, and half of it fell in the town. The English building, likewise blown up at the same time, adjoins the Thick Tower. Beyond the castle ditch is Rupert's Hall, Rudolph's Building, and Rupert's Building, underneath all of which, as well as the gardens, are subterranean passages extending to the large watch-tower, and communicating with other parts of the fortifications. Inside of the gardens stand the bridge-house and the large watch-tower. Over the gate to the bridge stand the statues of two clumsy-looking squires. Over the Gothic doorway to Rupert's Building are two angels bearing a wreath of roses, in the midst of which is a pair of half-open compasses, which are supposed to have had a Masonic signification. Farther to the left of the entrance is a stone tablet with the following inscription:

"One thousand and four hundred years were counted when Palsgrave Rupert was elected King of the Roman Empire, and governed and inhabited this castle, which Palsgrave Louis restored. He was ever gay, and in his 44th year, the year 1500, he departed this life. May Jesus Christ keep them both in his blessed care. Amen." In this hall, which is in a tolerable state of preservation, a museum of antiquities found in the vicinity of the castle is exhibited. Under an effigy of Christian II. of Denmark, exhibited here, is the following inscription:

"His spouse of royal ancestry, Dame Dorothea is her name, born Princess of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, three mighty kingdoms."

From these inscriptions it would seem that these old-fogy Kings thought more of their wives than some of their successors of the present day do. The Rupert building has been roofed, and is now used for festivities of various kinds.

The most richly decorated of these old palaces within the walls of the castle is Frederick's Building, built in 1601. It is of three stories. On the front, facing the court yard, are four rows of statues, sixteen in all, some of them partially dilapidated during the various wars, and from the conflagration of the castle. Over the doorway is the following inscription: "Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, and Duke of Bavaria, caused this palace to be constructed for divine service and commodious habitation, and ornamented it with statues of his ancestors, in the year of our Lord 1669."

This building has been also roofed, and in the second story is a picture-gallery and collection of antiquities which particularly refer to the history of the castle. Connected with this building is the balony of the castle, from which a fine view is to be had of the surrounding country. The decorated vestibule leading to the balcony, with doric pillars and vaulted roof, is very imposing. We next viewed the mines of the arsenal, which has been partly restored, and passed on to the building which holds the great tun or wine barrel of the castle, built in 1751, to replace the old one which was built in 1594, but had become decayed. It is 32 feet long, and from the middle of the barrel 23 feet high. It is bound with eighteen wooden hoops, 8 inches thick and 15 inches broad. In 1752 it was filled for the first time, holding equal to 283,000 bottles, but it is now empty and unused. Near the tun is a little statue of Clemens Perko, the court-fool, who, like other fools, drank from fifteen to eighteen bottles of strong wine daily. The Octagon Towers and Otto Henry's building, the latter of which was the palace of the castle, are especially interesting. The court facade is decorated with masterpieces of statuary and sculpture, representing the figures of men struggling with lions. The statues on the front are Joshua, Samson, Hercules, David, Strength, Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Diana, Sol, and Jupiter. On the gable-ends are eight medallion heads, representing distinguished Romans.

There is nothing special about the Lewis Building, the Towers, or the Fountains worthy of description except to show the extent and perfection of this vast mountain ruin. Over the door of the Fountain-house is this curious inscription:

"New and very wholesome spring of Charles Theodore, the father of his country, and of Elizabeth Augusta, the mother of her country, is also recommended as a new source of health."

As we passed through the old chapel the sound of a piano was distinctly heard, and on inquiry of our guide we were informed that an English family had rented a suite of rooms in that part of the castle for three years, and were educating their children in Heidelberg. We also passed high up on the mountain, fully 500 feet above the castle, a beautiful little villa, which, we were informed, was owned and occupied by Dr. Sprague, an American gentleman.

Not Ready to Die.

The following is no fabrication of an irreverent secular journal, but from the orthodox Memphis *Presbyterian*: "Traveling in his buggy alone, not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of our good brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis overtook a 'foot-pad,' with his carpet-bag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a miry bottom. With the politeness for which he is noted, he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the buggy until, at least, they had crossed the mud and the mire. The invitation was readily accepted, and the conversation for a time was free and easy, about things ordinary and general. Presently, however, the good brother, with a view to make the conversation profitable, asked the stranger *if he was ready to die?* Not knowing the character of the person who had invited him to a seat with him, and misapprehending his meaning and suspecting foul play, he waited not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately, and ran for life through slush and water. The clerical brother, wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him at the top of his voice to stop! But this only hastened his speed, and, like a scared hare, he ran until beyond hearing and sight. In his hasty flight he left his carpet-sack, which our brother now has in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt, a pair of threadbare trousers, and a little 'backer.'"

HAWAIIAN FOLK-LORE.

The Legend of the Mortal Wife of the Shark God—The Birth of the Merman—Why the Brooklets of Waimea Run Red.

Honolulu Correspondence of the San Francisco Alta.

Your Honolulu correspondent has been making a tour of the different islands of the Hawaiian group. The following is the first result of his searchings into the Hawaiian Folk-Lore:

In the district of Waimea, Hawaii, there are a number of beautiful brooklets that, having their sources far up the deeply-wooded glens, flow down over the more open plains, and finally, as they wander amidst the rocky ravines that seam the slopes of the mountains, lose themselves long ere they reach the level of the sea.

But when storm-clouds settle thickly on the mountain's summit, the volume of water in the beds of these streams is swollen suddenly, and then, where ordinarily a clear rill is seen winding through the rich meadows, a rapid stream of a dark-red tint, colored by the decomposed vegetable matter with which it is charged, rushes noisily along, overflowing the banks where it runs over the plains, and filling the rocky chasms down which it pours, until it at last rushes out upon the sands of the sea-shore, and mingles its turbid current with the salt waves.

Far up on the side of the Kohala Range there lies a narrow gorge where steep sides inclose a deep-sunk pool, into whose black depths a stream from the wooded cliffs above finds its way. The walls of this open cave are hung with heavy festoons of climbing plants, and tufted with groups of ferns and masses of soft moss. It is but seldom that the sunlight finds its way into the cool, deep recess, and where it does fall it gleams on bright foliage, or dark gray rocks, with a shifting radiance that adds much to the beauty of the scene.

Down the rough face of the precipitous crags that wall the sides, there trickle tiny streams, and dripping from clumps of moss, or oozing through the crevices in the rocks, are threads of clear water. When the rain falls heavily these are tinged with color from the red, ochre-like earth that composes the soil, and in soaking through thick beds of fallen leaves the moisture carries with it an ensanguined hue. The slender rills that pour over the crag's beetling edge are lost in a foaming torrent, and from the depths of the pool into which it plunges rise clouds of mist that hang above the brink of the chasm in a shadowy shape. Round this spot lingers the following legend:

Ages ago, there dwelt in this district a maiden, who, when amongst the many lovely maidens of the isle, was known as "The Beautiful." Many a young man sighed as he gazed upon her, and secretly wished that she would choose him as her loved one. But to all she seemed indifferent, and looked scornfully upon them all. In vain did her friends urge her to choose whom she would have as her husband; her answer ever was: "Not amongst the young men whom I see around me can I find him who will be a fitting mate for me! No! I look to one of our gods to take me to him. I would not wed a mortal; I would be the mother of a new people."

Often would she wander forth when the heavens glowed brightly over Mauna Loa, and watch the livid glare of light on the dark clouds that overhung its lofty summit-crater, from which ascended the tall column of mingled flame and molten lava that told that Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, was holding high revel in Moku-a-weo-weo, "the burning hill." And at such times she would pray: "Oh Pele! send me a son of thine, in whose fiery embrace I can be enfolded. Let me be like thee, the mother of fire-gods!"

Or when, at times, she wandered to some lofty peak, and looked down on the smooth waters of the Bay of Ka-wai-hae, she would exclaim: Oh! that the great shark-god would but take me to live with him in the blue waters!"

Finally, the goddess Pele, hearing her wild wish, and seeing with what scorn she looked upon the young men, resolved that she would grant her desire, and to this end she visited the great shark-god.

To warn him of her coming, she lit up fiercely the gloomy depths of Kilauea, and, gathering there the fiery torrent whose wild waves were her coursers, she burst her way through the rugged side of Huala-lai, and on the blood-red molten stream she rode headlong to the sea, and, plunging in, the rolling billows of liquid lava met the angry surf of the ocean, and, midst the wild turmoil, she spoke thus to the great shark-god: "I come, oh Akua Mano, to speak to you of her, who, dwelling on the plains of Waiamea, because the gods of births have made her fairer than her fellow-mortal sisters, dares to pray that she may be a mother of a god. She cries to me, and asks me for a son of mine to be her husband, not thinking if I gave her even the smallest and youngest of them all, Piholo Ike, he would crush her in his deep bosom. To you, then, do I give this maiden. As she comes to bathe in these waters, you can seize upon her, and do what you will, but do not take her life. Let her be a mother of a god, and let her be immortal. We will grant her prayer, but we will punish her presumption." So spake Pele, and then, amidst the clouds of steam and lurid smoke, and the wild roar of the raging seas, she fled back to her home in Kilauea.

Not many days passed by before "The Beautiful" saw, while she sat upon a beetling cliff that overhung the sea, a strange and beautiful form—clad, as it seemed to her, in a robe of silvery whiteness, round which gleamed a sapphire light—rise from the depths into which she gazed, and as it rose it seemed to beckon to her. Eagerly she looked, and then a voice rang in her ears: "Oh Beautiful, come down to me. I am the Akua Mano, and have heard thy prayer. Spring down, then, into these cove depths, and thou shalt be the mother of a god. Thou wilt not die, for those whom the gods take to their homes live on forever. Come, maiden, 'tis the great shark-god who calls thee!" The maiden heard the voice, and, in a whirl of fierce excitement, with the silvery gleam of the white shark's glistening skin dazzling her eyes, she sprang from off the rock and disappeared beneath the waves. Fiercely the shark-god seized her, and, dragging her down to the deep caverns where he made his home, laid her on a *mau* of seaweed, and, by his power, kept back her ebbing life that strove to struggle back to the upper world. There he watched her many hours; there he toyed with her inanimate form, and then, summoning to him the horrid cuttle-fish, bade him, with his long sinewy arms, crowded with rows of suckers, carry her back to the surface and leave her on the warm sands.

The maiden, beneath the rays of the tropic sun, soon recovered consciousness, and in a short time she opened her eyes again upon the familiar world. With returning life, there came a dreadful knowledge of the scenes through which she had so lately passed. She knew her wish had been fulfilled, and it was with a heart filled with tremor that she again sought her home.

Time passed on, and the maidens who were her companions began to point with laughter at her. The young men, too, asked each other, "Who is it that 'The Beautiful' has loved?" and none could say "'Tis I." At last she fled, and, seeking out an ancient crone, who lived a sorceress in a gloomy cave, alone and shunned by all, she gave birth to a child, half shark, half man.

The old hag gazed in terror on the hideous thing and fled, screaming. The mother, shuddering, lay helpless, while the fearful creature, imp-like, crawled over her weak body, and clung with its rough jaws to her breast. Many days elapsed, and then the mother found her way to the beetling cliff from which the shark-god had allured her, and cast into the boiling surf below her child. Wildly the creature dashed about amidst the foam, and then, gaining the shore, ran swiftly on and sprang again upon its mother's breast as she fled.

Then she knew she could not kill the horrid thing, and, when she would have died herself, she found she was immortal. Hurrying back into the deep forest, she found the dark glen we have spoken of, and in its utmost depths she ever after hid her offspring.

Since that time she wanders to and fro around the mountain's top, hid in the vaporous masses that cling around the summit.

And still, when storms lower, she hears the babbling cry of her child, and then the mother, in her strongly-stirred emotion, floats down the mountain's sides in her mist, and, sliding into the deep gorge, nurses her foul offspring. And even as he seizes on her breast, his sharp teeth wound her, and her blood, mingling with the water, tinges it deep red. And so we hear the natives say, as the white wreath hangs above the grotto, and the swollen torrent rushes darkly by: "Ah! now 'The Beautiful' is nursing her shark-child, and he tears her with his cruel teeth and makes the water bloody."

SARATOGA.

Eli Perkins' Tale of Love and Hope.

To the Editor of the New York Graphic:

I write a personal letter to-day.

This morning, I met the most disconsolate young man I ever saw. His name is Mason. He is from New York. He has been in Saratoga all summer. He has seemed to know every young lady at the Spa, and has been an immense favorite with all of them. He has also stood a good chance with the dashing young ladies from Chicago, the flipsy-flopsy girls from Oil City. He has danced more, sat on the back balcony longer, and in closer proximity to beautiful young ladies, and walked over to the Graveyard with more rich and aristocratic girls from the Clarendon, than any beau in Saratoga. And still this young man came to me yesterday almost heart-broken. His eye had the look of despair.

"I am discouraged and sick of life," he said; "I want to die."

"What—*you!* you want to leave this festive scene, Robert?" I said, taking off my glasses and looking him straight in the face.

"Yes, Uncle Eli, I am tired of life," he sighed, in a hoarse whisper. "I came to Saratoga with a theory. I believed in that theory as I believed in my life. I worked for it day and night. I cherished it, practiced it, and worshiped it, only to see its utter failure—only to work out my own ruination by it."

"What was your theory, Robert?" I asked. "Was it to bet continually on the ace—to wager large sums on the same card, hoping and believing it would some time win and make you rich? Was it——"

"O, no; nothing of the kind. It was a social theory, Eli. You know I have blood and family and good looks. My pet theory was to come to Saratoga and marry a rich girl with a bad cough—with the consumption."

"And you have finally become engaged to the object of your affection, then, Robert?" I asked, becoming deeply interested in this good young man.

"No, sir, alas! Oh, no! My theory has failed. I have been unfortunate. The first young lady I met was from Chicago—Miss Johnson. She was sweet, and O! so affectionate, and had just the cough to suit me. A low, hacking cough. It was fairly melodious; and I knew it would prove fatal to the object of my affection in a year; but, alas!" and then he buried his face in his hand.

"What, Robert?" I asked.

"Alas! in a fatal moment I learned that she had no money to go with it. She was poor, but such a lovely cough. Just the one I had so long and vainly searched for."

"What then?"

"Why, then I met the rich Miss Lilly Thompson, of Madison avenue. She was very rich. She wore laces and diamonds and a new dress at every hop. She just suited me. She was just the girl I had been looking for, with just one exception."

"What was that, Robert?"

"O dear, there was no cough to go with it. She was all health and money. There had never been any consumption in the family—just my luck!"—and then he buried his face in his hands again, and wept long and bitterly.

"Again, Eli," he began, drawing closer, "one happy day I met the very object of my affection—the paragon I had been searching for for years. She was rich and delicate. She had just the cough, the fatal consumptive cough, I had fancied in my dreams and sighed for in my waking hours. Two hundred thousand in her own right, and yet so frail and delicate—so near death's welcome door"—and Robert's face shone with a joyous light as he descried the frail, rich object of his affections.

"And still you are not happy, my dear friend," I remarked as he brushed the ashes of his cigar upon my boot. "Can it be that she refused you?"

"O, no! alas, she accepted me. I took her pale, jeweled hand in mine. I placed upon it a $1,000 solitaire. She was too frail to speak loud. She coughed and only whispered her love, while, overcome with emotion, her languid eyes suffused with tears. I was too happy to live. But, O dear! Eli, I was born to be disappointed. Fate ruthlessly plucked the lovely prize from out my grasp. Fate——"

"But how, Robert?" I asked.

Well, in an evil moment my Lily began to drink the water here. Not the mineral, but the pure water from the village hydrant. If she had stuck to Congress water I would be happy now; but one fatal day she drank some hydrant water. She felt better. Then she drank more—then more, till at last she used to drink ten glasses every morning. Then her appetite came back. She began to grow stout. Her cough went away, her cheeks grew red, and my beautiful, frail Lily became a healthful, ruddy holy-hock. She took to bowling, then riding on horseback, and this morning—— O dear! I cannot tell you."

"Go ahead, Robert, tell me all," I urged, confidentially.

"Well, this morning, Mr. Perkins, she—my frail Lily—carried her Saratoga trunk down two flights of stairs just for an excuse. Then she asked me to walk three miles over to the lake, and when we got there. Oh, dear! she ate ham, and woodcock, and potatoes, and almost an entire black bass, weighing three pounds, and when Mrs. Myers asked her if she wouldn't have another, she said no, she 'was afraid it would take away her appetite for dinner.' And here I am engaged to her, with no prospect ahead but just to spend my whole life marketing and spending that $200,000 for her, and I to get only my victuals and clothes."

And then Robert Mason leaned heavily forward on his hands, while the tears trickled through his fingers and pattered down on his white duck pantaloons—a wretched, heart-broken, and ruined m

RETROSPECTION.

I note this morning how the sunshine falleth,
Just as it fell one morning long ago.
A white dove walks the window-ledge, soft cooing;
The waters murmur in their ebb and flow.

The aspen whispers to the autumn-breezes;
I see the golden-rod on sloping hills;
I catch the odors of the brown leaves dying,
And hear the babble of the shrunken rills.

I listen to some notes of children's laughter,
Smiling to think how late I was a child,—
A happy elf, with cheeks of sun-kissed crimson,
And curls of tawny gold, wind-tossed and wild.

The very winds stir memories with their wail;
The very clouds that dot the azure sky;
The heliotrope within my window blooming
Even the swallows swiftly skimming by.

On a dead oak that lifts its leafless branches,
A raven sits and croaks with fretful tone,
Like some old Prophet who with mystic lore foresees
The evil that he sees with sob and moan.

A sense of pain, half-hidden, half-defined,
Stirs in my heart, an unborn babe of sorrow,
Whose birth, unwelcome and unasked, with wail
Shall usher in a darker, sadder morrow.

And I shall meet it as I met the day departed,
With pride unbending and an iron will
That holds me steadfast in the path I chose, but hated,
Yet, hating, love, and, loving, loathe it still.

I see and hear; I know I am not dreaming;
And still, somehow, I cannot make it seem
But that I sleep, and see and hear things dimly,
As one does often in a troubled dream.

Ah, well! what matter, since so soon for all
Our struggles and our dreams will have an ending,
And our tired hearts and brains shall rest for aye
In that blest Land to which our feet are tending.

GARNET B. FREEMAN.

The Small Boy of the Period.

From the Stockton (Cal.) Gazette.

Where the road between Merced and Snelling crosses the Merced River that stream is about two hundred yards in width, and even at this season of the year, when the water is quite low, it looks like a dangerous and deep stream to cross. Last Thursday, a patent-medicine agent, traveling on horseback through that section, came to the river and hesitated about attempting to ford it as he saw the wide expanse of rushing waters. There is no bridge anywhere along there, so after some indecision he concluded to swim his horse across. Spying a boy, fishing in a small punt tied to the bank, he said:

"Hello, bub!"

"Hello, yourself."

"Can I get you to take my clothes across the river in your boat?"

"I reckon you kin, if you've got any soap."

"All right, I'll give you a quarter to take over my clothes and this carpet-sack to the opposite shore."

To this the boy nodded assent, the stranger disrobed, turned over the carpet-sack and habiliments to the juvenile, who paddled out into the stream, and mounted his horse, prepared to swim the river and enjoy the luxury of a bath. With a splash at every movement, the horse stepped into the stream, and walked across—the water was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep! To say that that medicine man, perched on the back of his horse, was a man of iniquity for the space of half an hour would hardly do justice to the occasion. There were enough "dams" along the Merced that afternoon to supply a hundred mill-sites.

CELEBRATED HOAXES.

How Antiquaries Have Been Victimized.

The Berners Street Hoax, and Others of Theodore Hook's Practical Jokes.

From Chambers' Journal.

There has at all times been a proneness, more or less developed, for indulgence in the practical jokes or deceptions called hoaxes; sometimes through self-interested motives, but more usually springing from a love of fun with a bit of malice in it. Antiquaries have frequently been victimized in this way, by the fabrication of articles purporting to be interesting as

RELICS OF PAST TIMES.

The readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary" will remember the metal vessel inscribed with the letters A·D·L·L·, which Monkbarns interpreted to mean "*Agricola dicavit libens lubens*;" but which Edie Ochiltree boldly pronounced to be, "Aikin Drum's lang ladle." This was a supposed instance of honest misconstruction by a learned man, whose zeal traveled a little too fast, due to Scott's imagination; but there was a real instance in the case of Vallancey, an Irish antiquary, who found a sculptured stone on the hill of Tara, and engraved the six letters of its inscription in a costly work which he published; he made out these to mean, "To Belus, God of Fire;" but they proved to be simply some of the letters in the name of an Irishman, who, lying down lazily on the stone, incised them with a knife or chisel. In 1756, a wit, aided by an engraver, cut on a flat stone several words which were really an epitaph: "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Closter, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane;" but the seventy-seven letters were so skillfully divided into apparent words, syllables, and abbreviations, as to look exactly like a Latin inscription relating to the Emperor Claudius. For a long time the stone deceived antiquaries.

Gough, the celebrated archæologist, saw at a curiosity-shop a slab of stone inscribed in a curious way, bought it, had it described before the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It purported to be: "Here Hardcnut drank a wine-horn dry, stared about him, and died." The shopkeeper stated that the stone had been discovered in Kennington Lane, where the Palace of Hardcnut or Hardicanute is supposed to have been situated. The whole affair proved to be a hoax. George Steevens, having a grudge against Gough, procured a fragment of a chimney slab, scratched an inscription on it in rudely-formed letters, and got a curiosity-dealer so to manage that Gough should see and buy the stone.

Italy is wonderfully fertile in

"MODERN ANTIQUES,"

articles made to imitate ancient productions, and sold at a high price to unwary art-connoisseurs. Inghirami, in his costly work on Vases ("*Vasi Fittili*"), has a most absurd engraving of a vase, on which is depicted an archæologist running after Fame; the lady has her thumb to her nose, exactly in the way known to boys as "taking a sight," while three engraved Greek words represent her as saying: "Be off, my fine fellow!" No such vase existed; a hoax had been perpetrated by a rival connoisseur, which Inghirami did not discover soon enough to cancel his engraving.

There is no scarcity of instances, at the present day, and in our own country, of the manufacture of antiques,—more for profitable deception than mere waggery. Roman vessels and coins are every year coming to light which the Romans never saw, and flint instruments which certainly were not fabricated in the Stone Period. Numismatists and coin-collectors know, to their cost sometimes, what rogues can do in one particular part of fraudulent hoaxing. A very old silver coin is worth, in the antiquarian market, many times its weight in pure silver, or even pure gold; and hence there is a strong temptation to manufacture

MODERN ANTIQUE COINS,

producing at the cost of a few shillings that which will bring many pounds. There is reason to suspect that even in old times such sophistications were practiced; for Roman coins have occasionally been dug up, in which the good specimens are found to be mixed with others evidently plated, and others, again, as evidently washed with silver. The Greek islands are known at the present day to shelter men who make false dies of ancient coins, as preliminary to the manufacture of new specimens so doctored as to pass for old. The trade is a lucrative one. A certain engraver of these surreptitious dies is said to have netted two or three thousand pounds from the pockets of English tourists alone, who bought the counterfeits at high prices, under the belief in their genuine antique character. The dies were really well engraved, and the coins put out of hand in clever style. That England exercises this art as well as Greece, is quite certain.

LITERARY HOAXES

have been so numerous, that even a mere list of them would be out of the question. There have been many like that which Madame de Genlis spoke of. The Duc de Liancourt was on intimate terms with the Abbe Delille; both were at Spa; and on one particular morning the Abbe was deeply chagrined at a hoax which (unknown to him) his friend had perpetrated. The Duc wrote some couplets on the fete-day of Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, regular in structure, but most insane and insipid; he placed the name of the Abbe Delille beneath them, caused the verses to be printed in a few copies of a newspaper printed in another town, and contrived that one of these copies should reach the Abbe, whose vexation was intense. Nearly parallel to this is the achievement of an American newspaper a few years ago, in which some wretched verses were printed, and ascribed to the pen of the eminent poet William Cullen Bryant; these were copied in many other papers, and came to the astonished eyes of Bryant himself. When the editor was some time afterwards asked for an explanation, he boldly avowed that his purpose was to establish the fact that, no matter how atrocious an effusion might be, the name of a poet who had established a reputation would make it true poetry in the eyes of a large majority of poetry readers.

The hoaxes which have no connection either with antiquities or with literature are not easily grouped into classes; nor, in fact, is it worth while to do so. Let us take

A FEW AT RANDOM.

At Liverpool, in 1807, bills were placarded all about the town, announcing that, at 1 o'clock upon a particular day, a splendid model of a ninety-eight-gun man-of-war, built on Lord Stanhope's plan, and magnificently decorated, would reach Chisenhall Street Bridge by canal from Wigan; with a band on deck to play "Rule Britannia," which was to be sung by the celebrated Madame Catalani; and a beautifully adorned barge was to precede the model, containing Polito's hippopotamus (one of the show-sights of that day). The people attended in tens of thousands along the banks and on the bridges of the canal nearly all the way to Wigan. The daily passenger-barge arrived at the customary hour; and not until then was it known that the public had been hoaxed.

Shortly before this date, when the dreaded Bonaparte was half expected to invade England, the quiet dwellers on the south coast were in constant terror, imagining all sorts of dreadful things consequent on the arrival of the French. There lived at Chichester, not far from the coast, a family consisting of an elderly gentleman, his wife, and daughter. Some Cantabs got up a hoax to the effect that the only really safe place in England was at Cambridge; the family removed thither, and settled down near Trinity College as an impregnable station.

In 1812, a report was extensively spread about that a grand military review would be held on Wimbledon Common. As many as twenty thousand people assembled, who poured in from all quarters on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The local authorities, seeing this throng of people, and knowing at once that it denoted a hoax, caused persons to be placed on the roads of approach to disabuse the minds of the sight-seers; but this was of no avail; the rumor was believed, not the contradiction. When, however, the day wore on without the appearance of any military pageant, the populace grew angry, then mischievous; mishaps occurred, and the Common was set on fire. Hereupon messengers were sent quickly to London, and a detachment of foot-guards marched down to remain a while on the Common until the deluded people had departed.

One of the most annoying hoaxes ever recorded was that which, about sixty years ago, was known in London as

THE BERNERS STREET HOAX.

It drew the attention of the newspapers at the time; then of the magazines and the *Annual Register*; many years afterwards (in connection with a biographical notice of the hoaxer), of the *Quarterly Review*; and more recently, if we remember rightly, of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Berners street is a quiet street of hotels, and shops with private-looking windows; in 1810 it was still more quiet, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady in that street, and soon afterwards a van-load of furniture; then came a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning-coaches. Presently arrived two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur, driving up as near as they could to the door, and wondering why so many lumbering vehicles were so near at hand. Six men brought a great chamber-organ; a coach-maker, a clock-maker, a carpet-manufacturer, and a wine-merchant sent specimens of their goods; a brewer brought several barrels of ale; curiosity-dealers brought sundry knickknacks. A pianoforte, linen, jewelry, wigs and headdresses, a cart-load of potatoes, books, prints, conjuring tricks, feathers, ices, jellies, were among the things brought to (or at least near) the house; while mantua-makers came with baskets of millinery and fancy articles, and opticians with telescopes. Then, after a time, trooped in from all quarters, coachmen, footmen, cooks, house-maids, nursery-maids, and other servants, come in quest of situations. To crown all, persons of distinction came in their carriages—the Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Cabinet-Minister, the Lord Chief-Justice, the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairman of Directors of the East India Company, an eminent Parliamentary philanthropist, and the Lord Mayor. The last-named functionary—one among those who speedily saw that all had been

VICTIMIZED BY A GIGANTIC HOAX—

drove to Marlborough Street Police Office, and told the sitting magistrate that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion-House, that she was extremely ill, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his Lordship would call upon her. All the other persons of eminence had had their commiseration appealed to in a somewhat similar way. Police-officers (there were no policemen in those days) were sent to keep order in Berners street, which was nearly choked with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another; the drivers were irritated, the disappointed tradesmen were exasperated, and a large crowd enjoyed the malicious fun. Some of the vans and goods were overturned and broken; while a few casks of ale became a prey to the populace. All through the day, until late at night, did this extraordinary state of things continue, to the terror and dismay of the poor lady and the other inmates of the house. Every one found directly that it was a hoax; but the name of the hoaxer was not known till long afterwards. This, it appeared, was

THEODORE HOOK,

one of the most inveterate punsters and jokers of the day. He had noticed the very quiet character of Berners street, and the name of Mrs. —— on a brass plate on one of the doors; he laid a wager with a brother-wag who accompanied him, that he would make that particular house the talk of the whole town. And he assuredly did it. He devoted three or four days to writing letters in the name of Mrs. ——, to tradesmen of all kinds, professional men, distinguished personages, and servants out of place; all couched in a lady-like style, and requesting the persons addressed to come to Berners street on the appointed day, for reasons specially stated. Hook took a furnished lodging just opposite the house, and there posted himself with two or three companions on the day in question, to enjoy the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country, and there to remain *incog.* for a time; if he had been publicly known as the author of the hoax, it is probable that he would have fared badly.

The incidents in the life of Hook comprise many in which that unscrupulous man played the part of hoaxer. One of his victims was

ROMEO COATES,

a man about town in the days of the Regency—a beau, an amateur actor, who delighted in riding through the streets in the West End in a bedizened pink coat of extraordinary shape. One day this individual received an invitation to a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. He was almost crazy with joy at the honor; dressed and adorned himself to the highest attainable pitch, and drove in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. The card of invitation passed him safely through all the outer portals and corridors; but when a private secretary or chamberlain at length scrutinized it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In vain did poor Romeo Coates protest that he knew nothing of any forgery or hoax; he was turned back; and as his equipage had driven away, he had to pick his way to the nearest hackney-coach stand. It turned out that Theodore Hook had cleverly imitated the invitation card, one veritable specimen of which he had contrived to obtain the loan of for a few hours. On another occasion, he associated as a companion in a hoax

THE ELDER MATHEWS,

the comedian, a man full of wit and frolic, but withal much more kindly and considerate than Hook. One day Hook and Mathews took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription-board sternly forbidding any strangers to land on the lawn. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land-surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. They paced slowly to and fro along the lawn, pretending to measure with the fishing-rods as measuring and leveling-staffs, and the fishing-lines as yard and rood-measures. Presently, a parlor-window opened, and out walked the occupant of the villa,—a well-to-do alderman. In great wrath, he demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously told him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that accurate measurements were necessary to determine the exact direction which it should take. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to "talk it over"; a sumptuous dinner and the best of wines were just ready; and the alderman endeavored to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might be easily obtained without touching his lawn at all. Hook and Mathews revealed the hoax before taking their departure, and managed to talk him into a hearty laugh about it—rendered all the more easy by the fact that the dreaded canal was only a myth, and that he had entertained two such eminent men as Mr. Hook and Mr. Mathews.

Many of our distinguished actors have been great lovers of practical hoaxes—not only comedians and farceurs, but tragic actors, who are popularly supposed to be always in a passion of rage, jealousy, revenge, and so forth.

YOUNG, THE TRAGEDIAN,

for instance, was once driving in a gig with a friend in the outskirts of London; he pulled up at a turnpike-gate, noticed the name of the toll-collector written up over the door, and politely told the gate-woman that he particularly wished to see Mr. —— on a matter of importance. Feeling impressed with the emphatic statement, she sent hastily for her husband the toll-collector, who was working in a neighboring field. He bustled on a clean coat, and presented himself. Young said: "I paid for a ticket at the last gate, and was told that it would free me through this; as I wish to be scrupulously exact, will you kindly tell me whether such is the case?" "Why, of course it is!" "Can I then pass through without paying?" The toll-collector's further reply, and his vituperation when the travelers complacently passed on, need not be here transcribed.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The work of woman is peace, is peace;
She has no nobler work to do—
Man's woes to soothe, man's weal increase;
Let her that noblest work pursue.

The work of woman is peace, is peace!
At home, abroad, and everywhere
Where bliss abounds, where discords cease,
The place of woman is there, is there!

The path is stony, the task is hard;
But all worth gaining by toil is gained.
The work itself is its own reward,
And well begun is half attained.

Then onward, woman! your mission's great.
Our race from bondage to release—
From bonds of envy, spite, and hate;
The work of woman is peace, is peace!

—*Sir John Bowring.*

Dubious Gratitude.

There is nothing like perspicuity when one wishes to thank people. An instance of this we find in the Dallas (Tex.) *Herald* of June 21, 1873, in the form of "A Card," which reads as follows: "I wish to return my thanks to the many citizens of Dallas for the noble and effective efforts to save my house, and all I had left to me from the late fire, from the burning flames on Friday night; for nothing but their timely appearance and manly energy saved my home from ashes; *and I do ask and hope that all good citizens will assist me to ferret out the heartless scoundrels.* JOHN OWENS."

A New Toy.

A new toy has just been introduced and will surely become very popular. It is a wax doll in a crib, the doll being dressed in night clothes and a dainty lace cap. By some mechanism the doll baby at certain intervals, after being wound up, lifts itself up in the crib, puts out its arms, and distinctly calls "mamma." The inventor thinks "no family should be without one."

OLD COURT-LIFE IN

A Hideous Record of C... Licentiousness.

Francis I., Diane de Poitiers, ... Medici, Henry of Navarre, ... and Mazarin, the ... Monarque.

The Way which Led to La ... and the Reign of Ter...

h private-looking windows; in 1810, ll more quiet, inhabited by well-to-do living in a genteel way. One morning, er breakfast, a wagon-load of coals before the door of a widow lady reet, and soon afterwards a van-load ure; then came a hearse with a coffin, in of mourning-coaches. Presently ar- fashionable physicians, a dentist, and cheur, driving up as near as they could or, and wondering why so many lumber- icles were so near at hand. Six men great chamber-organ; a coach-maker, aker, a carpet-manufacturer, and a rchant sent specimens of their goods; brought several barrels of ale; curiosi- brought sundry knickknacks. A piano- en, jewelry, wigs and headdresses, a cart- otatoes, books, prints, conjuring tricks, ices, jellies, were among the things to (or at least near) the house; while makers came with baskets of millinery y articles, and opticians with telescopes. er a time, trooped in from all quarters, n, footmen, cooks, house-maids, nurse-, and other servants, come in quest of s. To crown all, persons of distinction their carriages—the Commander-in- e Archbishop of Canterbury, a Cabinet-, the Lord Chief-Justice, the Governor Bank of England, the Chairman of of the East India Company, minent Parliamentary philanthro- nd the Lord Mayor. The last- unctionary—one among those who speed- hat all had been

ICTIMIZED BY A GIGANTIC HOAX—

Marlborough Street Police Office, and sitting magistrate that he had received from a lady in Berners street, to the t she had been summoned to attend at sion-House, that she was extremely ill, wished to make a deposition upon oath, she would deem it a great favor if his p would call upon her. All the other of eminence had had their commisera- pealed to in a somewhat similar way. fficers (there were no policemen in those ere sent to keep order in Berners street, was nearly choked with vehicles, jammed erlocked one with another; the drivers ritated, the disappointed tradesmen were rated, and a large crowd enjoyed the us fun. Some of the vans and goods verturned and broken; while a few casks became a prey to the populace. All h the day, until late at night, did xtraordinary state of things con- to "the terror and dismay of the lady and the other inmates of the Every one found directly that it was a but the name of the hoaxer was not known g afterwards. This, it appeared, was

THEODORE HOOK,

the most inveterate punsters and jokers day. He had noticed the very quiet char- of Berners street, and the name of Mrs. a brass plate on one of the doors; he wager with a brother-wag who accompa- him, that he would make that particular the talk of the whole town. And he as- y did it. He devoted three or four days to letters in the name of Mrs. ——, to men of all kinds, professional men, distin- d personages, and servants out of place; ched in a lady-like style, and requesting rsons addressed to come to Berners street appointed day, for reasons specially stat- ook took a furnished lodging just oppo- house, and there posted himself with two companions on the day in question, to he scene. He deemed it expedient, how- go off quickly into the country, and there ain *incog.* for a time; if he had been y known as the author of the it is probable that he would have ly.

incidents in the life of Hook comprise n which that unscrupulous man played t of hoaxer. One of his victims was

ROMEO COATES,

about town in the days of the Regency— , an amateur actor, who delighted in through the streets in the West End in a ed pink coat of extraordinary shape. y this individual received an invitation to ificent entertainment given by the Prince at Carlton House. He was almost crazy y at the honor; dressed and adorned to the highest attainable pitch, and in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. d of invitation passed him safely through outer portals and corridors; but when a secretary or chamberlain at length scru- it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In d poor Romeo Coates protest that he othing of any forgery or hoax; he was back; and as his equipage had driven he had to pick his way to the near- ckney-coach stand. It turned out Theodore Hook had cleverly imi- the invitation card, one veritable n of which he had contrived in the loan of for a few hours. On occasion, he associated as a companion

THE ELDER MATHEWS,

edian, a man full of wit and frolic, but uch more kindly and considerate than One day Hook and Mathews took a row river to Richmond. Passing a well-trim- n at Barnes, they noticed an inscription ernly forbidding any strangers to land wn. This was enough for Hook. Tying to a tree, he and Mathews landed, tak- them fishing-rods and lines. Hook a land-surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. ced slowly to and fro along the lawn, g to measure with the fishing-rods as g and leveling-staffs, and the fishing- ard and rood-measures. Presently, a ndow opened, and out walked the occu- the villa,—a well-to-do alderman. In th, he demanded what the two inter- re about. Hook coolly but courteously that a new canal was to be cut directly e lawn, and that accurate measure- ere necessary to determine the exact which it should take. Partly in tly in despair, the alderman invited to "talk it over"; a sumptuous nd the best of wines were just ready; lderman endeavored to persuade the that another line for the canal might btained without touching his lawn at k and Mathews revealed the hoax be- g their departure, and managed to talk a hearty laugh about it—rendered all asy by the fact that the dreaded canal a myth, and that he had entertained eminent men as Mr. Hook and Mr.

our distinguished actors have been s of practical hoaxes—not only come- farceurs, but tragic actors, who are upposed to be always in a passion of usy, revenge, and so forth.

YOUNG, THE TRAGEDIAN,

, was once driving in a gig with a e outskirts of London; he pulled up ke-gate, noticed the name of the toll- written up over the door, and politely te-woman that he particularly wished on a matter of importance. Feel- sed with the emphatic statement, she y for her husband the toll-collector, working in a neighboring field. He a clean coat, and presented himself. : "I paid for a ticket at the last gate, d that it would free me through this; o be scrupulously exact, will you kind- hether such is the case?" "Why, of !" "Can I then pass through with- ?" The toll-collector's further reply, peration when the travelers compla- ed on, need not be here transcribed.

WOMAN'S WORK.

of woman is peace, is peace;
no nobler work to do—
es to soothe, man's weal increase;
that noblest work pursue.

of woman is peace, is peace!
e, abroad, and everywhere
es abounds, where discords cease,
ce of woman is there, is there!

is stony, the task is hard;
worth gaining by toil is gained.
itself is its own reward,
ll begun is half attained.

ard, woman! your mission's great,
e from bondage to release—
ds of envy, spite, and hate;
k of woman is peace, is peace!
Bowring.

Dubious Gratitude.

nothing like perspicuity when one ank people. An instance of this we allas (Tex.) *Herald* of June 21, 1873, of "A Card," which reads as fol- sh to return my thanks to the many Dallas for the noble and effective e my house, and all I had left to late fire, from the burning flames ght; for nothing but their timely ap- manly energy saved my home from *I do ask and hope that all good citi- sist me to ferret out the heartless* JOHN OWENS."

A New Toy.

y has just been introduced and come very popular. It is a wax , the doll being dressed in night dainty lace cap. By some mechan- aby at certain intervals, after be- , lifts itself up in the crib, puts and distinctly calls "mamma," thinks "no family should be with-

OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

A Hideous Record of Cruelty and Licentiousness.

Francis I., Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Medici, Henry of Navarre, Richelieu and Mazarin, the Grand Monarque.

The Way which Led to La Carmagnole and the Reign of Terror.

From All the Year Round.

No one who reads the history of France for some generations before the Great Revolution, can much wonder at that outbreak. The seigneurial laws were beyond measure oppressive and inhuman, and justice was a word that had neither power nor meaning. The people were treated as slaves born into the world for the sole pleasure of their masters; there was no protecting law, no human consideration of any kind for them; and the raison d'etre of the toiling millions was held to be that of feeding the extravagant luxury of the idle hundreds.

A seigneur of the old French school was

OMNIPOTENT ON HIS ESTATES,

and had the power of life and death over his serfs. The infamous laws which gave over the people body and soul to their masters, and which make one blush for one's kind, were not taken off the statute-book until the revolution. One of these laws was, that a Lord might order a serf to be ripped open, so that he might warm his cold feet in his body. It is almost incredible; but it is true all the same. And it is of no good to say that this was a law never acted on. The fact that it existed at all proves its possibility, however rare its practice. Other rights, too, were hereditary with the lands and title of a seigneur of old times to which we cannot do more than allude. One very common form of luxurious oppression was connected with the bull-frogs of the ponds. These frogs do certainly make an unearthly noise through the night; and when a seigneur honored his estate by visiting it his peasants had to whip the ponds all night, so that the croaking of the frogs might not disturb the rest of my Lord Marquis, fatigued with his revels, and excited with high play. There was no thought for the poor serf who had to toil all day and watch all night. My Lord must sleep, let who would wake; and the frogs must be kept in the good manners of silence at any cost of plebian humanity. In a word, the whole system of seigneurial dominion was one of the

VILEST AND MOST OPPRESSIVE

that the world has ever seen; and the people lived in a slavish debasement that took all the manhood out of them if they submitted, or maddened them to fiendish frenzy if they rebelled. At last the nation arose in its might, and revenged itself on priests, lords, and sovereigns, with the fierce retaliation of the guillotine.

And with this hideous state of things, inhuman and barbarous, existed a cynical confession of immorality wherein was no rule but the one of personal pleasure, no law but the law of kingly liking. Mrs. Elliot's book, "Old Court Life in France," is really a history of the royal favorites of both sexes who swayed the destinies of the foremost nation in Europe, and sat as uncrowned monarchs by the side of the sovereign from the time of Francis the First to that of Louis the Fourteenth. In this book we see the reason of that

TREMENDOUS POLITICAL CATACLYSM

which shook society to its centre, and the last throbs of which have not yet subsided. And if we have not studied this page of history before, we can understand better after reading Mrs. Elliot's book how the revolution came about, and how it was more the Nemesis than the Typhon of society, the avenger rather than the oppressor.

The sixteenth century was one of those stirring epochs which seem to form and vitalize the future generations for all time. Art and literature, speculation and science were in full activity, and even war itself had its favorable side. "At this period three highly educated and unscrupulous young men divide the power of Europe," says Mrs. Elliot. "They are Henry the Eighth of England, Charles the Fifth of Austria, and Francis the First of France. Each is magnificent in taste, each is desirous of power and conquest. Each acts as a spur to the other both in peace and in war. They introduce the cultivated tastes, the refined habits, the freedom of thought of modern life, and from the period in which they flourished modern history dates. Of these three monarchs Francis is the

BOLDEST, CLEVEREST, AND MOST PROFLIGATE.

The elegance, refinement, and luxury of his court are unrivalled; and this luxury strikes the senses from its contrast with the frugal habits of the ascetic Louis the Eleventh, and the homely Louis the Twelfth." Francis was an art-lover as well as a warrior, a politician, and a notorious squire of dames. He introduced the Renaissance, brought Cellini, Primaticcio, and Leonardo da Vinci from Italy, "and never wearied of their company," establishing this last at the Chateau de Clos, near his own castle of Amboise, where the aged painter is said to have died in the arms of his royal patron; and he built beautiful palaces, quaint and rich, where his predecessors had erected grim and frowning fortresses. The most famous of these structures is Chambord, "created like a fairy palace amid the flat and dusty plains of Sologne,"—Chambord, where the double staircase, representing a gigantic fleur de lys in stone, allows those who ascend to be invisible to those who descend, where doors are concealed in sliding panels behind the arras, where there are many double walls and secret stairs, much beauty and flowing ornamentation, but also grave cause for reflection, and a little inlet for understanding.

There was much in the life of Francis that necessitated

SECRET STAIRS AND SLIDING PANELS.

If his own hands were not always clean, he had enemies whose sense of moral purity was no more advanced. Plots were met by counterplots, dissimulation by treachery, and oppression by treason, till the world was full of fear and suffering; and the only strain of softness running through the relations of society was love of that questionable kind known as royal favoritism. To be sure there was beauty of appearance as well as cultivation of the intellect; but with learning, poetry, wit, and intellect came luxury and boundless extravagance. "Brantome speaks as with bated breath of the royal expenditure. These are the days of broad sombrero hats fringed with gold and looped up with priceless jewels and feathers; of embroidered cloaks in costly stuffs—heavy with gold or silver embroidery—hung over the shoulder; of slashed hose and richly-chased rapiers; of garments of cloth of gold, embroidered with armorial bearings in jewels; of satin justaucorps covered with rivieres of diamonds, emeralds, and oriental pearls; of torsades and collars wherein gold is but the foil to priceless gems.

THE LADIES WEAR

Eastern silks and golden tissues, with trimming of rare furs; wide sleeves and Spanish fardingales, sparkling coifs and jeweled nets, with glittering veils. They ride in ponderous coaches covered with carving and gilding, or on horses whose pedigrees are as undoubted as their own, covered with velvet housings and silken nets woven with jewels, their manes plated with gold and precious stones. But these illustrious ladies consider gloves a royal luxury, and are weak in respect of stockings. Foremost in every gorgeous mode is Francis. He wears rich Genoa velvets, and affects bright colors—rose and sky-blue. A Spanish hat is on his head, turned up with a white plume, fastened to an aigrette of rubies, with a golden salamander as his device, signifying, 'I am nourished and I die in fire.'"

In those days a man's enemies were emphatically those of his own household; and the life of Francis the First of France was no exception to the rule. There was that bold and handsome

CHARLES DE MONTPENSIER,

Duc de Bourbon and Constable of France, who first troubled his luxurious repose. Bourbon stood too high to be well liked by the sovereign. Besides, there had been a boyish difficulty between them over a game at maille not many years ago (the King's age is only 20, Bourbon's 26—at Mrs. Elliot's opening scene. And the difficulty had rankled; the King having challenged Bourbon, but not having fought him, which this last resented as an affront to his honor. Greater troubles, however, than not getting "pinked" by the royal rapier, awaited the handsome young Constable; for he and the King's sister, Marguerite d'Alencon, were in love with each other though she was another man's wife; and Louise de Savoie, the King's mother, was in love with him. Louise had certain claims on the inheritance of the Constable's late wife, Suzanne; and these claims she offered to consolidate by marrying Bourbon—just fourteen years her junior. He refused; and made her

HIS ENEMY FOR LIFE.

At last the court intrigues and state plots growing up everywhere, like mushrooms in a night, culminated in his open rebellion and the transfer of his sword and service to the enemy of France and Francis, Charles the Fifth of Spain. Many of the first nobles of the time followed the Constable; among them the Comte de Saint-Vallier—for whose life his daughter, the beautiful Diane de Breze, better known as Diane de Poitiers, wife of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, besought the King on her knees. Her beauty gained what justice and mercy alike would have denied; and she bought the grace she sought—at the price of which all history is cogniaznt.

Then came the war between Francis and Charles the Fifth, with our cousin Bourbon fighting under the banner of Spain;

THE BATTLE OF PAVIA,

and the famous letter of Francis to his mother, "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur;" his imprisonment and illness in the Alcazar at Madrid; the arrival of his sister Marguerite, his true friend, and her entreaties to him to save his life and gain his liberty by assenting to the terms proposed by Charles; namely, the cession of Burgundy, the renunciation of all interest in Flanders and the Milanese, the payment of a ransom that would beggar the country, his marriage with Elinor, Queen Dowager of Portugal, the sister of Charles, and the delivering up of his sons, the two young Princes, the Dauphin and the Duc d'Orleans, as hostages till these conditions were fulfilled. To all of which Francis swore assent—for the time; and perjured himself.

After this we have the

RETURN VISIT OF CHARLES

to Francis, and the well-known anecdote of Triboulet, the court fool. The debate between Francis and the Duchesse d'Etampes, the reigning favorite, which Mrs. Elliot has imagined, is on the subject of how Charles is to be received. Francis says that he will go to meet him at Touraine, then attend him at Loches and Amboise. The Duchess advocates treachery and the oubliettes. The King holds fast by the honor of hospitality and persuasion, not force, in the matter of that treaty of Madrid. Triboulet, who has been shaking the silver bells on his parti-colored dress with suppressed laughter, pulls out some ivory tablets to add something to a list he keeps of those whom he considers greater fools than himself. He calls it his "journal." The King looks on the tablets, and sees the name of Charles the Fifth.

"Ha! ha! by the mass! how long has my brother of Spain figured there?" asks he.

"The day, sire, I heard he had put his foot on the French frontier."

"What will you do when I let him depart freely."

"I shall," said Triboulet, "rub out his name and put yours in its place, sire."

The visit, however, went off, as we know, with no greater calamity than a little love-making between

THE FAVORITE AND THE GUEST;

part of the process of which was the presentation of a ring by Charles to the Duchesse when she held the golden basin for him wherein to wash his hands, with the subsequent popular belief of her having betrayed Francis. It was the way these favorites had. Bought by the greed of gain, the love of pleasure, or the lust for power, they were ready to sell to a higher bidder the so-called love and service they have already bartered; and when Francis wrote with his diamond ring on the window of his closet at Chambord,

Souvent femme varie
Bien foi qui s'y fie;

he had had reason enough in his own life to know how true his first line was, and how oft repeated his second.

HENRY THE SECOND,

the son of Francis, husband of Catherine de Medici and father of Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third, likewise the open and confessed lover of his father's discarded favorite, Diane de Poitiers, a woman of 35 when he was a mere lad and his bride only 15, did not enjoy his Kingship very long. Eight-and-twenty when he began his reign, he finished it A. D. 1559, when 40 years of age, and after only twelve years' rule. Who does not know the manner of his death, how, on that bright summer's day,—when Elizabeth his daughter, and Marguerite his sister, were married, the one to Philip the Second of Spain, the morose husband of our own Mary Tudor, the other to the Duc de Savoie,—after having successfully mastered his opponents in the jousts, Henry met the Scotchman Montgomery, who, by some mismanagement, did not succeed in giving him the best of the shock, as was the rule, but shook his feet out of the stirrups. The King in his golden armor, his sword-handle and dagger set with jewels, and wearing the colors of Diane de Poitiers,—white and black,—insisted on a second tilt. They met. Montgomery held his lance straight and firm. It broke the King's vizor, and a

SPLINTER ENTERED HIS EYE;

and after lingering a few days in agony he died. But even before he drew his last breath, Catherine sent an order to her hated rival to quit the Louvre on the instant, to deliver up the crown jewels, and to make over the possession of the chateau of Chenonceau, in Lourraine, to herself.

"Chenonceau was Catherine's 'Naboth's vineyard,'" says Mrs. Elliot. "From a girl, when she had often visited it in company with her father-in-law Francis, she had longed to possess this lovely woodland palace beside the clear waters of the river Cher. To her inexpressible disgust, her husband, when he became King, presented it to the 'old hag,' Diane, Duchesse de Valentinois." Diane, sitting lonely at the Louvre, turned upon the messenger, asking: "Is the King then dead?" Hearing that he was not, she sent a defying message to the Queen; but the curtain dropped on her in a few hours after; and Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois, passed away into an obscurity from which it would have been better for both France and humanity had she never emerged!

CATHERINE DE MEDICI,

as Queen-Regent, had her hands full. Grant any amount of fringe, pare off all possible margin of exaggeration, and still enough remains behind to stamp her one of the most cruel and the most astute, one of the vilest and the cleverest women of her own or any generation. Among the crimes of which she is accused, yet of which the verdict is not proven, stands that of poisoning Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, mother of Henri the Fourth, by a pair of gloves; also that of poisoning her brother-in-law, the Dauphin, in a cup of water, by which Henry the Second and herself came to the throne. She planned and executed the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and she systematically degraded the virtue of women and the honor of men, that she might make her account out of their passions and weaknesses. "My maids of honor are my best allies," she said significantly, speaking to the Duc de Guise.

"She imported ready-witted Italians, actors, and singers," says Mrs. Elliot, "who played at a theatre within the Hotel Bourbon, at Paris; saltimbanques and rope-dancers, who paraded the streets; astrologers, like Ruggiero; jewelers, like Zametti; and bankers, like Gondi. These men were ready to sell themselves for any infamy; to call on the stars for confirmation of their prophecies; to benefit spendthrift Princes with ample supply of ready cash; to insinuate themselves into the confidence of unwary nobles; or to serve their royal mistress as spies. A woman of such powerful mind, infinite resource, and unscrupulous will,

OVERAWED AND OPPRESSED HER CHILDREN.

During the three successive reigns of her sons, Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth, and Henry the Third, Catherine ruled with the iron hand of a mediæval despot. Yet her cruelty, perfidy, and statescraft, were worse than useless. She lived to see the chivalrous race of Valois degraded; her favorite child Anjou, Henry the Third, driven like a dog from Paris by Henry de Guise; and son after son go down childless to a dishonored grave."

As for her daughter, la reine Margot, or Marguerite of Navarre, wife of Henry the Fourth and beloved of many more, Catherine never even pretended to love her. Such women as she seldom care for their daughters, and not often for their sons. So long as the gay life of this pleasure-loving woman only outraged morality, but left the Queen-regent's ambitious schemes and State intrigues alone, she was content. It was only when la reine Margot's excesses became dangerously notorious that she remonstrated; but even then it was for the sake of expediency, not virtue; for the safety of the royal power, not for the worth of a royal example. This woman reigned, and this state of things continued for

TWENTY-NINE YEARS;

and then the cruel Queen died a fortnight after the foul murder of le Balafre,—which murder alone, were anything else wanting, would have heaped infamy forever upon the reign of Henry the Third. Murder indeed was the order of the day all through these times; murder, whether by secret poisoning or by open butchery, and we cannot wonder if the terrible fate to which the queen and her sons had dedicated so many others fell at last on one of themselves. Henry the Third died by the hand of the assassin Jacques Clement, and Henry the Fourth,

HENRY OF NAVARRE,

once the Protestant leader, became now the Catholic King. But he at least was free from the stain of blood-guiltiness, and if his life was not too pure, it was not cruel.

Not too pure, indeed! Good-natured and frank, his character had certain popular qualities which threw his vices into the shade. But he was vicious all the same; and the man who wished that every peasant in his dominions might have a fowl in his pot on Sunday was the man from whom every father of any degree would most carefully keep his daughter, every husband his wife. "Brave to a fault, he rode hither and thither like a knight-errant, regardless of his personal safety, accompanied only by a few attendants. Although a warrior and a statesman, Henry was a true child of the mountains. Born under the shade of the Pyrenees, he would as soon encamp under a hedge as lie on a bed of down; would rather eat dried ham spiced with garlic than dine sumptuously at Jarnet's Palace, at the Marais, or at 'Le Petit More,' the polite traiteur of that day; would quaff the petit cru of his native grape with more relish than the costliest wines from the vineyards of Champagne or Bordeaux. Henry was not born on the banks of the Garonne, but a

MORE THOROUGH GASCON

never lived; his hand upon his sword, his foot in the stirrup, his gun slung across his shoulder, the first in assault, the last in retreat, ready to slay the wild boar of his native forests, or, lute in hand, to twang a roundelay in honor of the first Dulcinea he encountered. Boastful, fearless, capricious, his versatility of accomplishments suited the changing aspects of the times. He was plain of speech, rough in manner, with a quaint jest alike for friend or foe; irregular in his habits, eating at no stated times, but when hungry voraciously devouring every thing that pleased him, especially fruit and oysters; negligent, not to say dirty, in his person, and smelling strong of garlic. A man who called a spade a spade, swore like a trooper, and hated the parade of courts; was constant in friendship, fickle in love, promised anything freely, especially marriage, to any beauty who caught his eye; a boon companion among men, a libertine with women, a story-teller, quaint in his careless epicureanism, and so profound a believer in 'the way of fate' that, reckless of the morrow, he extracted all things from the passing hour." If such a man was one of the better sort, what could the worst have been!

Pass on to the minority of

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH

when Marie de Medici was Regent, and Richelieu her Minister; to his majority when Anne of Austria was his wife, and the whole court was torn between the factions of the two rival ladies, with Mademoiselle de Hautefort as the King's confidante—in all honor—and the Duchesse de Chevreuse as the Queen's. Richelieu however kept the helm of the State vessel straight enough for his own policy. He was the Government; "I and the King;" and "after me the deluge." After him indeed the deluge, so far as poor, weak, timorous Louis was concerned; for he survived his great Minister only five months. Wearied of life, disgusted with power, he gave up the struggle; and on the 14th of May, 1643, laid down to die, when 42 years old, more because he would not than because he could not live.

France passed now under another Regency. This time

ANNE OF AUSTRIA

was the nominal ruler, with Cardinal Mazarin as the guide and master, and, finally, secret husband of the weak and self-willed woman. Again, the old round of wrong goes on. Court intrigues and court immoralities fill up the time of all who live in that fatal atmosphere. Without, wars and rumors of wars; profligate expenditure and griping poverty; the noble, a man of higher human calibre apparently than the peasant, and holding himself superior to the Decalogue and all other laws, human and divine, when the whim took him; everywhere the privileged class outraging justice, defying God, oppressing man, with the lower orders writhing under their feet, too weak to resist, too broken to combine.

Then came the reign of the Grand Monarque, Louis the Fourteenth, one of the

GREATEST HISTORICAL HUMBUGS

of modern times. With him, too, the nation meant only the two classes of those who worked and those who enjoyed, with himself the deus maximus at the head of the dii minores. There was still no question of mercy, justice, humanity, or morality. Taxes were laid on the people till the heaviest toil would scarcely give food for the toiler; men with names and purses bought justice openly on the bench; thousands of lives were sacrificed for the "glory" of this blatant posturizing French Turveydrop; nowhere was reverence paid to any of the first principles of right, of freedom, of Christin living; everywhere only vice and oppression, only bloodshed and starvation, Louis the Fourteenth might have been the Grand Monarque in his own way; but it was a way which

LED TO LA CARMAGNOLE,

and the tumbrils laden with the innocent condemned.

To build Versailles and nearly ruin the already impoverished country for the cost; to go to war with Flanders, with Holland, with Spain, and and come off victorious and renowned; to concentrate all his faculties on questions of precedence, on the mode of being "incensed" at church, when they were not employed in making love to women who were not his wives; to be a martinet in the question of wigs, and an autocrat to the court tailor; to prove his love for God by his hatred to men of another faith than his own; to take up arms again against Holland, and this time to fail; to take up the cause of Prince Charles, and again to fail; to die as he had lived,

A HYPOCRITE AND A LIBERTINE,—

this was the life of Louis the Fourteenth,—the grand-father of one of the most infamous of all the list, Louis the Fifteenth, the lover of De Pompadour, Du Barry, and many others less notorious if no less guilty.

What marvel then that the revolution came? Louis the Sixteenth was moral, truly, but wooden-headed and dull; Marie Antoinette was brilliant, brave, and fascinating, but not to be trusted, and more lovely than beloved. Had they been the first of their bad line they would not have fallen as they did. But they came as the culmination of generations of misrule, of

CENTURIES OF CRIME;

and they suffered for their fathers, according to the text. The time for retaliation had come; and the revenge that was taken was equal to the wrongs that had been wrought. We should never forget this when we speak of the French revolution of '89. Whatever the crimes that defaced the struggle, they had been prepared for in the crimes of the past ages. Oppression had brutalized the people, and suffering had maddened them. It was an awful time; and no apologist can deny the terrible wickedness had committed then; but neither can the most passionate condemner deny the infamy that went before,—the cruelty, blood-guiltiness, and immorality of the old court life of France that paved the way for the Goddess of Reason, the September massacres, and the Reign of Terror.

TO MY FRIEND.

Keep all that careless happiness,
That suits your life so free,
For those who fill your summer-hours
With lightest gayety.

Your laughing eye must *sometime* wear
A sadness or regret,
That finds nowhere an answering gleam,—
Nowhere an eyelid wet,—

Nowhere that tender sympathy
Which sometimes all hearts seek,
Although no lightest tone or sigh
The yearning prayer may speak.

Then keep your careless happiness
For hearts more light than mine.
But come to me for tenderness;
That shall, at least, be thine.

Aug. 16, 1873. HELEN F——.

FASHION.

From the New York Evening Mail.

Fashionable milliners inform us that the winter bonnet will be a "charming modification" of the head-gear now worn.

—Cane fans are one of the latest novelties. They are of ebony, with knob handles, out of which springs a small silk fan edged with lace and handsomely decorated.

—Lobe, or stud ear-rings, continue in fashion. Those of diamond or pearl are, perhaps, the most in favor. Pendent ear-rings have by no means gone out of fashion, and never will, so long as ladies imagine that they are becoming to their style of beauty.

—Tortoise shell jewelry increases slowly but steadily in fashion. No fashionable lady's jewel-box is considered complete naw-a-days without a set of tortoise, especially the necklace and monogram locket. These ornaments are always genteel and stylish, and can be worn with almost any toilette appropriately.

—Ladies may be interested to know that overskirts are to be discarded for promenade costumes and indoor toilets, next winter. Skirts will be trimmed with puffings, etc., to simulate overskirts, and for this purpose lace will be much used. Worth, we believe, originated this idea. To him the ladies anxiously look for a practical illustration of the novelty.

—Feathers form the chief, and oftentimes only, trimming on the hats now fashionable among ladies. Brown, black, and purple are the popular colors. A graceful curling and long, drooping feather over the crown of the hat is very stylish. Some of the hats are very elegant. The ladies all know that handsome feathers, like handsome birds, are very expensive.

HONORA.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Yes, Honora Brentworth was always a statuesque thing. They used to make their angels, and ghosts, and sculptures of her in all their charades and tableaux, and well she played the part. But one night I saw her in a statue scene that was enough to chill your blood, almost as hers was chilled.

She was naturally pale—none of the sickly cast of skin, but a waxen whiteness that was lovely in itself to the artistic eye, that finds pleasure in all varying beauty, and where it chooses blushes on one face, chooses pallor on another. But Honora herself detested this pallor, and often put a delicate dash of rouge upon her cheek and chin; and then she was beautiful, with her straight fair hair banded away from the classic face, whose profile was like a Psyche's, and the long-lashed eyes that were almost always cast down under their snow-white lids. "What a deathly hue!" she would cry, as she looked in the glass. "It is a sort of hospital flag. It warns everybody off from me. Nobody likes to keep company with the dead and dying, and so don't preach any more about my rouge!" Nor was she altogether wrong in her comparison, for she had some inscrutable disease of the heart that now they would call by a long and learned name, but that then had no name at all, Emperors not having died of it. Its character, however, was better known than its name, since it frequently caused her to faint quite away, and might eventually prove a more serious thing, in case any sudden shock or pleasure should ever hurry the blood too swiftly on its passage through the heart—a thing not likely to happen to Honora, who was cool and calm and unmoved to a degree not common with women, for most women have not such earthly fixity, and in their changing and flitting and sparkling they are more like the evanescent and ethereal fire. But Honora had had the trouble for half a dozen years, and said little or nothing about it, and was well and strong in spite of the occasional fainting-fit; and she was so fine and queenly and brilliant that she had more lovers than she could count on her fingers.

For all that, Honora was not happy. Mordecai sat in the King's gate. She was such a self-contained, self-balanced thing that nobody would have guessed it unless observing her as closely as I did, since to me she was something of a study, for I am a gossiping thing, as you see, telling all I know. But Honora took counsel with nobody but herself, and, if you can understand me, did not always tell all she knew even to herself.

So as I looked at her I could well discover how listless she was when one person only was absent from the group about her. I could see that the room was empty to her if he was not there, that she heard people talking as if in a dream, and wished that she could waken; and when he came she woke, she lifted the beautiful white lids, and the great soft dove eyes glistened, and while he spoke to her the sweetest suspicion of color seemed to fan up into her cheek, so that then she needed no rouge at all. But, after all, that was seldom, for Andrew Renton had other calls upon his time than those Honora made. I think he was a light-minded man, not worth the devotion of so deep and strong a nature as Honora's—of such a nature as Honora's might have been had good angels guided her. But that is the way of the world. It is those men that too frequently get the devotion. And Andrew Renton had a graceful manner with him that was captivating; he had a troubadourish sort of beauty; men loved him, and it did not need his brilliant talk, his daring riding, his dash and glitter, to conquer women, so long as he had that graciously sovereign way and that air of undivided interest which always served him where better men had failed.

Nevertheless, Andrew Renton might have been all well enough if he had had a steady soul; but he was as uncertain as the wind; because he was in this quarter to-day, it was no sign he was to be there to-morrow. He had no fixed purposes, not even any preferences; he could not tell, in point of fact, whether he liked virtue or vice the best. He thought the "Last Rose of Summer" the sweetest tune in the world when Amabel Burney sang it, and continued thinking so till he heard Honora sing "Home, Sweet Home." He was sure the bluebell in Honora's fair braids was the loveliest flower that blows till he saw the camellia in Amabel's dark curls; the blonde's great repose seemed to him absolute perfection till he again fell in with the witcheries and vivacities of the dark-eyed and rosy-cheeked little beauty. He turned on his finger the sapphire, whose dark blue facets broke into blood-red rays at the angles of its cutting, and wondered which of those two lovely hands would wear it, as if fate and not he were to determine.

But before Amabel Burney crossed his vision he had been all Honora's, save for occasional acts of vagrancy of no duration; and he had hesitated in his contemplated proposal of marriage only because he could not judge from her manner what the answer would be, and a not unusual vanity made him desire certainty. Every day she had expected to hear the words from his lips; she knew that she was his already; she felt that he was hers. She was so certain of his love, indeed, that she did not feel it necessary to restrain her own feelings, and though she confided nothing to anybody, she loved him tenderly and idolatrously. And one night she had betrayed it.

He came, on the morning after that fatal evening, his heart full—though, as you see, it did not take much to fill it. He was sure now of good fortune, though no words had passed between them, and he intended to complete the mute avowal of the night before, and have a definite understanding in relation to their marriage. Honora, on the night before, standing under the chandelier, with its light pouring down on the *blonde cendree* hair and gilding it, pouring over her draperies of pale silk, and flashing back from her great pearls, seemed to him so glorious a creature that he dared not wait longer ere he claimed her. He could not wait, he said. And yet if I should tell you the exact truth, it would be that as he mounted the steps the next morning he experienced a strange sense of suffocation, and had half the mind to retreat before he was manacled. I suppose the artist in him loved Honora, but the man in him loved liberty.

But as he entered the parlors that morning, without announcement, he saw Honora in the music-room beyond, with her young singing-mistress standing beside her, and he quietly took his seat in the window, shielded by the curtain, to gaze on her at his pleasure till the lesson should be through. But the lesson was long. He could not see Honora further than some folds of her dress; only the music-teacher faced him, brunette and bright, velvet-eyed, and rosy-lipped,—a little piece of as perfect flesh and blood as he had ever seen, he said,—only the voice of the fresh young thing thrilled him. Before the lesson was over callers of importance came, and, of course, the business of the day would have had to be postponed, even if it had suffered no diversion. There was possibility only between him and Honora of one long, full look into each other's eyes, one long, close pressure of the hands, mute reiteration of the night's mute assurance, and so it chanced that Mr. Renton walked home with the little music-teacher, and he would have been a very different being from Andrew Renton if he had not followed up his opportunity, for he was a man nowise fastidious as to caste, and he found that he had made the acquaintance of one as lovely in nature as in face, as innocent and unsuspecting and sweet as a child should be, as modest and timid as a woman. There was nothing timid about Honora, though reserve and cold pride might counterfeit the charm.

At first it had been accident that threw him in the little musician's society; it was accident that caused them to meet again in music-rooms, and at other houses; then it was purpose. He followed the pretty thing about, thinking he was but amusing himself. To-day he fulfilled an engagement with Honora; to-night he went to hear Amabel sing. When he saw Honora he was her slave, and showed it; as he left her his fetters were loosened; and when he saw Amabel he thought it as sweet to rule there as to serve elsewhere. Honora's fortune and Amabel's poverty made no difference with him; he already had, if not as much wealth as he wanted, yet enough to answer at a pinch—his wife, whoever she might be, could have her own coach, and would not be destitute of diamonds.

Nevertheless, as the days went, he felt a trifle uneasy—the least in the world displeased with himself. He wished he had never seen Amabel, or else, on the night before he did, he had not walked with Honora in the conservatory and in the dim shadows of the palms and bananas there; for on that night they had been dancing together, he flushed with the music and the waltz, and maybe with the wine, she white and still as before; and as they paused a moment in their sauntering through the green obscurity, where each of them might have seemed little more than a beautiful shadow to the other, he had suddenly, impelled by he knew not what rashness, except the fever in his blood, bent and kissed Honora's perfect mouth; and, as if the fiery touch had broken the statue-like spell that always bound her, she had met his lips with lips as passionate. And then gay approaching voices came down the blossoming aisle with jests and laughter, and they were not alone again. But what woman of Honora's temperament, after all that had gone before—the long friendship, the long wooing—what woman who loved, and believed in the honor of her lover, would not have received that kiss as the avowal she had awaited—would not have expected plainer raptures and more open declarations on the morrow? And what woman would not have sat in amazed and indignant silence, biding her time, when days passed, and weeks, and, at length, one month was slipping into another, and still the lover came, and yet no plainer word was spoken? What woman would not have been resolved to discover the reason that lay behind it all, and, if love was so strong in her that she could not hate her lover, would not have hated the thing that she found was robbing her of him?

But when some weeks had passed, and Mr. Renton found himself in his dilemma, Amabel's influence counteracting Honora's just enough to make him uncertain of himself—uncertain whether he wished that he might marry both of them or that he had never seen either of them; and when other weeks had passed, and affairs were worse with him instead of better, and Honora's manner grew icier every day, and Amabel's had a touch of pathos in it that it tried a man to see, then Mr. Renton resolved that he would leave town and both of these magnets for a while, and trust to time to clear up the matter for him.

He had some business in the West that he had usually intrusted to an agent; but it would be just as well for him to look at it himself; and he accordingly sat down and wrote letters and made appointments, and completed his arrangements in such a manner that the wiles and strategies of neither of the two enemies of his peace should be able to have any influence with him for this time at least.

The room was full at Honora's when he went to speak of his approaching departure, for it was her reception-day—the street cumbered with fine equipages and the stairways with gorgeous women. "I have come to bid you good-by," he said, standing beside her and taking her fan. He saw the least tremor imaginable run in one long undulating sparkle through her jeweled necklace, for Honora was one of those who do not believe in leaving the beautiful for age and ugliness alone to wear.

"Are you going away?" she asked; and the color crept to her cheek, where she had forgotten to put the rouge, the faintest rose-flush, but it made her simply perfect; and as he looked at her he could not help murmuring,

A woman of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair.

Another guest claimed her attention that moment, and as she absently held her hand for the fan while speaking with her face averted and toward the new-comer, Mr. Renton had nothing to do but to gaze at her in her magnificence, with the pale pink shimmer of her silk, the vapory lace, the jewels, the features like a Greek goddess', the shining fairness of face, and the smile as dreamy as if she were a being of another sphere that all the time claimed her thoughts. It was too much for Renton, of course; you might as well expect him to stand in the East and not feel the sun. "Yes, I am going away," he said, as she turned again in his direction. "And when I come back, Honora?"

What, when he came back? She meant to answer him coldly, but it was impossible. She had loved him from childhood; suspense and fear had only fed the flame. Love loses all sense of pride; anger goes down before it. Doubtless he had been trifling with her, but—she loved him. "When you come back?" she said, under her breath, marble white, not lifting her eyes.

He was bending low before her, in ceremonious adieu, to all the world, if all the world were looking, but he had taken her handkerchief-holder, and was sliding its ring over the third finger of her outstretched hand. "When I come back," he said, "shall I put a different ring on that finger—one never to come off?"

She could not speak; she could only reply with a grasp of the hand; and then glancing up, he saw the blush mounting her white face, bathing cheek and forehead in its deep and rosy tints, and suddenly surging away and leaving them ashen, as she fell forward, fainting.

There was an outcry at once about the heat of the rooms; and these crowded up with fans, and those with vinaigrettes, and the rest with ice-water and with wine; and Renton carried her to the sofa of an adjoining parlor, and left her with her feathered and jeweled tiring-women. And when she came out again, half an hour afterward, pale and smiling, with an ineffable peace on her face, he kissed her hand and went.

Mr. Renton thought that he would write little Amabel a farewell, and he went to drive in the park, and he dined with a friend, and when evening came he did not feel like writing. He felt like hearing some music, and he knew he could not see Honora, for she was to be at a grand dinner-party. And so, on the whole, it seemed as well to be civil, and bid little Amabel good-by in person. He could suffer the statement to escape in the course of usual conversation, he fancied, that he felt himself bound in honor to Honora, and that would put an end to any expectations Amabel might have cherished. Yes, he repeated, as he went along, he certainly was bound in honor—and Mr. Renton had not an idea but that he was one of the most honorable men alive.

Amabel was sitting at her piano when he went in; but she was not playing; her head was leaning forward on the music-rack, and her attitude was one of listless melancholy. At his step she sprang to her feet, and he saw that the tears were still sparkling upon her face, and making her, with her burning cheeks and her dark eyes glittering under the moisture, more dazzling than ever. She sat down again directly, after greeting him, and began to play to him, and then to sing. Renton was a connoisseur in his way; the voice, if not strong, was sweet, and the method was fine, the feeling was perfect; he lounged in a comfortable chair, gazing at the pretty picture the girl made, his soul and senses soothed in an epicurean luxury. By-and-by Amabel left the piano and came to sit beside him. "Oh!" she cried, "I thought you were gone!"

"And was that why you were crying?" he asked. She stopped a moment in her advance. "I haven't any friends, you know, in all the world!" she said. "I am all alone. And you seemed—you seemed—"

"I seemed—"

She paid no attention to his tone, but impatiently shook back the tumbling black curls. "And when I thought you had gone without bidding me good-by," she began; and then her voice choked, and she flung herself half about and burst into tears again. And in another moment Renton, who could not endure the sight of pain at all, never the sight of tears, and least of all the tears of a pretty child for whom he had a tenderness, had his arms about her, and was kissing off the tears, and declaring that he loved her passionately. And when he drove away to the station that night he had left his ring upon her finger, and he had bidden her be ready for her bridal upon his return two months hence.

As he established himself that night in his section of the sleeping-car, he felt, strange as it may seem, better satisfied than for a long time before. He decided that he had acted rightly, and not only rightly, but magnanimously. Honora had other interests, other pleasures, distractions, friends, and lovers, but Amabel had only himself. He would write to Honora, and close the affair between them, or he would let it slide, and make things right when they met. He thought the matter over, and was sure he would be happier with the gentle little Amabel—there was something far more flattering to his self-love in Amabel's reverence for him as a demi-god than in Honora's love for him as a man. And he pictured the girl in the splendor in which he would array her as his bride, and he heard her some night surprising his friends with that rich, sweet voice of hers, and he fell asleep. That either of the young women would have despised him for his conduct to the other did not occur to him; and he was right, for contempt would not have abated Honora's passion, and Amabel would have felt her love to be but so much the more necessary to him.

That week, as usual, Amabel went to give Honora her lesson. She was near the end of the term with all her pupils, and she thought it better to finish naturally, and then the money would be of value to her in making herself fit for a bride. She must have one white silk and one black one, at any rate, she said; and she had already laid out all she had in the purchase of the white one, which the person with whom she boarded was fitting for her. She was so happy and so glad that she could hardly keep herself from dancing as she passed along the street. She had no thought of making a secret of her bliss; and it was during Honora's lesson that, emphasizing some point of her instruction, she stretched her finger across the page, and Honora saw shining there the sapphire with its deep-blue facets breaking into blood-red rays at the angles of its cutting—saw that Amabel wore Renton's ring.

It was only by a supreme effort then that Honora kept her self-control. But she did. She felt herself sinking and falling, but she clutched the edge of the piano and sat upright; and presently the blood that the shock had sent curdling about her heart had regained its equilibrium. The sight of that ring had not been wholly unexpected by her; she had been making her quiet investigations, and had divined that Renton had been paltering with the girl in all that time when she had been waiting for him to speak decisively to herself. She had felt, to be sure, that that was over and done with since the morning when he bade her farewell before his journey, and made her heart beat so with joy as he slipped the handkerchief ring on her own finger; but when days had passed without the receipt of a line from him, she had begun to fear that his fickleness had the better of him again. She had wondered, during those silent days, if Amabel could give no further account of him; she had reasoned that if some kind fortune would remove Amabel for a time, all would be well. And now, as she sat there gazing on the sapphire, every thing that she could do was to repeat over and over to herself, "I must put her out of the way!"

She would make sure of the thing first. She looked up at Amabel's happy face. "You are wearing Mr. Renton's ring," she said, calmly.

"I am engaged to Mr. Renton," answered the triumphant girl, with a deep soft blush.

"I suppose I need not ask you, then, if you have heard from him since he went away?"

"Oh, every day!" said Amabel. "He is so good to me!" There was something appealing in the girl's attitude; she was quite Honora's age, and was her teacher, yet somehow seemed very much weaker and younger; she was half conscious, perhaps, that she had, though unwittingly, robbed the other of the love of a lifetime; she seemed almost to ask pardon as she stood beside her, with her down-dropped hands clasped together, and her down-dropped eyelids veiling the depth of her eyes, as if they might reveal too much happiness when they lifted. "He is so good to me," said Amabel.

"How can he help it?" said Honora, briefly. And she looked at the girl in her indigo-hued dress, with the rich carnations and creams of her clear dark skin, and the smile that brooded over her bliss, and she admired her and hated her together.

"I must put her out of the way," repeated Honora. And she sat repeating it long after Amabel had gone. "She has no friends to inquire after her," she said at last. "And as for him, he will presently forget! It can only be the infatuation of a moment that is conquering the purpose of years. Were she but removed, he would return to me and be as he was before. Why should I let her rob me?" she cried aloud. "He was mine! He is mine! It is only the glamour of her colors and lustres, her lovely flesh and blood, that obscures our love. A year with her placid stupidities and silly minauderies would vex his soul out of his body, and she too would be merely wretched. And I will do her no harm, indeed," she added, presently. "If I shut her up half a dozen years she will be in no worse slavery or prison bounds than she is now, as she goes through the drudgery of her dreary round of lessons. And when she is free—I am rich—she shall have an annuity awaiting her that will secure her forever from care and work, and she will be still young, and she will find other lovers. What can she know of love? What is her passion of two months beside mine, that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength? And by that time his fate will have been settled. He will have searched for her a little while, will have failed, will have come to me for consolation, will have found it, and I will have my own again!" she cried. "He was mine! He is mine! He shall be mine!" As she stood there in the sunshine, white, and with radiant eyes and a fierce, strong smile, she was the picture of triumph and defiance.

Wealth can do many things in a great and wicked city. It can hire strong arms and hard hearts; it can have coaches waiting in the shadow of appointed places to-night, if yesterday missed, and to-morrow if to-day misses; it can purchase certificates of physicians; it can secure the silence and the services of the keepers of the insane. And it did all that for Honora. And when the iron gates had clanged behind her rival, and she knew that till she spoke the word the girl would see no sunshine save that which fell through a grate, she sat down and awaited the lover to retain whom she had wrought such evil. The wild wretchedness and woe of the wailing girl within those cruel walls, the struggles, the appeals, the fruitless efforts, the despair that was akin to madness—all these things mattered not to Honora now. She would not be troubled by them. "It may as well be she as I," she said. "It had to be one of us. What will he think of her? What I want him to think of her—that she is false and vile as she is fair! She is out of the way. Come, Andrew Renton, come!"

But Amabel Burney, in saying she had not a friend in the world, had reckoned without her host,—or, rather, as we should say, her hostess; for the person with whom she had her home had not seen the little maiden going in and out, always so happy, so industrious, so bright, without giving her many a kind and loving thought. And now when the child did not come home, but her music, her dresses, her letters, were all lying in her room as she had left them, day after day untouched, the good woman became alarmed, visited the Chief of Police, turned over the letters till she found the address, and wrote to Andrew Renton, and then went on finishing the white silk wedding-dress, though she dropped many a tear on the seams.

And so Andrew Renton came—came sooner than he was expected, and unknown at first to any but the Chief and the person who had sent for him, while all his heart was awake and alive and aflame. It had needed but such a thing to make him a man; and now, fixed of purpose, sleepless and tireless, and racked with a thousand pangs, he was working out by day and night the salvation of the lost girl. It is true, the Chief had a suspicion, for his own part, that it might be Andrew himself who had spirited the girl away, and was quietly working out that little problem in the dark. But Andrew knew nothing of that, nor would he have cared if he had known. A chosen friend was with him now, a score of keen detectives followed his commands, and in the nights when Honora in her white satisfied sleep lay dreaming of him as still far away in the Western snows, he was, perhaps, passing under her window, as he delved and wrought out her secret from the dark recesses of the city's crime.

The two months of Mr. Renton's promised stay in the West had expired at last. His sister, quite ignorant of all the coil, had told Honora that a telegram from his agent had prepared her to expect him now on any train, and she had decided not to postpone the great party she had announced for his birthday. "He may come," she said, "before it is over. And I shall save the new waltz for the last, so that you may have it with him, my dear. *L'Amour et La Mort*—oh, the air is perfectly ecstatic! There, it goes this way!" and with that the giddy young matron had waltzed herself out of the room.

Honora went late to that party. He was coming! Her heart beat so at the thought all day that she could hardly move, and she did not put on her rouge, lest the flush that greeted him should be redder than rouge. But at night she was white and calm and statuesque as she had ever been. No one that looked at her would have guessed the riot about that heart, and not a line upon her perfect face showed the consciousness of any evil, told that a crime lay behind its mask, and that she carried about with her the foul burden of a murdered soul. "He is coming," she was thinking. "He will see me before he knows the thing has gone; and the absence may have ruined all that. I shall dance with him; I shall regain my power! Presently I shall hear his step, I shall hear his dear voice, I shall touch his hand, I shall see his face!" She sat just a little withdrawn from the full blaze of the light, refusing to dance with any, though she kept the gayest group in the room about her. Never had any one seen or heard her so brilliant; but she hardly knew what she was saying. Every nerve was stretched for the moment of his coming. The music went sounding on deliciously, the flowers gave up their intoxicating odors, the gleam of jewels and the sheen of satins moved before her, all unconscious of them; she saw nothing but the door through which Andrew Renton was to pass. As she sat there on the low ottoman, her white brocade, with the pale blooms swimming over it, spread around her, with the steady glow of her carbuncles, with the bandeau of deep-red roses in her hair, she was as sumptuous and superb a creature as ever waited for a suitor to tread a measure; and she knew it.

But the evening was wearing on, and at last, after a brief silence from the orchestra, there stole out the first breathings of a low and far-off strain—a single horn sighing the sweet convolutions of the tune, softened and re-echoed by bassoon and flute, swollen by the violins, till the full band burst forth with the perfect music of *L'Amour et La Mort*, and just at that moment a murmur was running round the room that the one in whose honor the fete was given had arrived.

It happened that the various groups of the room had gathered just then between Honora and the door. A gentleman bent over her shoulder, speaking with her, and her eyes were on her fan, whose filigree silver sticks she was slowly shifting. Her pulses were beating with the music, but she did not know what the tune was *L'Amour et La Mort*. She did not hear what the admirer bending there above her said. She did not see Andrew Renton, tall and splendid and stately, approaching her with another on his arm; she did not feel his presence in the room, till his voice sent the blood bubbling through her veins while he said, "Permit me, Honora, to present to you my wife," and she looked up to see bridegroom and bride—the bridegroom gazing at herself with eyes that pierced her like swords; the bride, wasted, indeed, from the round and dimpled thing she used to be, but still with a rich red mantling her dark cheeks, with a lovely light shining in her dark eyes, as she clasped her husband's arm with both her little hands, and surveyed her enemy.

Honora's breath came quick; a pale color fluttered up her cheek once more and left it again; her heart, like a great trip-hammer, was beating out its blows on her breast as it forged the life of that next minute; her eyes fell, and she never looked up again. But she rose, and, bowing her head, bent before bride and groom in one long proud courtesy—so long and deep an inclination that she had seated herself on the low ottoman again in concluding it. Her hands still held the filigree sticks of the fan, though the sticks were crushed between her fingers; her head was still bowed; the smile was fastened upon her haughty lip. People turned to look at her as she remained so that instant, icy and still, with the smile, the bent head, the fan, the flicker of the wax-lights glancing in her jewels, restless where all was fixed, the face blanching whiter and grayer than the ancient frost. "The man has chosen warm flesh and blood rather than marble," whispered one. "She is like a beautiful statue!" said another. "Like?" cried a third, running forward, as the groups broke up and scattered in a horror, and the ecstatic music hushed itself and stopped—"she is a statue!"

And it was quite true; for Honora sat there, dead.—*Harper's Weekly.*

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

I am waiting, ever waiting, for the days that never come;
I am sitting, worn and weary, 'midst Life's shadows, drear and dun;
Memory o'er the Past is mourning, and the Future's all untold:
Earth has grown so strangely gloomy. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Evening-shadows gather 'round me, darker shadows shroud my soul;
There is but *one* rift of sunlight streaming from that far-off goal;
Shall I ever reach that portal? walk within those streets of gold?
For I'm weary—watching—waiting. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Through the night I dream of Heaven, and my loved ones waiting there;
But, alas! it is but dreaming, for I wake to anxious care.
There I know there comes no sighing,—only peace and bliss untold.
Lead me in those sun-lit pastures. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Is there room for one poor wanderer, who has, wanton, strayed away?
And forgiveness for a lost one, wandering farther every day?
Tender Shepherd, wilt thou hear me? I am lonely; I am cold.
With those sheltering arms support me. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

Hark! I hear the kindly welcome. Can I *dare* to enter in?
I who am so prone to evil,—I who blindly grope in sin?
Now the peans of the blessed vibrate on the harps of gold;
I can hear the angels singing. Take me, Lord, within the fold.

BEULAH M. F. SMITH.

HUMOR.

A Wabash editor returns thanks for a centipede sent him by mail from Texas, being the first cent of any kind he had seen for months.

—Scruples.—English tourist—"My man, what's your charge for rowing me across the Frith?" Boatman—"Weel, sir, I was jist thinkin' I canna break the Sawbath-day for no less than f'fteen shull'ns!"—*Punch.*

—A Bennington daughter, whose domestic nature is equal to her natural simplicity, was invited by an Advent exhorter to join his sect, get her white robe ready, and prepare to ascend. "I can't," the maiden replied; "father and mother are going up, and somebody must stay to see to the cattle."

—A Cincinnati editor, who has indulged in a heavy life-insurance, is said to be followed whenever he goes a-fishing by several insurance agents, affectionately bearing life-preservers and sun-umbrellas.

—Enthusiastic Pedestrian—"Am I on the right road for Stratford—Shakspeare's town, you know, my man. You've often heard of Shakspeare?" Rustic.—"Ees. Be you he?"—*Punch.*

—A Clay County, Kentucky, auctioneer pulled out a revolver and announced: "If any man goes frolicking around while the sale is going on, I shall interrupt him in his career. Put them shot-guns over by the fence an' leave 'em thar."

—An affecting incident occurred recently in Paris. Several French cooks, tempted by high pay, left Paris for New York. Indeed, when the *chef de cuisine* of the Tuileries departed, society deemed it an irreparable loss. "He was a man of great and unclouded intellect, with acute views as to the clearness of soup; a fine judge of general effect; and, as a composer, has rarely had his equal!"

—"Hello, Bill!" cried a boot-black to a companion yesterday, "heard yer old dad had broke his leg." "He did that," replied the "shiner" addressed, "and wasn't it bully for me, though! He was going to wallop me that very night."

—Much amusement is caused in New York by small cards gratuitously circulated about the streets with a small cork attached by a string, and having the following printed upon it in large letters: "The most horrible death is to be talked to death. To prevent the above terrible fate use the patent life-preserver attached to this card. Directions—Put the cork in your ear."

—A tale of two Norristown husbands: One, upon leaving his office the other night, stopped at a book-store, paid $1.25 for a new article, and went home and presented his wife with "A Pair of Blue Eyes." The other, after leaving his office, stopped at a saloon, paid $1.25 for whisky, and went home and gave his wife a pair of black eyes.

—Exclusiveness.—Host—"Nice party, ain't it, Major Le Spunger? 'Igh and low, rich and poor—*most* people are welcome to *this* 'ouse! This is 'Liberty 'All.' *this* is! No false pride or 'umbug about *me*! I'm a self-made man, *I am*!" The Major—"Very nice party, indeed, Mr. Shoddy! How proud your father and mother must feel! Are *they* here?" Host—"Well, no! 'Ang it all, you know, one *must* draw the line *somewhere*!"

—Precautions against the cholera are very numerous at present. Taking all the advice given, we learn that if a man eats nothing, drinks no liquors, drinks no ice-water, drinks no warm water, drinks nothing else, wears flannels, bathes three times a day, keeps his back yard clean, pays his taxes, avoids water, drinks brandy, eats ripe fruit, wears nothing, does not smoke, and follows such other methods of prevention as his common sense may dictate, he need have no fears of cholera.

—An illustration of Irish simplicity is afforded by the reply of a candidate for the office of teacher. The examiner was endeavoring to elicit the candidate's idea of the market value of labor with reference to demand and supply; but, being baffled, he put a question in this simple form: "If there are in your village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?" "What would follow, sir?" echoed the candidate; "why, a fight, to be sure."

—Danbury news paragraphs: "A Danbury man, who is rather unfortunately married, being requested by his wife to have the ice-man stop there, said it was scold enough now at the house to suit him, and then dodged.

"A little boy on Wooster street fell from a stoop on Thursday, and received severe bruises. His father was sent for, and, on arriving home, found thirty-one women in the house. It took the mother of the boy five days to get the various bottles of camphor and hartshorn to their rightful owners.

"A West street family had a little social gathering, Monday evening. During the evening the head of the house volunteered to crack some walnuts, but cracked his thumb instead, and the walnut from which the hammer glanced flew against a ten-dollar vase, and knocked in its abdomen. Then the head of the house threw the hammer through a fire screen, kicked the pan of walnuts across the floor and into the legs of the minister, and went into the kitchen to deliver an address. The party broke up.

"When there is not a breath of air stirring, and you are in danger of stifling, attempt to light a cigar out doors, and you will be surprised at the breeze that will start up. We have seen a man try this experiment in a dead calm, and by the time he had scratched thirteen matches it was really so windy as to be uncomfortable.

"The little girls are keeping house now and inviting other little girls to take tea with them. The tea consists mostly of warm water served in miniature wooden dishes, and a slice of green apple with a worm in it. The little girls drink the tea and chew the apple with proper solemnity. Then they, 'I shan't!' 'You're just as mean as you can be!' 'I shall go right home, *now!*' and kick each other on the legs, and disperse."

Effects of Chalybeate Water.

When Murphy first bought his farm in Lancaster County, he was not aware that all the water on the premises was strongly impregnated with iron. But when he drank that chalybeate water for five or six months his system was so thoroughly charged with iron that when he would wake up in the morning he would find that the bedstead had gradually shifted around during the night until the head pointed north. And the children's beds all performed the same maneuver. Without taking warning by this occurrence, the family continued to drink the water until, one fatal evening, Mrs. Murphy had been house-cleaning, and that night she and Murphy and the children lay down in the same room. No sooner were they in a horizontal position than all their heads swung around suddenly to the northern end of the chamber where the stove stood, and the next instant the whole five of them were drawn violently against the hot stove, and held there by magnetic attraction. Murphy suffered worst because he was bald, but Mrs. Murphy and the children lost every hair on their heads, and when the family sold out and moved away, every member of it was balder than all the other Murphys that ever wore a scalp.—*Max Adeler.*

NEW YORK.

Return of the Absentees—A Dangerous Piece of Ermine.

George Sanders' Political Reminiscences—A Fortune Dependent on a Fraction of Time.

Newspaper-Profits—The Ballet as a Scientific School.

From Our Own Correspondent.
NEW YORK, Aug. 29, 1873.

Broadway is usually a barometer of the season. The difference between its present appearance, and that of a few weeks ago, is very noticeable. The absentees have returned earlier than they had intended, on account of the recent extraordinary weather, which belongs rather to October than to August.

THE WANING SUMMER.

The air is full of maledictions of out-of-town landlords upon the storms and coolness that have so unexpectedly and so untimely descended upon this latitude. They found it impossible to keep folks at the springs and sea-side when the thermometer ranges between 70 and 80 degrees, and the skies are overcast and weeping five days out of seven. Hardly any of these summer-hotels but will sustain heavy losses this season, and not a few of them will, probably, change proprietors, on account of the tristful prospects of the future. The same report comes from Cape May, Long Branch, Saratoga, and Newport,—a good business during the greater part of July, and a very poor business before and since.

Broadway is as crowded now as it generally is a month later. Private residences are beginning to open in the fashionable thoroughfares, the clubs to show signs of life, and the play-houses to put forward their attractions. The last fortnight has produced a remarkable alteration in the outward semblance of metropolitan things, and, of a sudden, a liberal proportion of everybody seems to be back in town.

A JUDICIAL DEAD-SHOT.

Recorder Hackett continues to receive menacing letters, it is said, from thieves and ruffians, who complain of the rigid justice they get at his hands. Their threats are of little avail; for, whatever else Hackett may or may not be, he is certainly a man of great nerve. Nobody is more capable than he of self-protection; and, believing that he may be attacked at night, he invariably goes armed, and is one of the very best shots in the country. It is doubtful if there be a more skillful marksman with a pistol from Maine to California. He is an easy candle-snuffer at thirty paces, and at that distance can put a bullet through the same hole three times out of four.

James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, in his hilarious moods, has frequently held apples in his hand for Hackett to shoot at, and has even expressed willingness to put one on his head for a target,—such is his confidence in the Recorder's aim. Hackett keeps himself in superb practice, and is a finer shot to-day than he has ever before been. Some of his performances with a pistol are marvelous, and would be benevolent, if some one of the thousands of desperadoes infesting this community should have the courage to draw his fire. Hackett is very wary after nightfall, and takes especial pains not to be ambuscaded. Should he be assaulted at a late hour, there will certainly be business for the Coroner the next morning.

MORE POLITICAL REVELATIONS.

It is reported that the late George N. Sanders left a number of manuscripts and memoranda of persons and things with whom and which he had come in contact, and that the papers will be arranged and published in due season. Hardly any man of his time has had more intimate knowledge of the political events of the last thirty or forty years, and his revelations of Washington-life, if faithfully made, would certainly prove sensational. It used to be said before the War, that Sanders had a larger variety and number of odd experiences than any resident of the National Capital. He often threatened, it is said, to write a book for the edification of future generations; and a report that he has left materials for such a publication is not at all improbable. He was on most intimate terms with Webster, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Van Buren, and all the prominent statesmen and politicians North and South. Judicious use of the extensive information which he had must make an attractive and instructive volume.

This is eminently an age of book-making and book-makers, and we always read with avidity what concerns famous characters, either of the past or present. We shall soon be as addicted to Memoirs as the French, who seldom feel that they have discharged their duty to posterity until they have turned themselves inside out, for the benefit of their contemporaries. Benton, Greeley, Seward, Weed, and Forney have set an example which is likely to be followed by a host of prominent journalists and politicians.

PECULIAR WILL-CASE.

A New-Yorker and his wife, who were childless, and who had been living abroad for some years, were recently capsized in a sail-boat in the Mediterranean, and both drowned. They had made their wills before quitting this country, each leaving to the other, in the event of death, their joint property, amounting to about $100,000, but had made no further provision for the disposal of their estate. Of course there are sundry claimants here, and lawyers have been employed to look after their interests. The legal point is, Did the wife or husband die first? If she, then he would inherit, and all his possessions go to his immediate relatives. If he died before her, then she would inherit, and the property descend to her relatives.

There is no method of determining actually who was the survivor, and there could have been very little difference of time in the death of either. It is argued, on one hand, that the woman, being the weaker, would perish the sooner; and, on the other, that the man, in a natural effort to save his wife, would be the first to perish. How this subtle question can be settled, it is hard to determine; but, as $100,000 depends upon it, there will be an endless amount of hypothesis, physiology, hygiene, and hair-splitting.

JOURNALISTIC GOSSIP.

So many persons have predicted the New York *Tribune* would cease to be profitable since the last campaign, that it may be interesting to them to know that it cleared some $80,000 during the first six months of the present year, which is at the rate of 16 per cent per annum on the price of the latest shares sold,—and this is not a good newspaper year either.

Andrew V. Stout, President of the Shoe and Leather Bank, has just sold his eight shares of *Times* stock for $12,000 each, to George Jones, the publisher, who, it is understood, has disposed of them to Louis J. Jennings, the managing-editor of the paper, at the same rate. Jennings is now said to be the owner of twelve shares, and he and Jones together hold fifty shares, which, with possession, constitute control. The price of the *Times* stock—$12,000—is not high because the real estate and the building on it are estimated to be worth $1,000,000. The dividends declared have generally been but 10 per cent on the capital stock, though the journal has made a good deal more. This has not been encouraging to outside stockholders; and there are now, besides Jones and Jennings, only two,—the estate of James Taylor, and E. B. Morgan, who resides in the interior of the State.

THE ETERNAL "CROOK."

One would suppose that the public might grow weary of "The Black Crook" in the course of revolving years, but the indications are decidely otherwise. Since the grand revival, Niblo's has, if possible, been more crowded than ever, and it is probable that the gorgeous spectacular ballet will run for a year. So much has been said of the immorality or imorality of the "Crook," that I wonder it has not been discussed from a scientific point of view. That it has been a great anatomical school to the miscellaneous public, can hardly be gainsaid. Who knows how many thousands of rustics might have pined in ignorance of the feminine form sustained by sawdust, had they not witnessed the saltations of the Sable Band? As to art, the spectacle must be bounteously commended. There are more life, studies and poses during a single evening than there are in all the studios of civilization in the whole year.

SALMAGUNDI.

Since women have ceased to wear chignons, it is intimated by the other sex that they have lost much of their (capillary) attraction.

There is no foundation for the rumor that ex-Gov. Henry S. Foote has been offered a large salary to go on the *Herald* as a reporter, on account of his display, in a Washington, daily, of eccentric English. There is a felicitious redundance about "Reminiscences of the Past" which shows his fitness for the position. Does H. S. F. intend to favor us after awhile with Reminiscences of the Future?

The late Edward A. Pollard left a number of MSS. bearing on the conditions of the South before and during the War, which will probably be published in the magazines.

It is intimated that the title of Scribner & Co.'s new juvenile magazine will be the *Rising Generation.*

A story is current that William M. Tweed offered to bet $10,000 to $5,000, recently, that he would be acquitted, in the end, of all the charges brought against him, and that nobody would take the bet.

I hear—with how much truth I know not—that Theodore Thomas' celebrated orchestra has been engaged to give a full series of classic concerts in Chicago the coming winter.

James Parton, it is bruited, is contemplating the Life of Charles Dickens. I trust this may be true, since nobody is as capable of making so good a biography; and, after Forster's melancholy failure, it would be invigorating to have something of a higher order. COLSTOUN.

EVILS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

CENTRALIA, Ill., Aug. 28, 1873.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Allow me to point out, in your paper, some of the evils existing in our public schools, and the remedies which could easily be effected by local and State legislation.

In a place of about 5,000 inhabitants, you usually find from three to four school-houses, while one large and massive building, centrally located, would suffice, and could be at less expense kept in repair. Such a school should be divided into four departments, to suit the ages and acquirements of the pupils, with a teacher for each department; as it is, we have about eight to ten teachers.

A great many young persons, having gone only through the common schools, are consequently, however talented and assiduous they might be, not competent to impart knowledge to children; still, the proper authorities for the appointment of teachers often engage them on account of the low remuneration they ask for their services, utterly disregarding their qualification.

The usual four months' vacation ought to be limited to two, as children are apt to forget a good deal in four months.

To secure a better attendance, the only available excuse for absence from school should be sickness, and a child often absenting itself on trifling grounds ought to be punished by suspension.

Finally, the frequent change of text-books, often done in the interest of publishing-houses, ought to be permanently stopped, to save all unnecessary expense to those who have to provide for children going to school. B. S.

Musical Matters.

The proprietors of the Italian Opera-House in Paris, which has been restored and redecorated, have resolved to put the lease up at auction, finding nothing has come out of the numerous negotiations to reopen the theatre with an Italian troupe.

A young lady is under vocal tuition in the Conservatory of Music on Fourteenth street, whose peculiarity of mouth is expected to bring her fame and fortune. This peculiar formation consists of an unusually high roof, and to it she is indebted for the capacity of singing upper register notes with almost phenomenal clearness. Her name is Sexton, and she is about 18 years old, and very pretty. While in Michigan City, Clara Louise Kellogg heard Miss Sexton sing, was struck with her great natural gift, and at once proposed to bring her to this city and give her a musical education. The offer was accepted, and the young lady has been here about a month. Should she satisfy the great anticipations of Miss Kellogg, she will, after several years of study, make her appearance on the operatic stage.—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Smalley's London letter to the New York *Tribune* says: "Miss Adelaide Phillipps is among the latest arrivals from America. This I state on Miss Kate Field's authority, who is so perfectly competent to state it herself that I do not know why she prefers to have me do it. But I obey with alacrity, and I should have added in the first sentence, on the same authority, that Miss Adelaide Phillipps, as the first of living contraltos, and an American, is an object of peculiar interest to Americans. She is going with Miss Field, or Miss Field is going with her, to the Pyrenees. At any rate they are going together."

The annual examinations of the pupils of the Paris Conservatoire de Musique have just been held. In reference to the competitions for the vocal music prizes, the judges, whose President is Ambroise Thomas, did well to show themselves severe. It has been found that, as soon as a pupil is "crowned" with the first prize, that is the signal for his or her departure from the Academy. Good singers of both sexes were conspicuous by their absence. Not a tenor, in the real sense of the word, appeared, and no prize was awarded in the first class. Baritones were plentiful, and showed careful training. According to custom, the female voices were superior relatively to the male, and the jury awarded three first prizes to the ladies, gallantly allowing a little for the absence of merit. The fair sex also was superior in the piano competition.

LISZT'S CHRISTUS.

The London *Orchestra* says:

In this work Liszt has redeemed the vow he is reported to have made at Rome, to consecrate the maturity of his powers to the service of the Church. Restraining somewhat the early impetuosity of his genius and its affinity for the brilliant and the startling, he has here brought out all the beauty, tenderness, and refinement of his nature in harmony with the grand and the majestic, of both which he had already given such exquisite and impressive specimens. These qualities are admirably combined in the overture, which is a key to the whole work. The text is in Latin. Part first is grouped around the Christmas theme; No. 1, the introduction from Isaiah, xiv., 8; No. 2, a pastoral (instrumental), with the greeting of the angels to the shepherds, Luke, ii., 10-14. The gloria here is very fine. No. 3 is a canto, the "Stabat Mater speciosa," a truly Roman hymn to the Virgin, but with music to charm even the ears of Luther, who stands in Granach's picture singing in adoration of the Son of Mary. Then follows the gem of this part, No. 4, a pastoral at the manger, simple, subdued, and sweet as the pipes of shepherds heard on the still night. Hardly had these harmonies died away than (No. 5) a Grand March announces the coming of the three Kings with their gifts—a march worthy of such a coronation.

Part II. follows the Epiphany, and contains (No. 6) the Beatitudes. A tenor solo leads each benediction, and the full choir ring out the response. The effect is charming. No. 7 is a Paternoster; No. 8, the Founding of the Church, *Tues Petrus* (Mat. xvi., 18). The massive solidity and strength of this section is followed by a strain of delicious pathos in the words: "Simon Jeannis, diliges me?" etc., from John, xxi., 15. No. 9 brings out the marvelous descriptive power of the author, as shown in his "Venedig" and kindred pieces, though rising here to a wild majesty of expression. The theme is the Miracle on the Lake, Matt. viii., 23-26. As the orchestra represents the fury of the storm, the choir break in at intervals with the earnest, piercing cry, "Domine, salva nos, perimus." No. 10 is a superb Hosanna, attending the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. This part brings out the peculiar strength and beauty of the author.

Part III. is devoted to the Passion and the Resurrection. No. 11 treats Mark, xiv., 34-36—"My soul is exceedingly sorrowful"—with a feeling of chaste and tender awe. No. 12, a Canto, is a *Stabat Mater dolorosa*—most delicate and touching. Then follows an inspiring Easter Hymn (No. 13):

O filii et filiæ!
Rex cœlestis, rex gloriæ,
Morte surrexit hodie,
Alleluia!

The concluding number (14) is a strong chorus, with a grand organ accompaniment to the words:

Resurrexit tertio die;
Christus vincent;
Christus regnat;
Christus imperat
In sempiterna secula. Amen.

The native and resident talent of Weimar—still happily preserved as a city of art, culture, and refinement, aloof from the bustle of trade—furnished all the material for bringing out this noble work.

LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

The Broadway Theatre was opened again last evening, under Mr. Daly's management, with the production of Charles Lecocq's French opera "La Fille de Madame Angot." The cool weather was of course in the management's favor, and this, with the desire to hear a new opera bouffe and to see Mlle. Aimee and the new members of the company, sufficed to fill every seat and make standing-room in demand.

Of course no one expects to unravel the plot of an opera bouffe, and in the present case an effort in that direction would be a most certain failure. There is a young girl *Clairette*, the daughter of a Madame Angot, but otherwise of uncertain parentage, who has been adopted by the market-people; there is a barber in love with *Clairette*, *Clairette* is in love with a ballad-singer, the ballad-singer is in love with an actress, *Mlle. Lange* (Mlle. Stani), and the latter is as susceptible as most heroines of French opera are found to be. These people and several others the plot succeeds in bringing together in different stages of love and jealousy, and this makes up the story.

The music, while always lively and sprightly, as of course opera bouffe must be, will not be, to those who have heard the former compositions of Lecocq and Offenbach, in any way novel, nor do we think that it will afford as many "popular airs" as most of its predecessors in the same line have done. A duet between Aimee and Stani when they talk over their boarding-school days together is the most pleasing number, rising, indeed, somewhat above the tone of bouffe music. The chorus of conspirators is very amusing, and a waltz movement and the ballad of "Ange Pitou," sung by *Clairette*, will be popular.

The new members of the company were received with deserved favor, Mlle. Stani showing herself to be both actress and singer, and sharing with Mlle. Aimee the plaudits of the evening. The mechancetes of the piece are mostly suggestive, and as the translation of the libretto omits the few liberties taken by the composers, any one who does not understand French may see and hear without a shiver.

Of the dresses, scenery, etc., it is only necessary to say that they were prepared with the taste and elegance that always mark Mr. Daly's management.—*New York Express, Aug. 26.*

ART.

A Work by a Chicago Painter.

St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: It is a pleasure to see another picture of St. Mark's in our city, and an especial pleasure to know that it is a fellow-townsman who has produced it, Mr. Charles G. Dyer, who shows his work for the first time in this city, at the establishment of Jansen, McClurg & Co.

St. Mark's seems a favorite study with many of our artists, and truly it would be difficult to find a finer test for colors than is afforded by the Oriental style of decoration which makes this Cathedral a wonder in the West. Though the variety of its colors and their presence everywhere is what first strikes the observer, yet the architecture has a feature common to all great monuments, which makes the drawing equally difficult, and yet may not be observed on a first visit. The shape of corresponding arches is not identical. The builder was not influenced wholly by his measuring instruments, but allowed his feeling for beauty to influence the arrangement of his lines.

Truly great art affords few instances of mechanical repetition, and it has been a task reserved for a certain school of modern art to reduce the old laws of symmetry to the requirement that, for an ornament on one side, there must be the same ornament on the other.

Old King Louis of Bavaria thought he had made a visit to Athens unnecessary by reproducing the Propylæum at Munich; but his architect was only capable of reproducing, after a mechanical fashion, some of the main features of the form, and proved that the meaning of the great monument entirely escaped all his measuring.

The allies of Athens saw their money spent, and had reason to be incensed; but it was their privilege to soothe their feelings of resentment by the delight afforded them by the artistic proportions of the old Propylæum, the only fit vestibule to the inner splendor of "glerious Athens." On the other hand, the Bavarians have never had any account of the millions of indemnity received by King Louis from France; but what have they to soothe in any way their just feeling of wrong? A puny little building which means nothing to them and which is a continued insult to the memory of Pericles.

Those who are guided by this idea of mechanical correspondence, and, applying it here, think that one side-aisle must exactly correspond to the other, will be displeased if their self-esteem does not allow them to be mortified on discovering that there is nothing to correspond to the Armenian chapel in the right aisle of St. Mark's, and they will be grieved to notice that the piles have given away in some places more than in others, thus making the pavement slightly uneven, as indeed is apparent in this picture.

The light of the picture is concentrated on this beautiful Armenian chapel,—a roof of alabaster supported by vari-colored columns of costly Eastern marbles with gilded capitals. The rich mosaic floor beneath receives its share of light. This surface was originally polished and highly reflective; but it is now worn into half-dimness, and bears witness to the religious devotions of eight centuries of worshipers.

Had St. Mark's been built in our time, and were we now in the year of Our Lord 2600, we can suppose that this pavement would be very seriously marred from the same cause; though, if we recollect the fate of the Old South, we may be justified in supposing that an ill-conditioned Post-Office, Custom-House, or County-Hospital would be all that we could find of old St. Mark's.

To return to the picture: The light is so brilliant that the pavement, worn though it is, partially regains its reflective power, but only to suggest the main lights and shadows of the composition,—for nothing like a firm outline can be seen here in reflection.

The self-control exhibited in the dampened reflection is one of the conspicuous merits of the artist,—for, by this moderation, he has preserved for the eye what none who has visited St. Mark's would consent to take from it, a perfectly clear outline of the octagonal figures and Byzantine designs which are spread under the feet of the worshipers,—perhaps to faintly suggest to the devout mind the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem.

The part of the pavement given in this picture has points of excellence in design and color that make it, in the opinion of many, the finest in the whole Cathedral. Indeed, competent judges have pronounced it the richest specimen of Byzantine mosaic-work preserved to our day. It would be well if it were still true that this pavement is preserved; but, though this was true a year ago, it is not true now. This portion of the left aisle was inspected last year, and found to have been so long kept without repairing that it could not be restored by patching. Accordingly they are now repairing, and this pavement exists only in paintings from St. Mark's by Neal, Dyer, Yewell, Coleman, and a few others. Let this fact excuse so extended a mention of the pavement in this place.

The writer must not forget, in his regrets at the loss of this pavement, to notice a misconception which has found place in some notices of this picture. It has been objected that the light is too brilliant. But this is most evidently a mistake. It is true that the key of light is more highly pitched than the ordinary low tone of St. Mark's, which suggests distance and mystery, instead of splendor and richness. The ordinary tone of the church may be seen in the background here, or, still better (because entirely separated and freed from the brightening sunlight which pervaded the church when this picture was painted), in the little sketch which hangs beneath the picture at present.

Every one who has been long in Venice has seen St. Mark's under the conditions of light which occur in this picture; and all such, I am sure, will join in saying that there is nothing exaggerated in this brilliancy. Let us rather thank the artist who has dared to depart from the beaten track, and give us this brilliant phase of St. Mark's.

The first duty of an artist in painting any picture is to seize every view of his subject within his scope, and then to select one in particular. This he then accentuates, neither too much nor too little; and to this chosen phase he subordinates and sacrifices any discordant details.

In a word, a true artist is nothing less than a living machine. His feeling and appreciation always should govern his brush. In the present case, if I interpret the picture under examination correctly, it was not before all things, the gloomy mystic St. Mark's that was to be given us. We are not to people these shadows with the grim members of the Secret Council. Here we must think of the Carnival, of the magnificence of Venice, not of its horrors. It was quite in consonance with this view to select the time of year when St. Mark's is most brilliantly illuminated. This is in May and the beginning of June,—for in the fall, the weather is continuously cloudy. Those who go to Venice should not leave until they have seen this gorgeous spring-sunshine pouring in through the rose-window above the main entrance.

Truly, it cannot be too often repeated, that only in the brilliancy of this spring-sunlight can we fully appreciate the most unique phase of St. Mark's. It is this light which shows forth the Christianized Orientalism stamped by its builders on the great Cathedral of Venice.

That the praise here bestowed may not be thought excessive by those who are liberal of blame but chary of praise, it may be as well to mention that this picture has been spoken of in terms of high commendation by Piloty, the master who now rules the Munich school, and who has directed the talent of our countryman, the brilliant Neal, and succeeded so completely in disarming the criticism of Kaulbach that he has placed his son among his pupils.

In truth, when one reflects that this delightful picture is one of the first serious efforts of a very young artist, who has endeavored to infuse into his work something more than mere facility of execution, without culture, can give,—a true classical feeling, the soul of art,—it would seem an ungracious act, on the part of any citizen of his native town, to withhold from him that thorough sympathy and encouragement which, if extended at this moment of his artistic career, may lead him to the achievement of still greater triumphs, which will shed lustre upon his birth-place, and fill his patrons with an honest pride at having been among the earliest to appreciate and foster his genius.

Different Styles of Dancing.

Eli Perkins in the Graphic.

The fashion of dancing is not at all cosmopolite—not even national. In Saratoga the different styles make a medley.

If you see a 200 pound man and woman perspiring round with their pompous bodies tossed lightly and springily in air, arms swaying, keeping good time, and making grand Persian salaams for a bow in the Lancers, you can set them down as belonging to the old Tweed-Fisk-Leland-Americus Club school.

If you see two heated young people tripping fast away ahead of the music, taking short steps, and jerking through a square dance as if the house was on fire and the set must be completed before any one could take to the fire-escapes, you can set them down as from the plantation districts of the South, or the rural districts of Pennsylvania and the West. It is the steamboat quickstep.

If you see a black-eyed youth with long hair, and a young lady with liquid black eyes, and she has her two hands on the young man's shoulders at full length, and she stands directly in front of him, and they both go hopping around like Siamese twins with wire springs under them, you can wager they are from Louisville, Memphis, or Little Rock. The have the square-toed wrestling step.

If you see a young fellow grasp a young lady firmly around the waist, seize her wrists, stick her hand out like the bowsprit of a Sound yacht, and both hump up their backs like a pair of mad cats on a door-yard fence, and then go sliding slam-bang against people, over people, through people, up and down the room, sidewise, backward, and up and down like a saw-mill gate, you can bet on them having learned their dancing from the Morristown, Riverdale, and Yonkers' sociables. It is the suburban New York saw-mill jump-up.

If you see a couple sliding gently, and slowly, and lazily through the Lancers, just half as fast as the time, but keeping step with the music, quietly sauntering through the "grand chain," too languid to whirl partners, talking sweetly all the time, as if they were strolling in a grave-yard, you can rest assured that they are from New York, and from the most fashionable section between Madison Square and the Park. This is the grave-yard saunter step.

If you see a fellow clasp a girl meltingly in his arms, squeeze her hand wrrmly, hold her swelling bosom to his, and they both go floating down the room locked in each other's embrace, looking like one person, his feet only now and then protruding from a profusion of illusion and lace and so on, rely upon it you can set the two down as belonging to the intense Boston school. It is the melting Harvard jacket-race embrace.

Massachusetts, take our hat!

The King Pin of Saratoga.

Burleigh's Correspondence Boston Journal.

Saratoga is fast assuming the position of the Baden-Baden of America, and Morrissey is its architect. His club-house is one of the most elegant buildings of its kind in the land. For beauty and sumptuousness of its table it has no equal, it is said, in Europe. By the side of the club-house is a unique structure of wood, two stories, with a Mansard roof, and this is the pool-house of the races. The track is one of the best in America. This, with the macadamized drive-way, with nearly all the modern improvements of Saratoga, are Morrissey's handiwork. He pours out money like water.

On the piazza of the Congress can be seen any day a large-sized and heavy-molded man, all alone. He seldom speaks to any one. His voice is peculiar. He speaks as if he had a chronic cold. He wears a white flannel coat; his hair is black and crisp; his nose deformed as if broken in some affray. This man is Morrissey. A few years ago he was a prize-fighter. Then he kept a low groggery in Troy. He came to New York in desperation to mend his fortunes. New York was ruled by roughs. A man who voted any other than a Democratic ticket did so at his peril. Armed ruffians went from ward to ward, smashing up ballot-boxes, and often the heads of men in charge. In one ward John A. Kennedy, just deceased, resolved to put an end to this outrage. Morrissey was sought out and engaged to strike back for a consideration. He was such a desperate looking fellow that Mrs. Kennedy was afraid of him, and advised her husband to have nothing to do with him. He organized a band of roughs and took possession of the polls. A harder looking set was never seen. At noon a wagon-load of desperadoes drove up. Inspector Carpenter was on duty. "Can I go in, Cap.?" said the leader. "Yes, walk in." Morrissey and his fifty associates said, "Good morning." "I guess you don't need me here," said the leader, and drove off. Morrissey won. With his wages he bought a clean shirt and a decent suit of clothes. He had cash enough left to open a small drinking-saloon. He is now a millionaire. He helps all who wish to fight the tiger. He don't drink—he don't play. He may swear, but no one hears him. No one goes to bed so late without leaving Morrissey up. No one gets up so early but they find him quietly walking around as if he had no employment, and no interest in Saratoga. He is the chum of the eminent men of Church and State. He is hand and glove with the heavy men of Wall street. He has been to Congress, and can put "Hon." to his name. He is the king pin of Saratoga. Men of parts allow him to slap them on the back. He holds the Commodore's horse when he returns from a ride. Prominent persons are "proud" to know him. Half New York has had its legs under his mahogany. When he was in Congress he refused to be introduced to anybody. His uniform answer was: "I am here at my desk; if any one wishes to see me, let him come here."

The Creation; According to the Modocs.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, in his book entitled "Life Among the Modocs," has given some picturesque sketches of Indian life and traditions. Among much other interesting matter, he tells us that the idea of the creation of the world as it was entertained by the Modocs, now verging on extinction in accordance with the demands of modern civilization, was this: The Great Spirit made Mount Shasta first of all. He pushed down snow and ice from the skies through a hole which he made in the blue heavens by turning a stone round and round, till he made this great mountain; then he stepped out of the clouds on to the mountain top, and descended and planted the trees all around by putting his finger on the ground. The sun melted the snow, and the water ran down and nurtured the trees and made the rivers. After that he made the fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made the birds by blowing some leaves which he took up from the ground among the trees. After that he made the beasts out of the remainder of his stick, but he made the grizzly bear out of the big end, and made him master over all the others." Having done that, the Great Spirit converted Mount Shasta into a wigwam, and its volcanic eruptions are the outcome of the fire that he lights in the centre of the mountain. The development of man was a later occurrence. The daughter of the Great Spirit, venturing too far, got astray and fell into the power of the grizzly bears, and she was forced to marry one of them, and the red men were the fruit of the marriage. These red men were taken under the protection of the Great Spirit; but the grizzlies were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two. To this day the grizzly bear is never slain by the red men, who recognize in him a sort of kinsman.

We must quote one short anecdote from this book:

I had a pocket Bible with me once. I was young, enthusiastic, and anxious to do a little missionary business on my own responsibility. I showed it to the Chief, and undertook to tell him what it was.

"It is the promise of God to man," I said, "His written promise to us that, if we do as he has commanded us to do, we shall live and be happy forever when we die."

He took it in his hand, upside down, and looked at the outside and inside very attentively.

"Promises! Is it a treaty?"

"Well, it is a treaty, perhaps; at least, it is a promise, and He wrote it."

"Did it take all of this to say that? I do not like long treaties on paper. They are so easy to break. The Indian does not want his God to sign a paper. He is not afraid to trust his God."

"But the promises?" I urged.

He pointed to the new leaves of the trees, the spears that were bursting through the ground, handed me the book gruffly, and said no more.

MONETARY.

SATURDAY EVENING, Aug. 30.

The increased volume of business during the last ten days is shown by the increase in the clearings for the week ending to-day. As will be seen by the figures printed in another place below, the bank clearings for the past week were nearly $7,000,000 greater than for the corresponding week of last year. During July and the first half of August of the present year the average weekly clearings of the Chicago banks were from $21,000,000 to $22,000,000. The increase this week to nearly $27,000,000 shows how promptly the wheat crop began to move as soon as it was fit for market, and how abrupt the change has been from dullness to activity in trade generally.

It is, however, an unusual and remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the large movement of currency and the large demand for funds to pay for cargoes of grain to go East, the deposits of the banks have not diminished any in the last week; in fact, the deposits of many of the banks are higher now than they were a week ago. This is due to the unusual activity with which the grain has moved eastward from this point, thus furnishing a large supply of eastern exchange as an offset to the drain of currency. This prevents the stringency that otherwise result from the movement of currency, and rates of interest are little, if any, higher than they were two weeks ago.

In New York, however, it is different. The weekly statement of the New York banks to-day shows that the drain of currency to the West has caused a decrease of $7,000,000 of deposits, and obliging the banks to call in $10,000,000 of loans. Under this condition of things it would not be surprising if money should become stringent in New York, unless exports of produce increase, and thus increase the supply of sterling exchange.

New York exchange in this market was weak at from $1.00 to $1.25 per $1,000 discount.

The orders from the country for currency to-day were smaller than yesterday, but there are usually fewer orders on Saturday than on the other days of the week.

The clearings of the Chicago banks for the week were:

Date.	*Clearings.*	*Balances.*
Monday	$4,510,694.14	$491,675.64
Tuesday	4,401,069.97	367,553.03
Wednesday	4,404,645.49	299,050.43
Thursday	4,252,243.08	451,031.98
Friday	4,285,069.73	444,845.60
Saturday	4,844,835.87	443,115.25
Total	$26,698,578.28	$2,497,271.93
Corresp'g week last year	19,876,689.40	1,954,659.26

Messrs. Lunt, Preston & Kean quote as follows this afternoon:

	Buying.	*Selling.*
5-20s of '62	116¼	116¾
5-20s of '64	116⅜	117
5-20s of '65	118⅛	118¼
5-20s of '65, Jan. and July	116⅝	117
5-20s of '67, Jan. and July	118⅜	118⅞
5-20s of '68, Jan. and July	117⅜	118
10-40s	116⅛	116⅝
U. S. 5s (new issue)	114¼	114¾
Gold (full weight)	114⅞	115⅜
Gold Coupons	115	115⅜
Gold Exchange	....	115⅛
Sterling Exchange	....	108⅛@108⅞
Northern Pacific Gold 7-30s	....	100
Chicago City 7s	....	100
Cook County 7s	....	100
Illinois County and Township 10s	....	95@98
LAND WARRANTS.		
160s war 1812	178	189
120s war 1812	136	143
160s not war 1812	176	187
120s not war 1812	133	140
Agricultural College Land Scrip	....	185

It will be noticed in another column that Mr. S. P. Lunt has retired from the firm of Lunt, Preston & Kean, the firm being dissolved by limitation, the remaining partners continuing banking under the firm of Preston, Kean & Co.

Mr. Lunt is erecting a bank building at 102 Washington street, which he expects will be one of the most perfect of its kind, and will, when completed, occupy it with a *National Bank*, which he, in connection with some of our well-known business men, is organizing. The building will be finished about Jan. 1.

COMMERCIAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, Aug. 30.

The following were the receipts and shipments of the leading articles of produce in Chicago during the past twenty-four hours, and for the corresponding date one year ago:

	RECEIPTS. 1873.	RECEIPTS. 1872.	SHIPMENTS. 1873.	SHIPMENTS. 1872.
Flour, brls	4,116	3,586	5,846	2,781
Wheat, bu	279,200	78,610	78,236	161,829
Corn, bu	289,320	332,120	197,840	202,083
Oats, bu	64,080	85,760	33,125	23,801
Rye, bu	9,001	4,480	800	
Barley, bu	17,990	24,140	6,679	2,700
Grass seed, lbs	245,515	194,780	237,866	17,189
Flax seed, lbs	197,160	207,012		
Broom-corn, lbs	42,000	21,500	540	
Cured meats, lbs	15,040	24,170	367,353	303,880
Beef, brls		7	65	160
Pork, brls		335	347	
Lard, lbs	25,990	6,920	174,200	72,300
Tallow, lbs	31,850	13,690	20,000	
Butter, lbs	53,665	102,270	39,730	28,000
Live hogs, No	11,139	10,769	11,095	8,814
Cattle, No	2,640	2,123	2,830	2,070
Sheep, No	861	800		
Hides, lbs	53,953	81,613	110,538	77,650
Highwines, brls	305	371	255	500
Wool, lbs	113,494	121,160	96,540	143,030
Potatoes, bu	211	658		
Lumber, m feet	2,312	7,988	2,855	2,284
Shingles, m	1,800	1,920	2,332	3,172
Lath, m		565	165	458
Salt, brls	800		3,752	3,162

Withdrawn from store on Friday for city consumption: 2,934 bu corn; 6,403 bu oats; 2,682 bu barley.

Withdrawn from store during the week: 17,952 bu wheat; 23,889 bu corn; 20,624 bu oats; 3,564 bu rye; 7,031 bu barley.

The following grain has been inspected into store this morning up to 10 o'clock: 767 cars wheat; 595½ cars corn; 11,500 bu high mixed do; 83,560 bu No. 2 do, by canal; 62½ cars oats; 7,500 bu No. 2 do, and 5,000 bu rejected do by canal; 26 cars rye; 14 cars barley. Total (1,465 cars), 655,000 bu, the biggest yet.

The following were the receipts and shipments of breadstuffs and live stock at this point during the past week, and for the corresponding weeks ending as dated:

RECEIPTS.	*Aug.* 30, 1873.	*Aug.* 23, 1873.	*Aug.* 31, 1872.
Flour, brls	30,432	31,016	15,487
Wheat, bu	1,345,061	897,950	816,725
Corn, bu	1,768,890	1,956,591	1,904,120
Oats, bu	881,007	489,615	440,182
Rye, bu	72,011	67,464	21,998
Barley, bu	84,677	28,160	96,650
Live hogs, No	54,905	66,716	42,627
Cattle, No	19,942	12,549	12,586
SHIPMENTS.			
Flour, brls	26,527	28,392	16,120
Wheat, bu	911,736	711,505	1,014,165
Corn, bu	772,235	960,557	969,421
Oats, bu	236,281	257,137	157,012
Rye, bu	48,964	21,800	11,357
Barley, bu	24,314	12,879	18,092
Live hogs, No	50,396	46,025	39,577
Cattle, No	12,843	9,160	8,142

C. E. Culver, Esq., President of the Board of Trade, has returned from an extended Eastern tour, and will again look after the bad boys on 'Change, keeping a weather eye open for lame ducks.

The question has several times been asked, What business will be transacted by the Convention of Pork-Packers and Provision Dealers, which will be held in this city on the 10th and 11th insts.? It was suggested to-day that, in the absence of other business, they may decree a change in a well-known prayer, so that it shall read, "Give us this day our daily pork." They may also adopt Deacon Bedott's motto, with a slight variation, "We are all pork-reachers."

This is a good day for corners. It is reported that even slow, easy-going St. Louis is cornered to-day into paying 55c for corn, and 58c for oats. Wheat is also cornered in New York, shippers having engaged freight-room in excess of their ability to fill, and were obliged to bid up in the market to get the wheat.

The leading produce markets, other than provisions, were active to-day, and irregular. It was the last business day of the month, and, therefore, was charged with all the unexpiated sins of August, with many of those that belong to September. The receipts were very heavy, and the shipments small, while the shipping movement to-day was light, making the markets more largely speculative than usual, even outside of settlements.

Steadily increasing activity is noticeable in the demand for domestic and foreign dry goods, and prices are gradually hardening. The season now opening promises to be one of more than ordinary activity, and the tendency, both in cotton and woolen textiles, is unmistakably upward. In the grocery market the general situation was unchanged. There was fair activity in side goods, as well as in the leading staples, and former quotations were adhered to with decided firmness. The buoyant tone characterizing the coffee and sugar markets earlier in the week is still prevalent, and any material increase in the demand would no doubt result in a sharp advance. Rice, soaps, molasses, and syrups remain firm and steady. Spices are tending higher. The butter trade was again reported quiet, with prices nominally unchanged. There are no large stocks of any grade, while of good to choice qualities there is a continued scarcity, and sales have recently been effected, in a small way, at a considerable advance on our quotations. Cheese was reported steady at 11¼@12½c for Western, and at 12¼@13½c for New York factory, at which range a fair aggregate of sales was accomplished. There were no new features to note in the fish market. Stocks are light, both of lake and of saltwater cured, and, under a better demand, some descriptions would probably advance. In the dried fruit market there was a good degree of activity, and several varieties were quoted higher. Raisins are now up to $3.00 at the East, and another 5c advance here is noted, holders being firm in their views at $3.10@3.25 for layers. Blackberries, raspberries, and pitted cherries are in scant supply, and have undergone a further advance. Old blackberries are now virtually out of the market, and the few now arriving are held at 15@16c. Nuts are meeting with an increasing demand, and prices are advancing. No changes were developed in the hay, hides, and leather markets. Paints, tobacco, and pig iron were quoted steady at former rates. The oil trade is active, with prices firm all around. Jobbers of grain bags reported a continued large demand, and, as their storehouses are nearly bare of goods, the market is considerably excited. The continued upward movement of prices at the East has necessitated a further advance here, and quotations are now 37½c for Stark; 35c for Lewiston; 34c for Otter Creek, and 33c for American and Amoskeag. Burlaps and gunnies remain quiet at about previous rates, the former at 19@20c, and the latter at 17@18c for single, and 27@28c for double.

A fair business was transacted at the lumber yards for Saturday, former prices being generally adhered to. Owing to extremely light offerings of cargoes afloat, business at the docks was restricted. There was considerable inquiry in the morning, and several cargoes were sold to arrive, prices being a trifle stronger. Building materials continue in fair request and steady. The demand for metals and nails is steadily improving, and both markets are firm, the latter noticeably so. Iron, steel, and cooperage are beginning to pick up a little as regards the demand, but prices are without particular change, though firm for coopers' stock. Salt continues active and firm, at $2.00 for fine. Hops and broom-corn were in moderate demand. Wool was fairly active and firm, particularly fine washed fleece. Timothy seed was less active and closed lower; sales ranged from $2.25@3.10, closing at about $2.85@2.90 for prime seed. Flax and clover were steady and firm. Green fruits were in liberal supply and rather easy, grapes and apples being weak and lower. California fruits and lemons remain firm. Poultry and game met with a moderate inquiry at about Friday's quotations. Eggs were dull and prices were irregular.

Highwines were quiet and again 1c higher, in sympathy with a strong tone in New York, which was quoted at $1.12, being about 3c above Chicago, after allowing for the cost of shipment. Holders generally asked $1.05, and the bids were $1.00@1.02, all through the session. Sales were limited to one lot of 100 brls at $1.03 per gallon, at which figure the market closed firm.

Lake freights were quiet and strong. Vessels were scarce, and one operator in grain was anxious to force up prices for the sake of keeping down the quotations on corn. The market was irregular, Buffalo rates advancing 1½c, while lower lake rates only advanced ½c. We note that one vessel was taken for the balance of the season at 10c for wheat from Milwaukee to Buffalo. Current rates were 7c on oats, 9c on corn, and 10c on wheat, by sail to Buffalo. To Kingston corn was quoted at 14½c, and wheat at 15½c. Corn to New England points on through rates was strong, at 23c via Buffalo, Sarnia, or Goderich, and 25c via Ogdensburgh. A total of seven charters was reported, which will carry out 115,000 bu wheat and 40,000 bu corn.

Provisions were rather more active and irregular. There was a light inquiry for pork and lard to satisfy maturing contracts, and none for meats. Prices on old product were easier, to the extent of 5@10c per brl on pork, and ⅛c per lb on meats. On the other hand there was a strengthening in the prices of the products of the next season's packing, the incentive being the reported falling off in the yield of corn, which must make a considerable difference in the character of the hog crop. It is noteworthy that we have thus far had none of that advance demand for boxed meats for Europe, which at this date last year had resulted in the sale of fully 50,000 boxes for delivery in December and January. The market closed at the following range of prices: Mess pork, cash or seller September, $15.70@15.75; do seller October, $15.25@15.37½; do seller December, $13.37½@13.50; seller January, $13.25@13.37½c; lard, cash or seller September, $7.90@7.95; summer do, 7⅝@7¾c. Lard, seller December, 7½c; do seller January, 7⅝c. Sweet pickled hams quoted at 9¼@11¼c. Dry salted meats steady at 7⅝@7½c for shoulders; 9@9½c for short ribs; and 9⅝@9¼c for short clear. Boxed shoulders, 8⅝@8¼c; English meats, 9⅜@9½c for short ribs; 9½@9⅝c for short clear. Summer-cured meats quotable at ¼c below these prices. Short ribs, seller December at 6¾@6⅞c, boxed; do short clear, 7c. Bacon is quoted at 9c for shoulders; 10¼c for clear ribs; 10⅝c for short clear; and 13½@14½c for hams, all packed. Mess beef, $8.75@9.00; extra mess do, $9.75@10.00; beef hams, $23.00@23.50. City tallow 6⅝@7¼c; grease quotable at 4¾@6¼c. Sales were reported of 500 brls mess pork at $15.70; 500 brls do seller September at $15.75; 500 brls do seller December at $13.50; 1,000 brls do seller January at $13.37½c; 250 tcs lard at 7½c; 250 tcs do seller December and January at 7½c; 250 tcs do seller January at 7⅝c.

The *Daily Commercial Report* gives the following as the shipments of provisions from this point for the week ending Aug. 28, 1873, and since Nov. 1, 1872; also comparative figures:

	Pork, brls.	*Lard, tcs.*	*Hams tcs.*	*Should'rs lbs.*	*Middles, lbs.*
Wk e g Aug. 28, '73	1,584	3,084	2,005	208,000	868,000
Same week, '72.	458	565	50	9,600	371,081
Since Nov. 1, '72.	242,238	303,252	79,485	41,032,000	165,397,673
Same time '71-72.	100,553	173,402	77,012	33,910,155	104,730,714

The shipments in detail were as follows: Shoulders, 110 bxs, casks, etc.; short rib, 137 bxs; short clear, 35 bxs; long clear, 95 bxs; long rib, 22 bxs; Cumberlands, 116 bxs; Stretfords, 50 bxs; Staffordshire, 151 bxs; South Staffordshire, 120 bxs; long hams, 218 bxs; Irish cut, 40 bxs; Staffordshire hams, 74 bxs; backs, 25 bxs; bellies, 65 bxs; Preston hams, 4 bxs; hocks, 4 brls; beef, 210 brls; beef hams, 130 brls; beef tongues, 135 brls; tallow, 880 brls; grease, 285 pkgs.

The following is an estimate of the stocks on hand in St. Louis: Mess pork, 8,000 to 9,000 brls; shoulders, 1,800,000 lbs; sides, 8,000,000 lbs.

Flour was rather less active, though still in fair demand for export, and commanded full previous prices, notwithstanding the weakness in wheat. Several millers telegraphed to hold their offerings 12½c per brl higher, and the advance could readily have been obtained but that the rise in freights checked shippers, as the double advance carried the cost beyond their limits. Receipts were smaller than the average, and the shipping movement was fair. Bran was strong and $1.00 per ton higher. Sales were reported of 100 brls white winter extras (Huegley's best) at $9.50; 375 brls do on private terms; 300 brls spring extras at $6.00; 100 brls do at $5.75; 2,100 brls do on private terms; 100 brls low at $5.00; 100 brls superfine at $3.00; 100 brls do at $5.00; 100 brls rye at $4.40. Total, 3,375 brls. Also 10 tons bran at $11.50 on track; 20 tons do at $12.00 on through cars; 10 tons do at $12.00 at mill. The following was the range of prices at the close:

Fair to choice white winter extras	$ 6.75@ 9.50
Red winter extras	6.50@ 7.50
Good to choice spring extras	5.75@ 6.50
Low to medium	4.50@ 5.50
Minnesotas (patent)	9.00@10.25
Good to fancy Minnesotas	6.00@ 7.75
Spring superfines	2.50@ 4.50
Rye flour	3.75@ 4.35
Bran	11.50@12.00

Wheat was dull and weak, declining 3c on cash lots and 1c on the September option, though the English markets were strong, and wheat was held higher in New York. The causes of the depression were altogether local. Nearly everybody was expecting a corner culmination to-day, and as many as could prepared to take advantage of it. The receipts of this morning were the largest of the season, and receivers had made arrangements, by the aid of extra messengers, to get hold of the (paper) receipts to-day, instead of letting them lie over till Monday in the usual course. Then there were plenty of people who had round lots to sell, having kept back all they could for the last day, in hopes that the experience of July would be repeated. But they were all deceived. The market was "overbought," with a million bu in store, for which there was no speculative use, while shippers were hindered from operating by the scarcity of freight room. The corner had run by the expectant longs, and and had finished its course without their being aware of it. A few parties had bought all the wheat offered in July for August delivery, when it was at a heavy discount, and have quietly unloaded during the past few days, securing an average profit of about 8c per bu on a greater quantity than that involved in the July corner, and without any of the drawback losses that attended the July deal. They had nothing to take care of except a margin account, which was uniformly in their favor, and have nothing to be disposed of, now that the operation is over. It is no wonder that under these ciacumstances the price of cash wheat should have declined somewhat to-day; but it is rather singular that the price for Septembe delivery should have weakened in the face of greater strength in Europe, and the fact that cash wheat was good property to ship even at yesterday's quotations. Seller the month or cash No. 2 spring opened at $1.21, steadily declined to $1.17⅝, advanced to $1.18, and dropped to $1.17 at the close. Seller first half of September sold at $1.15@1.16; seller September at 1.13⅝@1.15¼, closing at $1.14¼. Seller October at $1.12, and seller the year at $1.09½@1.10. No. 1 spring closed at $1.22; No. 3 do at $1.13; and rejected do at $1.02. Winter wheat was lifeless. Cash sales were reported of 4,800 bu No. 1 spring at $1.23; 6,000 bu do at $1.22; 5,000 bu No. 2 spring at $1.19; 118,600 bu do at $1.18⅝; 4,400 bu do at $1.18⅜; 486,800 bu do at $1.18¼; 10,000 bu do at $1.18⅛; 82,800 bu do at $1.18; 25,000 bu do at $1.17¾; 40,000 bu do at $1.17½; 45,000 bu do at $1.17¼; 5,000 bu do at $1.17; 9,200 bu No. 3 spring at $1.13½; 22,800 bu do at $1.13¼; 2,000 bu do at $1.13; 400 bu do at $1.12½; 400 bu rejected spring at $1.04; 400 bu do at $1.03½; 400 bu do at $1.03; 1,600 bu do at $1.02½; 400 bu do at $1.02. Total, 571,200 bu.

Corn was active and ⅝c higher, but the strength was only exhibited early, the market being weak during the whole of the regular session. There was no particular stress on the market. The August deals were about all settled up previously, the receipts were not heavier than usual, and the tone of Eastern advices was steady. The principal influence at work was the fear that there will be an extensive shortage on this year's crop, which brought out a good speculative demand, chiefly for October delivery. This was counteracted by a scarcity of freight room, which was taken advantage of by a prominent near in corn to bid up freights, that corn-holders might grow discouraged at the prospect of increased cost of shipment. The movement partially succeeded, though a good deal of corn was bought on country account at the reduced figures. It is very probable that the receipts of corn will soon show a material decrease. The large sales made on country account for June delivery were mostly tided over into August, under the fear that it would not inspect as No. 2 if sent in earlier, and the extra profit offered on carrying. There has been but little premium on September over August, and the hot-corn cry has died out, so that there was no inducement to hold longer, and it is probable that little corn will come in now except a little that could not be got in in August, and was, nolens volens, delayed till September. The option of seller October was the most active. It opened at 42½c, advanced to 43½c, and declined to 42⅝c at the close. Seller September sold at 40⅞@41½c, closing at 41⅝c. Seller the month, or cash No. 2, sold at 41@41½c, closing at 41⅛@41¼c. High mixed closed at 41½c, and rejected at 37⅝c. Canal corn was almost unsalable. Cash sales were reported of 12,000 bu high mixed at 41⅝c; 24,000 bu do at 41½c; 10,000 bu do at 41¼c; 8,000 bu No. 2 at 41½c; 47,000 bu do at 41⅜c; 74,000 bu do at 41¼c; 44,400 bu do at 41⅛c; 10,000 bu do at 41c; 5,600 bu rejected at 38c; 8,000 bu do at 37⅞c; 4,000 bu do at 37½c; 6,000 bu high mixed at 42c; 6,000 bu do at 41½c. Total, 259,000 bu.

Oats were more active and rather weak at Friday's average of prices. The market opened at 28½c for cash or seller the month, being a discrimination of ⅜c as against September, which then sold at 28⅛c. As the session progressed the difference gradually lessened, and cash or seller September closed at 28c, with a premium of about ⅛c per bu in favor of car lots of fresh receipts. Seller October sold at 28⅜@28¾c, closing at the inside, and seller the year at 28c. Cash sales were reported of 600 bu No. 2 white at 29c; 3,000 bu do at 28½c; 15,000 bu No. 2 at 28¼c; 22,000 bu do at 28⅛c; 25,000 bu do at 28⅜c; 15,900 bu do at 28c; 6,000 bu rejected at 26½c; 8,100 bu do at 26c; 3,600 bu do at 25⅞c; 600 bu white by sample at 31c; 600 bu do (Surprise) at 34c on track. Total, 105,000 bu.

Rye was moderately active, but weak, being fully 1c per bu lower than on Friday, in consequence of the advance in lake freights, and the prospect of a more liberal supply. Cash sales were reported of 10,000 bu No. 2 at 69½c; 5,200 bu do at 69c; and 1,200 bu rejected at 63c. Total, 16,400 bu. The market closed steady at 69c. Seller September was nominal at 68c.

Barley was in better demand, and 1@2c higher, the greatest strength being in No. 3, which is now receiving considerable attention from consumers, as it becomes evident that the higher grade will be in very light supply. No. 2, cash or seller September, opened at $1.10, and advanced to $1.11 at the close. No. 3 opened at 80c, and closed with firm holders at 85c. Rejected was dull and unchanged. Seller October was inactive, with $1.05 bid. Cash sales were reported of 1,600 bu No. 2 at $1.11; 2,000 bu do at $1.10; 3,200 bu No. 3 at 85c; 2,400 bu do at 84c; 400 bu do at 83½c; 50,000 bu do at 83c; 800 bu do at 80c; 400 bu rejected at 56c; 1,600 bu do at 55c; 2,000 bu by sample (to arrive) at $1.13; 450 bu do at $1.10; 400 bu do at 95c; 400 bu do at 90c, on track; 400 bu do at $1.20; 400 bu at $1.05; 250 bu at 90c; 400 bu at 72c, and 400 bu at 72c delivered. Total, 22,500 bu.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

The following is Beerbohm's dispatch to the Board of Trade to-day:

AUG. 30.—LONDON—Cargoes of wheat on passage in strong demand; considerable business done. Fair average quality spring wheat on passage for prompt shipment, or for shipment in two months, 56s 6d. Cargoes of corn on passage firm. Floating cargoes off coast steady. Weather in England seems settled. LIVERPOOL—Wheat in good demand; California, 12s 9d@13s 3d; spring, 11s 8d@12s 3d. Corn steady.

LATEST.

In the afternoon, wheat was in moderate demand, closing the same as on 'Change. No. 2 spring sold at $1.17¼ cash, and at $1.14½@1.14¼ seller September, closing at the inside, and at $1.12½ seller October. Corn was quiet and steady, closing at 41⅝c seller September, and 42½@43c seller October. Other grain and provisions were quiet and unchanged. A propeller was chartered just at the close of 'Change for corn to Buffalo at 9c.

CHICAGO LIVE-STOCK MARKET.

Review for the Week Ending Saturday Evening, Aug. 30.

SATURDAY EVENING, Aug. 30.

The receipts of live-stock during the week have been as follows:

	Cattle.	*Hogs.*	*Sheep.*
Monday	4,102	7,201	[illegible]
Tuesday	4,353	7,529	924
Wednesday	4,363	12,636	[illegible]
Thursday	3,060	10,860	[illegible]
Friday	2,640	11,130	[illegible]
Saturday	500	4,000	[illegible]
Total	19,018	53,356	[illegible]
Last week	13,328	65,024	[illegible]
Week before last	15,969	53,271	[illegible]
Week ending Aug. 9	16,310	43,165	[illegible]
Total, 4 weeks	63,625	214,816	[illegible]

Shipments were as follows:

	Cattle.	*Hogs.*	*Sheep.*
Monday	1,724	5,690	
Tuesday	1,447	7,612	
Wednesday	2,768	7,766	
Thursday	1,834	9,600	
Friday	2,830	11,005	
Total	10,603	41,673	
Last week	10,369	51,203	

CATTLE—The week opened auspiciously for sellers. Telegrams from the East reported moderate supplies and better prices, and trade here opened fairly active at the advanced rates established toward the close of the previous week. But under the influence of largely excessive receipts (nearly 13,000 head had been yarded up to Wednesday night) a feeling of despondency took possession of the market, and since Monday prices have gradually eased off in favor of buyers, until whatever advance may have been gained during last week has been lost. In quality some little improvement was noticeable, but the general average was poor after all, common grass cattle and through Texans comprising the major portion of the offerings. A few bunches of extra corn-fed steers arrived, for which an outlet was found at $6.00@6.25, but the supply of stock good enough to command these figures was insignificant in comparison with the total receipts, and the drover who bases his purchases upon those sales will very likely come to grief. Most of the business of the week was transacted at $2.00@2.50 for through Texas cattle, at $3.00@3.75 for Northern wintered do, and at $3.00@5.25 for common to really good natives. Inferior Texans sold as low as $1.50@1.75, and some scallawag natives at $2.00@2.25, but sales at those figures were exceptional, and perhaps are not more a criterion of the market than were the few transfers effected at $6.00@6.25. There has been some demand for stockers, but a too liberal supply compelled low prices, sales being rendered chiefly at $3.00@3.75. Poor lots sold at $2.75@2.90, while some prime fetched $4.00@4.25. Veal calves continue plenty, and sell slowly at $2.75@3.50 for Texan, and at $3.00@5.25 for native.

To-day trade was sluggish all around, neither local nor outside buyers seeming to want much stock at any price. Although the fresh receipts were small, there were not fewer than 4,000 stale cattle,—a supply which holders found to be fully twice as large as they could dispose of, notwithstanding the liberal concessions they were willing to make to accomplish that desirable result. During yesterday and to-day telegrams from the East have been most discouraging, and the prospects for the ensuing week are not flattering.

QUOTATIONS.

Extra Beeves—Graded steers, averaging 1,400 lbs and upward	$5.80@6.00
Choice Beeves—Fine, fat, well formed 3 year to 5 year old steers, averaging 1,300 to 1,400 lbs	5.40@5.75
Good Beeves—Well-fattened, finely formed steers, averaging 1,500 to 1,300 lbs	4.80@5.25
Medium Grades—Steers in fair flesh, averaging 1,100 to 1,250 lbs	4.50@4.75
Butchers' Stock—Common to fair steers, and good to extra cows, for city slaughter, averaging 800 to 1,100 lbs	3.00@4.25
Stock Cattle—Common cattle, in decent flesh, averaging 700 to 1,050 lbs	2.75@4.00
Inferior—Light and thin cows, heifers, stags, bulls, and scallawag steers	1.75@2.75
Cattle—Texas, Northern wintered	3.25@4.25
Cattle—Texas, through droves	1.50@2.75

HOGS—Since our last weekly review the arrivals have been 53,356, against 65,024 last week, and 53,271 week before last. For the four weeks ending to-day the receipts have been 214,816. It has been an active week in this department of the live stock market. The weather throughout has been cool and favorable for the hauling of stock, and with a full attendance of local and outside buyers, sellers have found no difficulty in preventing accumulation, and the prices current last week have easily been sustained. Light smooth bacon grades still show the greatest activity, and continue to demand much the best prices, but heavy weights are doing much better than formerly, and as the season advances the difference now existing in favor of light may be expeted to gradually disappear.

To-day there was fair activity and the market exhibited a firm tone. Sales were at $4.25@4.80 for coarse heavy to choice light. We quote the market closing firm at $4.25@4.50 for heavy, and at $4.50@4.80 for light.

HOG SALES.

No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.	No.	Av.	Price.
38	257	$4.42½	55	266	$4.40	40	301	$4.30
63	219	4.80	42	207	4.80	20	268	4.45
64	289	4.30	21	293	4.35	42	254	4.45
77	259	4.35	116	206	4.75	57	205	4.80
25	202	4.40	57	166	4.80	49	245	4.35
55	175	4.75	56	216	4.40	45	229	4.40
54	240	4.40	63	198	4.70	208	273	4.35
191	190	4.75	54	222	4.40	54	254	4.45

SHEEP—The receipts show a considerable increase as compared with any previous week within the past two months or more; but the cooler weather prevailing has witnessed a corresponding increase in the demand, and the market has ruled steady at prices not differing materially from those current last week. Good to choice mutton qualities have sold at $4.00@4.50; medium grades at $3.75@3.90; and poor to common at $3.00@3.60.

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ere will be an extensive shortage on
crop, which brought out a good spec-
and, chiefly for October delivery.
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was taken advantage of by a promi-
corn to bid up freights, that cor-
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Total, 22,500 bu.

EUROPEAN MARKETS.

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Trade to-day:

LONDON—Cargoes of wheat on passage in
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corn on passage firm. Floating cargoes off
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LATEST.

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for the Week Ending Saturd
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SATURDAY EVENING, Aug. 30.

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	Cattle.	*Hogs.*	*Sheep.*
	4,102	7,301	618
	4,353	7,529	924
	5,060	12,636	1,236
	3,060	10,960	882
	2,640	11,130	861
	900	4,000	736
	19,018	53,356	5,259
	13,328	65,024	4,854
last	15,969	53,271	4,348
g Aug. 9	16,319	43,165	3,318
week	63,625	214,816	17,778

were as follows:

	Cattle.	*Hogs.*	*Sheep.*
	1,724	5,690	.....
	1,619	7,766	.....
	2,768	7,766	.....
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	10,503	41,673	.....
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QUOTATIONS.

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@.....$5.80@6.00
Fine, fat, well formed 3 year
steers, averaging 1,300 to
1,500 lbs.....5.40@5.70
Well-fattened, fairly-formed
ing 1,500 to 1,300 lbs.....4.80@5.20
—Steers in fair flesh, aver-
1,250 lbs.....4.50@4.75
Common to fair steers,
extra cows, for city slaughter,
to 1,100 lbs.....3.00@4.25
Common cattle, in decent
of 700 to to 1,050 lbs.....2.75@4.00
and thin cows, heifers,
d scallawag steers.....1.75@2.75
northern wintered.....3.25@4.25
rough droves.....1.50@2.75
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HOG SALES.

No.	*Av. Price.*	*No.*	*Av. Price.*
82	226 $4.40	40	306 $4.30
42	307 4.80	20	309 4.45
21	293 4.85	42	254 4.40
118	206 4.75	67	305 4.80
97	188 4.80	49	245 4.35
52	216 4.40	46	229 4.40
63	198 4.70	206	275 4.35
54	222 4.40	54	254 4.45

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SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

(Continued from the Fourth Page.)

FOR SALE—SOUTH EVANSTON—A FINE BRICK residence, corner Wesley-av. and Kenney-ave.; a fine brick residence, corner Judson and Keeney-avs.; both of these houses are arranged for hot and cold water throughout. Also, two frame houses on Chicago-av. Three fine frame houses on Judson-av. Two elegant houses on Judson-av. One fine frame house on Wheeler-av. One fine frame house on Congress-av. Two fine frame houses on Rinn-av. These houses are built from model plans, all different. We have never been built under our own supervision, and they possess them all are the large decline in building materials. All have fine brick cellars, excellent sewerage, water, and all are arranged for gas. We are assured that we can sell any one wishing a good home. Fine churches and schools make this a most desirable location. The property is near the depot and the lake shore, and its value cannot be surpassed. We offer houses and lots on very liberal terms to those desiring to purchase, and on very favorable terms. Go out with us and see the property. WARREN, KERNEY & CO., 126 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—THE BEST PAYING INVESTMENTS IN lake front lots, blocks, or acres can be made with B. F. CLARKE & CO., Room 4, No. 122 LaSalle-st., who are offering the choicest locations at Morgan Park and Washington Heights at the very lowest prices and on the most liberal terms. They offer to purchasers the rare opportunity of selecting their own plans for a dwelling, which will be erected upon property sold them, and the whole can be settled by forty-eight equal monthly payments, with interest at 7 per cent per annum, thus bringing it within the reach of persons of moderate income to secure a nice home. No further offer to present to any person or persons. We will warranty title to a splendid residence lot, properly graded, with sidewalk in front, for $150. Lots on the most fashionable Gothic house, this offer to cover six lots, in each of three blocks, near Morgan-av. station, on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., for $450, cash or easy terms. F. CLARKE & CO., 122 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—AT KENWOOD—AN ELEGANT RESIdence with half an acre of ground, situated on one of the most desirable corners in Kenwood, convenient to cars, and other superior advantages, within 3 minutes' walk of churches, schools, and stores; 2-story brick house, with Mansard roof, 10 rooms and dry cellar, with hard and soft water, rain and good well water. Fine ornamental shrubbery, trees, etc. Owner is going East, and must dispose of property. For terms and price, call on H. Tribune office.

FOR SALE—CHOICE BUILDING LOTS, IN GLENwood, new Subdivision, three blocks from depot—A few more choice grove lots, 60 feet front. These lots are 75 feet from Lake Michigan, have well-graded streets, good sidewalks and fences; terms easy, monthly or yearly. Office and plat at any week day. JAMES H. WILKINSON, Room 4 Metropolitan Block.

FOR SALE—5 ACRE-BLOCKS AT WASHINGton Heights; the best bargains at the Heights. LARIMER & PIKE, 174 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES FIVE MILES FROM CITY limits on line of new Northern Pacific Railroad; very low. Also 80 acres and two 10-acre blocks on St. Paul Railroad, south of Fullerton-av. LARIMER & PIKE, 174 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—I WILL SELL 50 OF THE CHOICEST lots in North Evanston to those who will build, and I think the advance in taxes for building purposes, up to the time, with nothing but interest paid yearly in advance. C. E. BROWNE, 153 Monroe-st., or Evanston.

FOR SALE—80 ACRES WITHIN ONE BLOCK OF the depot at Hawthorne, first station beyond Austin, on C., B. & Q. R. R., the most beautiful subdivision on the city, $2,100 per acre. Small payment down, balance in 3 per cent installments, to suit purchaser. Most of the lots will be sold at Allen, Coryell & Co., corner Wabash-av. and Randolph-st. F. S. ROUNDS.

FOR SALE—VERY CHEAP—TEN ACRES SUITable for cultivation, with house, barn, well, &c., in body of Washington Heights, near new improvements on the hill, south and east front on Spring-st. and Western-av. The best location in the market. H. H. HONORE, JR., Room 9, Tribune Block.

FOR SALE—100 ACRES ADJOINING NORWOOD Park; 2 cottages on West Forty-eighth-st.; small payment down, balance on time; 6 acres Sheridan-road, N. & N. W. R. R. car shops, cheap; also, 4 acres in Lake-st., opposite C. & N. W. R. R. car works. GILBERT & SNOW, 106 La Salle-st.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—BY GOLDEN & FRESHWATERS, 85 South Clark-st.—
10 acres in sec. 11, 38, 13. 40 acres in Sec. 15, 39, 13.
10 acres in Sec. 22, 39, 13. 10 acres in Sec. 17, 38, 14.
5 acres in Sec. 7, 39, 13. 10 acres in Sec. 18, 39, 13.
1 acres in Sec. 7, 39, 13.
Also, 5 acres on Lake-st., 8 miles from the city.

FOR SALE—BARGAINS AT AUSTIN IN CHOICE lots; 12-room house and large lot; all near depot. WM. H. CLARKE, 146 LaSalle-st., basement, Otis Block.

FOR SALE—AT ENGLEWOOD, NEAR BOULEvard, about 100 feet very cheap, easy terms. WM. H. CLARKE, 146 LaSalle-st., Otis Block, basement.

FOR SALE—KENWOOD — CHOICE BUILDING lots in this fine suburb on very easy terms. Several first-class residences now unusually easy; only $1,000 down; also a five acre tract, choice property. JOHN M. WAITE, 158 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—A SMALL IMproved farm at Norwood Park and Canfield, or would sell the north half, which will soon be ready for subdivision; parties will be shown the property free of expense. Apply to F. M. FOX & CO., Room 9, 159 La-Salle-st.

FOR SALE—5½ ACRES, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, corner of Western-av. and Wilcox-st.; the highest and most beautiful corner on the hill; near new Congregational College; offered at a bargain for a few days. DAVIS & PIKE, 125 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—$2,500 WILL BUY A FINE HOUSE OF 8 rooms and bath, with all the modern conveniences. WHIPPLE & CLARKSON, 133 South Clark-st.

FOR SALE—IN THE GROVE AT THE DEPOT, ENglewood, 82x240 feet; fine for 2 houses; will sell reasonable, if price small amount of cash. LARKIN & JENKS, 145 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—A. J. BELL, AT 56 LASALLE-ST., will sell a few beautiful grove lots at River Forest, within one block of depot, at low price and no money down if parties will build.

FOR SALE—AT ENGLEWOOD, 2 BLOCKS FROM station, 5 lots in a body, on Fifty-eighth-st., for $15 per foot; also 40 feet, south front, and locality, $17.50 per foot. G. B. GRIFFIN, 123 Madison-st, corner Clark.

FOR SALE—ACRE PROPERTY BETWEEN HARlem and Austin, near Kedvie-av. R. F. BLANCHARD, 153 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—LOTS IN HYDE PARK, NEAR COTtage Grove-av. R. F. BLANCHARD, 153 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—LOTS AND ACRE PROPERTY ON Washington Heights, cheap and on easy terms. R. F. BLANCHARD, 153 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—LOTS IN OAKWOOD, BELOW SOUTH Park; also lots in Stewart's Subdivision, Seventy-seventh-st. For sale by ROBT. AYRES & CO., 159 Dearborn-st., Room 10.

FOR SALE—100x160 FEET ON STATE-ST., NEAR Sixty-ninth, at $20 per foot. H. J. GOODRICH, 132 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—200 FEET ON STATE-ST., CORNER OF Seventy-fifth, at $20 per foot, one-half cash; cheap. OWNER, 119 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—AT SOUTH EVANSTON—A LARGE 2-story house, 9 rooms, newly painted, papered, and put in complete order, connected with sewer to the lake, lot 80x130, $6,000. Also a few choice lots at figures which will make you certain of a handsome profit, if purchased at once. Call and see us; no trees of expense. OSBORN & SKILLMAN, 128 South Clark-st.

FOR SALE—BY REES, PEIRCE & CO., 99 DEARborn-st.—2 acres in N. E. ¼ of S. W. ¼ of Sec. 24, T. 39, R. 13, at $800 per acre.

FOR SALE—10, 20, OR 30 ACRES ON LINE OF D. & V. R. R., Sec. 26, 38, 12.
5-acre blocks, in Sec. 19, 38, 13; easy terms.
JAMES H. MAY, 164 Madison-st., Room 1.

FOR SALE—NEW SUBURBAN RESIDENCE OF 9 rooms with 50 feet of ground, at Auburn, near Englewood and Normal School; price only $5,500, terms to suit. We are offering choice lots in this suburb at low prices, on very easy terms. Best of railroad accommodations. SMITH, ELLIS & CO., 183 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—BY GEO. DE LOYNES, 153 LASALLEst., in basement:
10 acres one mile west of Washington Heights, $625.
10 acres ¾ mile east of Washington Heights, $800.
10 acres ¾ mile east of Washington Heights, $1,000.
160 acres one mile south of Blue Island, $120.
20 acres ¾ mile south on Jefferson, $500.

FOR SALE—A SUBURBAN COTTAGE OF 7 rooms and basement, with all modern improvements, on Lincoln, lot 81x125, on easy terms; a splendid chance for a good investment and home, and rapid advance in value sure. Rail railroad facilities on Milwaukee Division C. & N. W. R. R. Address O 55, Tribune office.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—BY PATCH & CLYBOURN, 87 NORTH Clark-st.:

SUBURBAN PROPERTY.

80 acres, grove land, w ½ s w ¼ Sec 3, 37, 13.
102 acres, grove land, n w ¼ Sec 13, 38, 13.
87 acres, grove land, n w ¼ and n ½ Sec 3, 39, 13.
20 acres, grove land, n w ¼ Sec 7, 39, 14.
30 acres, grove land, s w ¼ Sec 7, 40, 14.
19 acres Lincoln-av., n w ¼ Sec 18, 40, 14.
6 acres, South Evanston, n w ¼ Sec 29, 41, 14.
70 acres, South Evanston, n w ¼ Sec 10, 40, 13.
15 acres, South Evanston, s w ¼ Sec 10, 40, 13.
6 acres in Lake view, fronting on Roscoe-st. and Dunlap-road. We have beautiful suburban residence lots in Lake View, Ravenswood, Irving Park, Maplewood, Hyde Park, Maywood, and Austin at prices to suit all on easy terms of payment. PATCH & CLYBOURN,
87 North Clark-st., Room 1.

FOR SALE—AT HIGHLAND PARK, AT A BARgain, a new two-story Swiss Gothic cottage, never occupied, situated on a lot 150x280 feet, nicely sodded and shaded, and near the lake, with a good well of water and a 75-barrel cistern. The house has 10 rooms, and is arranged for a furnace and hot and cold water; also, has pulpit gas. From the observatory on the octagon situation an extensive view is obtained of the beautiful country surrounding this locality, which is 87 feet above the level of Lake Michigan, and within 40 minutes' ride of Chicago, with frequent trains. See the plan and a prospective view of the house at our office.
W. F. SAMPSON & CO.,
144 LaSalle-st., Otis Block.

FOR SALE—BY F. GRIFFING, ROOM 4, 226 MADIson-st.:
5 very choice lots at Englewood.
5 very choice lots at South Lynne.
6 acres at South Lynne.
Either of the above will be sold at a bargain.

FOR SALE—TWO BLOCKS, 6¼ ACRES EACH, near Northwestern Depot, cheap. HENRY WALLER, JR., 86 Washington-st.

FOR SALE—ENGLEWOOD—A BARGAIN. MUST be sold, 128 feet front by 125 deep to an alley, on Sixty-ist-av., east front, one block south of depot; price only $30 per foot; usual terms. J. L. CURTIS & CO., 145 South Clark-st., Room 5.

FOR SALE—AT OAKLAND (THE CITY LIMITS) A new two-story frame house of 7 rooms, with 25 to 40 ft front. Terms very easy. Apply to GEO. WOODLAND, Jr., at Prairie State L. & T. Co., cor. West Washington and Desplaines-sts.

FOR SALE—5 OR 40 ACRES ON CALUMET, AT South Chicago, at $200; also 5 or 20 acres at Rogers Park, at $700 per acre. Address J H H (owner), Anderson's Hotel.

FOR SALE—I HAVE SOME EXTRA BARGAINS in acre property on the C., B. & Q. R. R. Address or call at 73 and 74 Dearborn-st. O. S. STOUGH.

FOR SALE—C. & N. W. R. R. CAR SHOPS—20 acres between Austin and new car shops, suitable for subdivision, very cheap; terms easy. O. H. GLOVER, 174 LaSalle-st., basement.

FOR SALE—CLARENDON HILLS—THIS BEST OF all the suburbs of Chicago, is 12 miles from the city, on C. B. & Q. R. R., about 200 feet above the level of the lake, beautiful scenery, good school, and every attraction for a nice home. Save your rents and buy a place of your own with monthly payments to suit you. Also good lots for those desiring it. For health, wealth, and happiness, go to Clarendon Hills. Plats and particulars of CHAS. B. HOLMES & CO., 122 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—BLOCK OF 5 ACRES, E. ½ OF S. W. ¼ N. W. ¼ of 25, 40, 13, near Maplewood, in Story & Allen's Subdivision, containing 6 lots, 32x125, on favorable terms. CHAS. B. HOLMES & CO., 122 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—ONE OF THE MOST attractive houses; large brick house; nearly and entire block of 8 acres; grand scenery; fronting on finely beautiful hedges, lawns, and evergreens, all in excellent condition; North Shore, 16 feet above lake; 2,000 inhabitants; no better church, school, or social privileges; will or without furniture, horses, carriages, phaeton, winter's coal, etc., and free from all incumbrances, with perfect title. A comfortable home, with large grounds, away from the lake, would be taken as part pay. Englewood, Riverside, or Harlem preferred. D. W. KNOX, Attorney, Room 33, Otis Block, LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE OR RENT—AT WASHINGTON Heights—2 stores, with dwellings attached, on Tracy-av., near the main depot; nearly finished. ISAAC E. HUTT & BRO., 19 Major Block, corner Madison and LaSalle-sts.

FOR SALE—AT DOWNER'S GROVE, 20 MILES from city, on the C., B. & Q. R. R.—A very choice 10-acre block, subdivided, with 4 lots 80 feet front by 200 deep; 2 acres convenient to depot, $500 to $600; the cheapest property within 20 miles of the city. Houses and lots, $1,400 to $4,500. STILES & GIBBS, 120 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—THE BEST LOTS IN SOUTH ENGLEwood. There are 15 daily trains, one arriving in the city before 7 a. m., and leaving after 6 p. m. Will guarantee a heavy advance in price in 6 months. $10 cash, $10 every three months. HENRY W. BROOKS, 128 La-Salle-st.

FOR SALE—CORNER LOT—REST IN ENGLEwood. MILLARD & DECKER, Room 6 Republic Life Insurance Building, LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, 495 FT ON THE GREAT South Park-av., Boulevard and Fifty-first-st., running through to Vincennes-av., for a few days to H. WELL & CO., northwest corner of Dearborn and Madison-sts.

FOR SALE—A FINE SUBURBAN RESIDENCE and grounds at Waukegan, 35½ miles from depot. Gothic Milwaukee brick house, 15 rooms, new stables and coach-house, with 15 acres of land, handsomely ornamented, with good garden, and 1,000 fruit trees in full bearing. To any one wishing to buy a truly comfortable and desirable suburban home this presents a rare opportunity. Apply to D. J. & A. KERR, Real Estate Office, No. 120 Dearborn-st., Honore Block.

FOR SALE—AT NORWOOD PARK, GOTHIC house, 8 rooms, lot 80x200; price, $2,750, $250 cash. F. M. FOX, 159 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—AT A SACRIFICE—5 OR 10 ACRES, pleasantly located, at Hinsdale. Address OWNER, 508 State-st.

FOR SALE—LOTS NEAR NORTHWESTERN CAR shops, on four years' time. R. F. BLANCHARD, 153 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—$100 WILL BUY A GOOD LOT ON THE public square in Blue Island, near the depot; terms $10 cash and $10 per month. These lots are worth the money, and are the best investment for a poor man now in the market. LARKIN & JENKS, 145 La-Salle-st.

FOR SALE—CHOICE LOTS IN HYDE PARK VIllage, Egandale, and vicinity.
Houses and lots in Hyde Park. Cottage and lot in Hyde Park village, $2,500.
CHACE & ABELL, 184 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—80 ACRES IN SEC. 21, 37, 13, BEAUTIful grove land. ABELL & KOTCHKISS, 46 Otis Block.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST IMPROVED farms in Kenosha County, Wis., located 5 miles from Kenosha and 90 miles from the limit of the city of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, containing 160 acres. A good 2-story brick house and other necessary outhouses on the premises; also, a choice dairy farm. Having heretofore been used as a dairy and stock farm, for either of which it is admirably adapted. For terms, etc., apply to H. F. HYMAN, Jr., Room 11, 167 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—GOOD IOWA LANDS; OR WILL EXchange for carpets and furniture. Apply to E. C. BUFFUM, 146 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE—TO LUMBER MERCHANTS AND others—10,000 stone ware drain pipe, 6 inch, and on a navigable river 100 miles from market, to be put into stock company for less than the cost alone is worth when set off. Address HENRY SCHREINER, 48 East Van Buren-st., Room 7.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST STOCK AND grain farms in the Rock River Valley, 110 miles west of Chicago, containing about 450 acres; good buildings, living water, splendid orchard, and living fences, belonging to it; only 1½ miles from R. R. station. Price low and terms easy. Owner might take Chicago property in part payment at cash figures. CHAS. B. HOLMES & CO., 71 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—40 ACRES; VILLAGE of Sand Springs, Delaware Co., Ia., near depot; improved and well rented.
240 of choicest farming lands, Knox Co., Mo., west from Quincy, Ill., surrounded by first-class improvements, and near railroad.
Two 320 tracts, and 3 blocks of 10 acres, Walnut Valley lands, Butler Co., Kan.; entered and patented under Buchanan, near county seat.
Can give a great bargain in exchange for good house and lots in or near Chicago. G. W. KNOX, Attorney,
Room 33 Otis Block, LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—150,000 ACRES LAND IN LOTS FROM 40 acres to 1,000 at from $3 to $20 per acre; improved and unimproved; prairie, timber, and grass land in Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, and Illinois. Terms to suit. ROBT. AYRES & CO., 159 Dearborn-st., Room 10.

FOR SALE—AT A SACRIFICE, A FARM OF 320 acres, plow land, and 12 acres timber, near this place; has good farm-dwelling, barn, and other buildings. The owner is a non-resident, and advises me to sell at less than value. S. H. JACQUES, Abstractor, Fairbault, Minn.

FOR SALE—9-ROOM HOUSE, LOT 16½x200, $3,500; $800 down, balance easy, on Morrison, Ill. Handsome property. T. B. BOYD, 180 West Washington-st.

FOR SALE—FARM, 1,200 ACRES, ILLINOIS COMbination of soil, timber, and water; fine railroad facilities; large and handsome set of fixtings; $50,000 to be in rental property. WM. GARNETT, 153 Monroe-st., Room 2.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—240-ACRE FARM near Aurora, Ill., improved, first-class buildings. C. C. THAYER & CO., 186 East Madison-st.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—1067 ACRE FARM in LaSalle County, Ill., finely improved. C. C. THAYER & CO., 186 East Madison-st.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

AM REVISING MY LISTS, AND IF YOU HAVE any property to sell bring it in; advertising free; no sale, no charge. F. C. WIERLING, 126 Dearborn-st. Room 18.

WANTED—SEVERAL PIECES OF ACRE PROPerty south of Fifty-seventh-st.; must be bargains; 6 to 60 acres; satisfied for subdivision. ULRICH & BOND, 87 Dearborn-st.

WANTED — RESIDENCE ON WABASH-AV., south of Twelfth-st, worth about $15,000, for which more property and cash will be given. HENRY WALLER, JR., Room 4, 86 Washington-st.

WANTED—REAL ESTATE—OWNERS OF REAL estate in North and Lake Townships that wish to sell will send description of land and price to the address of Y 90, Tribune office.

WANTED—REAL ESTATE—FROM OWNERS, IN lots 4 to 40-acre tracts in neighborhood of Englewood. Address giving location and price, 146 East Madison-st., Room 16.

WANTED—A COMFORTABLE HOUSE AND NOT less than 30-foot lot south of Thirty-first-st. and east of South Park boulevard; will pay $4,500 cash; must be dirt cheap. Address X 6, Tribune office.

WANTED—HOUSE AND LOT WITHIN 3 MILES of Court-House, in good location, worth $6,000; will pay part in choice unincumbered lot in Hyde Park village. CHACE & ABELL, 184 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—A HOUSE AND LOT, VALUE ABOUT $4,000, near street cars, in exchange for Hyde Park lots and $2,000 cash; must be cheap. Address G 26, Tribune office.

WANTED—FROM OWNERS—3 GOOD FRAME houses, pleasant locations, between Aberdeen-st. and Western-av., Lake and Harrison-sts. Must be cheap and on easy terms. OSBORN & SKILLMAN, 128 South Clark-st.

WANTED—FROM OWNERS—1, 2, OR 3 CHOICE lots to be built upon, on North LaSalle, Dearborn, or State-sts. Must have bottom figures; parties ready. OSBORN & SKILLMAN, 128 South Clark-st.

WANTED—INSIDE LOTS, ANY LOCATION IF price suits. Address, giving description, price, and terms, Dr. L, Post-Office Box 110.

WANTED—ACRE PROPERTY IN OR NEAR CHIcago. Owners willing to sell cheap may give description and address R 58, Tribune office.

WANTED—AN INTEREST IN A GOOD SUBDIVISion that will retail well. Give location and price, and address D 10, Tribune office.

WANTED—A HOUSE AND LOT ON SOUTH SIDE; will pay $3,000 to $6,000. Address W 31, Tribune office.

WANTED—HOUSE AND LOT, SUBURBAN PROPerty; $300 cash, balance in trade. Address T 56, Tribune office.

REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE 25 OR 50 FEET FRONT on North LaSalle or Dearborn-sts., between Chicago and North-ave., on very easy terms. Address T 4, Tribune office.

WANTED — BRICK DWELLING AND LOT, worth about $6,000, near Union Park. Owners wanting to sell call. T. B. BOYD, 180 West Washington-st.

WANTED—HOUSE ON SOUTH SIDE, NORTH OF Thirty-fifth and east of State-sts.; or West Side, between Randolph and Van Buren and Sangamon and Leavitt-sts.; 7 to 10 rooms, with all modern improvements; price not to exceed $8,000. Address S 3, Tribune office.

WANTED—HOUSE AND LOT, WORTH FROM $5,000 to $10,000; will assume encumbrance and pay cash; also, house and lot in exchange for Humboldt Park lots. G. S. LACEY & CO., 119 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—A COTTAGE AND LOT, ON SOUTH side, worth from $2,000 to $3,500, for customer. F. C. VIERLING, 126 Dearborn-st. Room 18.

WANTED—A HOUSE AND LOT EITHER ON West or South Sides, handy to street cars, worth from $5,000 to $6,000. Owners only need address, PHINNEY & LOMBARD, No. 153 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE—SUBURBAN ACRE property; must be cheap. Address, with full particulars, D 46, Tribune office.

WANTED—HOUSE AND LOT WORTH $3,000 TO $6,000, in exchange for good suburban lots. Would assume small incumbrance. Address D 40, Tribune office.

WANTED—FIFTY FEET OF GOOD RESIDENCE property. For a bargain all cash will be paid. Address, stating terms and location of property, T 14, Tribune office.

WANTED—HOUSE AND LOT, $6,000 TO $8,000, first-class neighborhood, South Side preferred, in exchange for lots at Lawndale, on boulevard, and close to station. D. W. MOULTON, 144 Dearborn-st., Office 9.

WANTED—10 TO 40 ACRES IN SEC. 14, 22, 39, OR 36, Cornwall 38, Range 14, on near road. Address, stating description, price, and terms, C. B. STAPLES, 19 Indiana-av.

WANTED—GOOD RESIDENCE SITE ON NORTH Side, east of Clark-st. or lake shore road, in exchange for suburban acre property, or stock of Cottage Land Company, or both and cash. E. F. BLANCHARD, 153 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—TO BUY A STORE BUILDING AND ground on Washington, Randolph, or Lake-sts., near State, or on State, near said streets. Price not to exceed $250,000. Will pay $25,000 cash. Apply to WM. H. SAMPSON & CO., 144 LaSalle-st., Otis Block.

WANTED—REAL ESTATE IN EXCHANGE FOR three valuable horses. Will assume small incumbrance or pay a few hundred cash. C. DELANO, 127 Clark-st.

WANTED—A 50-FOOT LOT, WITH FRAME house, fronting east or south, between Tyler and Fulton-sts., east or Sangamon-st. State location and price. Address F 24, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO BUY, A COTTAGE AND LOT ON monthly payment. No middle-men need apply. Address W 28, Tribune office, one week.

WANTED—TO BUY A RESIDENCE IN A GOOD neighborhood, convenient to street cars; will make a liberal cash payment. Must be a bargain. Address O 129, Tribune office.

TO RENT—HOUSES.

TO RENT—ON 124 HASTINGS-ST., $13. NO. 1045 Jackson-st., $35. Corner Tyler and Cicero-court, 6 new rooms, $17. L. WHITNEY, 148 LaSalle-st., basement.

TO RENT—NEW COTTAGE, 9 ROOMS, ON LINcoln-st., first from Harrison south. Will rent cheap to good tenant. Inquire at 51, 161 Centre-av.

TO RENT—NEW STORY AND A HALF AND BASEMENT MARble-front house; all modern improvements; one block from Cottage Grove cars, northeast corner of Langley-av. and Thirty-eighth-st. Apply T. ROGERS, 709 South State-st.

TO RENT—CHEAP—A NEW BRICK HOUSE, CONtaining 12 rooms, with all modern improvements, No. 97 Depuyster-st. Inquire at 32.

TO RENT—A NICE FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCE on Lincoln-st., near Aberdeen; the furniture for sale at a bargain. Inquire of E. S. THOMAS, 162 LaSalle-st., first floor.

TO RENT—BY GOLDEN & FRESHWATERS, 85 Clark-st., Room 10. The lower part of cottage No. 195 Lytle-st., containing 5 rooms, 5 closets, water, gas, and sewer. Small family desirable.

TO RENT—NEW HOUSE, 7 ROOMS, GAS, WATER, sanonition, and bath tub. Inquire next door. 507 South Dearborn-st. O. F. RIGGLE.

TO RENT—294 WARREN-AV., FURNISHED HOUSE, two-story and brick basement, 12 rooms; modern improvements; good terms. M. H. HALL, 77 Clark-st.

TO RENT—WE HAVE A 9-ROOM COTTAGE WITH brick basement, hot and cold water, barn, &c., large lot, plenty of shade, perfect sewerage, gas, &c., and will furnish or unfurnish to a good tenant at reasonable rates. F. A. BRAGG & CO., 146 Dearborn-st.

TO RENT—HOUSE NO. 644 FULTON-ST., 10 LARGE rooms, $60 per month. Apply on the premises.

TO RENT—ON WASHINGTON-ST., NEAR OF Union Park, a desirable house of 16 rooms, large lot, good barn; rent low. H. F. COY & CO., 162 Washington-st.

TO RENT—NORTH SIDE, NEAR CARS—UPPER part of desirable cottage, house over store, $16, both 6 rooms. A. T. GALT, 77 Dearborn-st., Room 11.

TO RENT—COTTAGE OF 6 ROOMS, IN GOOD ORder. 162 North LaSalle-st.

TO RENT—WE HAVE SOME CHOICE HOUSES IN good locations, to rent reasonably to good parties SNYDER & LEE, 15 Nixon Building, northeast corner Monroe and LaSalle-sts.

TO RENT—TWO-STORY AND BASEMENT BRICK house containing 10 rooms, all newly painted and calsimined; located on Twenty-sixth-st. near Prairie-av. BROWN & HORTON, 150 Dearborn-st.

TO RENT—A COTTAGE OF 5 ROOMS, CLOSETS, and water. No. 94 North Carpenter-st. Inquire on

WANTED—TO RENT.

WANTED—TO RENT—A COTTAGE OF 4 OR 5 rooms, in good location, on North or West Side. Pay in advance, and be permanent if suited. Address, stating terms and location, B 5 F, Tribune office.

WANTED — TO RENT — POSSESSION ABOUT Sept. 20, a good comfortable house and stable. House of 9 to 11 rooms, with furnace, range, hot and cold water, bath-room, and gas fixtures, all in good repair. Location between Twelfth and Twenty-sixth-sts, east of State. Address, giving description, location, and price, GEORGE G. MERRICK, Room 6, No. 150 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—A COMPLETELY FURnished house east of State and north of Twenty-second-st., South Side. Address J 76, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT — A SMALL HOUSE OR large cottage east of State-st. Rent $40 to $45.

WANTED—TO RENT—A SMALL UNFURNISHED house below Sixteenth-st., between Wabash and State, or Michigan and Wabash-ave. Address P 38, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT — A NICE, PLEASANT room on South Side, on some of the avenues, between Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth-sts. Address M 36, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—ON THE SOUTH OR North Side, east of Wells, or in vicinity of Lincoln Park, a neat cottage of 6 or 8 rooms, with gas and water, by a first-class tenant of small family. Location must be good and neighborhood first-class, and terms reasonable. Address, stating terms, location, &c., Y 61, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—SOME NICE COTTAGES, centrally located, for which we have good tenants. SNYDER & LEE, 15 Nixon Building, northeast corner Monroe and La Salle-sts.

WANTED—TO RENT—A FURNISHED HOUSE for a private family, and 3 very desirable tenant. Location east of Wabash-av., and between Sixteenth and Twenty-first-sts. Address or inquire of DREW & NEWBURY, Rooms 8 and 9, Bryan Block, 104 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—A SMALL COTTAGE OF 4 rooms, gas and water; must be in good repair, and in good location; South Side preferred; east of State-st., or would take the lower part of a good house; possession any time between now and Sept. 15, but must leave it by June; will pay promptly. Answer by mail or call on L. T. HINDSEY, 149 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—3 OR 4 UNFURNISHED rooms for light housekeeping, by a quiet couple without family; convenient to Madison-st. cars; rent not to exceed $20 per month. Apply, J. M., Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A COTTAGE OR SMALL house south of Twenty-second-st. and east of State.

WANTED—TO RENT—AGENTLEMAN AND WIFE desire to rent pleasant furnished rooms, with gas, water and closets, in the vicinity of Cottage Grove or Oakland. Best of references given. Address D 87, Tribune office.

WANTED — TO RENT — FURNISHED HOUSE, east of State and north of Thirty-first-st., in good neighborhood, till May 1 or longer. GILBERT & CALDWELL, 208 LaSalle-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—HOUSE OF 9 OR 10 ROOMS, east of State, between Twenty-fourth and Thirty-third-sts; good tenant waiting. B. D. PIERCE, 179 Dearborn-av.

WANTED—TO RENT—BY A YOUNG COUPLE, A neat cottage, or upper part of double cottage, east of Union Park, between Harrison and Lake-sts., on West Side, or south of Franklin and south of Lake-sts., on North Side. Address, stating rent, A H, 258 East Lake-st.

WANTED—TO RENT — FURNISHED HOUSE; good tenant. Address U 32, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—I WANT TO RENT A FURnished hotel in some country town. Address T 54, Tribune office.

WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE without children, till 1st of May next, a furnished cottage of 6 or 8 rooms, on reasonable terms. Best reference if desired. Place must be clean and in pleasant location, South Side preferred. First-class reference given. Address C 3, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—4 OR 5 FURNISHED ROOMS without board, for man and wife; vicinity of Washington and Carpenter-sts. Reference satisfactory. Address S 52, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—BY A YOUNG COUPLE, IN a desirable portion of the West Side, 3 or 4 unfurnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Best of references given and required. Address C 44, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—BY A SMALL FAMILY without children, a comfortable house of 6 or 7 rooms, in good location on the West Side. Call or address J. H. WOOLLEY, 59 and 61 Lake-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—HOUSE OR COTTAGE, furnished, from $50 to $75. J. S. GOULD & CO., 119 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—A SMALL COTTAGE OF four or six rooms, or part of double house in a good neighborhood. Address R 52, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—ON SOUTH SIDE, TEN OR fourteen rooms suitable for boarding house. Address Z 84, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A SINGLE ROOM WITHOUT board, within a short walk of Court-House. State price. Address C 71, Tribune office.

WANTED TO RENT, BY A GOOD AND RESPONsible party, a nice house of sixteen or more rooms for boarding-house, on Michigan-av., north of Twenty-second-st. HENRY F. MARBLE, Room 6, No. 79 Dearborn-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—A HOUSE ON THE South Side, between Sixteenth and Twenty-eighth sts and east of State. Rent not over $1,200. Address C 84, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A LARGE HOUSE AND barn, north of Twelfth-st. and east of State, by a good-paying tenant; state terms. O 48, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—2 PLEASANT APARTments, with closets and use of bath-room, for a family taking meals out, on one of the avenues not south of Twenty-first-st. Address, stating terms, &c., Y 81, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—4 OR 5 ROOMS SUITABLE for light housekeeping; state terms and location. P H 36, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—NOTICE—ANY PARTY having a building suitable, or willing to erect same, for a livery, sale, and boarding stable, on the West Side, between Green and Wood, east and west, and Adams and Lake, north and south, will find a responsible customer by addressing G. WHITTAKER, 135 South Sangamon-st.

WANTED—TO RENT—LODGING-ROOM BY A young man in a quiet locality, on the West Side, where people are not inquisitive. Address R 88, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOM FOR single gentleman, not far from business centre. Address J. R. PADDACK, Briggs House.

WANTED—TO RENT—A HOUSE OF 12 OR 14 rooms, on State, not far from Twenty-third-st. Address D 11, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE of 12 or 14 rooms on one of the avenues, north of Eighteenth-st., south of Lincoln Park; would want privilege of taking a few other boarders. Address Z 55, Tribune office.

WANTED—TO RENT—I HAVE CONSIDERABLE number of customers waiting for first-class cottages and stone houses, furnished or unfurnished, from $25, $30, and upwards; can rent at once. J. G. HUSZAGH, 49 East Madison-st., Room 15.

FINANCIAL.

BANK CHARTER FOR SALE ON MODERATE terms; legal status unquestioned. Call on or address T. T. GAUNT, 181 LaSalle-st., Room 13.

BALDWIN, WALKER & CO. HAVE FUNDS IN hand for the purchase of notes secured by mortgages and collaterals, having short time to run. No. 7 Hawley Building, second-story front, with first-class security.

CLAIMS AGAINST KNICKERBOCKER, HOME, Great Western, Illinois Mutual, and other bankrupt insurances companies cashed by J. N. WITHERELL, 79 Clark-st.

CITY AND SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE NOTES bought by C. W. PIERCE, Real Estate and Note Broker, 151 East Madison-st., Room 7.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—2 SHARES OF $100 each of the Rixton & Wheeling Gravel Road Co. Inquire at 93 Hubbard-st., corner Halsted.

I HAVE $18,000 TO LOAN IN ONE SUM OR DIvided, on first-class real estate, at 10 per cent. Address HOWARD, 321 East Washington-st.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, HOUSES ON leased land, and good collateral securities, at No. 146 South Clark-st., Room 5. K. WINNE.

MONEY TO LOAN ON CITY REAL ESTATE IN sums to suit; good purchase money mortgages wanted. B. GROSSMAN, Room 15, 178 State-st.

SEVERAL SMALL SUMS OF MONEY TO LOAN ON houses on leased land, and other good collaterals. GEORGE W. REED & CO., No. 146 La Salle-st.

TO LOAN—$8,000—FOR THREE OR FIVE YEARS. 181 and 183 East Randolph-st.

TO LOAN—MONEY IN SUMS OF $1,000 OR MORE, on city real estate, or Illinois farms within 100 miles. B. L. PEASE, Kesner Block, 97 Clark-st.

TO LOAN—$600 FOR THREE OR SIX MONTHS ON good security. Inquire of B. F. DUTCHER, 83 Wabash-av.

TO LOAN—$3,000 ON REAL ESTATE. T. A. JACKSON, 180 State-st.

TO LOAN—$600 FOR 1 YEAR, OR PURCHASE real estate mortgage. Also, loans on collaterals or houses on leasehold. W. OTTAWAY, 79 Dearborn-st.

TO LOAN—ON CITY REAL ESTATE, TWO SUMS of $2,000 each. G. A. FOLLANSBEE, Room 42 Bryan Block.

TO LOAN—$4,000 FOR 2 YEARS ON INSIDE PROPerty. CARTER, BECKER & DALE, 71 Washington-st.

WANTED—TO LOAN $1,000 FOR 5 YEARS AT 10 per cent for the purpose of building a house to cost about that amount on a lot worth $1,600, clear of incumbrance. Address X 9, Tribune office.

WANTED—$1,000 FOR 3 YEARS AT 10 PER CENT. on mortgage, on 5 acres, with house, good barn, etc., worth $4,500. T. H. BOYD, 130 West Washington-st.

WANTED TO LOAN—WILL GIVE $200 FOR USE of $1,000 for one year. Security, Will & Iron Co.'s $4,000, renting for $1,200 per year; facing Union Park, or will sell rent of same for 5 years, from 1st of May next, for $1,800 cash. Address Q 94, Tribune office.

WANTED—$2,500 FOR THREE OR FIVE YEARS, on improved inside property, rented for 10 per cent. on $6,000. J. C. MATTHEWS & CO., corner La Salle and Madison-sts., in Citizens' Bank.

$50 TO $2,000 TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE, chattel mortgages, or personal security. 148 South Clark-st., Room 21. GEO. M. McKENZIE.

$5,000 TO LOAN, 10 PER CENT, ON PROPerty inside city limits. PHINNEY & LOMBARD, 128 La Salle-st.

$1,000 TO $10,000 FIRST MORTGAGE NOTES wanted for sale, bearing interest 7 per cent discount. Apply to O. W. RIGDON, 146 Dearborn-st.

$10,000 WANTED IN A BUSINESS PARTLY developed; money safe and profits large. Address P 97, Tribune office.

$10,000 WANTED FOR ONE OR TWO YEARS, on two brick buildings on East Madison-st., now rented for $11,600. Good collateral also paid. Address B 15, Tribune office.

$15,000 TO LOAN IN SUMS OF $3,000 AND over, for five years, at 10 per cent; 1 per cent commission. WILLIAM A. S. PALMER, Jr., 86 Washington-st., Rooms 15 and 16.

$33,000 PURCHASE MONEY, MORTGAGES, and commercial paper wanted; collateral loans made in sums of $1,000 to $10,000. W. H. WILLARD, 122 LaSalle-st.

$40,000 CASH IN HAND AT 8 OR 10 PER CENT interest, in one or two sums, on closed mortgages; security much more than double the amount called for. Address O 85, Tribune office.

$50,000 TO $5,000 TO LOAN IN SUMS OF $1,000 to $5,000, for long or short time. Purchase money notes bought. 148 Clark-st., H. LOWRY.

$50,000 IN FIRST MORTGAGE PURCHASE money securities in sums of $3,000 to $10,000, for sale by JAMES R. TYLER, 125 Dearborn-st.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A VERY WELL PAYING GROCERY STORE, IN connection with a saloon and boarding-house, for sale, in best location on South Side. Being established many years ago, it has secured numerous permanent customers, and the owner wishes to retire from business, it can be had for cash or at a great bargain. For full particulars call at the office of T. G. HUSZAGH, 99 East Madison-st., Room 13.

A BARBER SHOP NEAR GRAND PACIFIC HOtel, doing a good business, to be sold at a great bargain for cash. Apply at 187 South LaSalle-st.

A GROCERY STORE IN A GOOD LOCATION FOR sale, doing a nice business. Rent low. Death of owner reason for selling. Call on premises, 604 Jefferson-st.

A GOOD CORNER SALOON FOR SALE OR TO rent, in a good location, on easy terms, 678 West Indiana-st.

A MEAT-MARKET TO RENT, AND FIXTURES for sale cheap, at 907 Lake-st.

A TIN AND HARDWARE STORE, ON ONE OF the best thoroughfares on the West Side, for sale at a bargain. Good trade established. Can bear the closest investigation. Call at B. J. NOCKIN'S, 199 East Randolph-st., Room 6.

A WELL-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS, WITH ALL necessary machinery and patent-right running 17 years, for sale. The only business of the kind in the city, and patronized by the leading wholesale houses. The owner, leaving the city, will sell for part cash and part real estate. Agents need not apply. Address W 19, Tribune office.

A RARE CHANCE IS OFFERED TO A PARTY TO engage in a first-class business that shows for itself. Capital required, $1,500 to $2,000. For particulars inquire of K. WINNE, 146 South Clark-st., Room 5.

A RESTAURANT, DOING A GOOD BUSINESS, on the best street on South Side, near the Exposition. This is a good bargain. My reason for wishing to sell is that I have for a few days a chance to buy a restaurant in other business. Address V 93, Tribune office.

A FACTORY, WITH OTHER BEST IMPROVED wood-working machinery, new boiler, &c., for sale. Address FACTORY, Tribune office.

A GOOD WOOD AND COAL YARD FOR SALE. Four years' lease of ground. Inquire at 186 South Green-st.

A RESTAURANT, WITH 12 FURNISHED BOOMS, and now doing a business of $600 per month, with all the conveniences for putting in a saloon, billiard saloon and club-house, that would pay $6,000 to $8,000 per year, for sale very low, and on easy terms; to call it to buy. No. 956 State-st.

A STORE, WITH FIXTURES READY FOR ANY kind of business, for sale, with rooms for housekeeping. Apply at 669 South State-st.

A LIVE MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL, TO TAKE an active interest in a flourishing daily paper in this city. A person of experience preferred. Address S 13, Tribune office.

A NICE BARBER SHOP, WITH THREE BATHing rooms, hot and cold water, gas, and heated by steam, to rent very low to a good man. Apply at Michigan-av. Hotel, corner of Congress-st.

A MILLINERY STORE, DOING A FIRST-CLASS business, for sale; terms very easy to a responsible party. Address D 96, Tribune office.

A GOOD SAMPLE-ROOM AND LAGER BEER saloon for sale. Inquire at SHELBY'S Livery, Nos. 2 and 4 Monroe-st., to GEO. D. HODGES.

A SPLENDID BAR AND BILLIARD ROOM, NEW. ly painted and all ready to run, within a square of the great Exposition, can be rented for a bargain for one or four tables; water, gas, and steam-heating apparatus already in the place. Apply at Michigan-av. Hotel.

A GOOD SIGN PAINTER WITH SMALL capital would like to take an interest, or am going to leave town. Good reasons given. Good locality for a good sign painter. Call at 188 North Clark-st.

A GROCERY STORE, DOING A STRICTLY CASH business, can be established five years, for sale cheap. Apply at 253 South Clark-st.

A RARE CHANCE FOR THE RIGHT MAN—A restaurant for sale, doing a good business, at 145 Monroe-st., for cash. Good reasons given for selling.

A GOOD-PAYING DRUG STORE FOR SALE OR exchange for improved city property. Address G 29, Tribune office.

A NICE CONFECTIONARY STORE ON THE South Side, for sale cheap. Apply at 118 Twenty-second-st.

A BUSINESS CHANCE—THOMAS & CO. (LATE B Bellvin & Thomas) have the following old-established businesses entirely in their hands for sale or exchange:
Bakery-route, with three horses, wagon, &c.
Sample-room and restaurant, city, doing $1,500 per week.
Boarding, livery, and sale stables; net profits, $1,500 per month.
Blacksmith-shop, building, and lot; a big chance.
Manufacturing business, employing a capital of $30,000.
Boarding-house, with 90 boarders.
Wholesale and retail liquor establishment, splendid concern.
Vinegar factory, a snug business; making plenty of money.
Gents' furnishing store, with merchant tailor's business.
First-class tailor's office, making $2,000 per annum, conducted by a lady.
Cigar, stationery, and news business, doing a nice business.
Boarding-house, with 60 boarders.
Grocery store, first-class; doing $200 a day.
Confectionery, ice-cream, and bakery; a fine business.
Aurora Beer Hall, corner Aurora and Irishmen, attention.
Fashionable boarding-house, fine location; full of boarders.
Newspaper-route, with horse and buggy.
Grocery store, doing $75 to $125 a day, with horse and wagon.
Jewlery business with stock of precious stones; a genuine business.
Laundry doing $125 a week; another, $200 a week.
First-class millinery and dressmaking establishment.
Laundry doing $100 a week, and can be doubled.
Meat market, doing a fine business of $100 a day.
Drug store taking $20, $30, $40, and $60 a day.
Flour and feed store, with building, on leased lot.
Meat Market with building on leased lot.
Milk-route (17 cans), with two horses and wagons.
A splendid billiard hall and stationery store, at Elgin, Ill.
Cigar store, rent free; doing $20 a day.
First-class gents' furnishing goods; sales, $30,000 a year.
Planing mill, brick built, doing a splendid business; established 22 years.
Hair store and ladies' dressing establishment; (first-class).
Third share in a fine planing mill.
Grocery store, splendidly located; doing a fine trade.
Auburn Station Hotel and boarding-house; doing a fine business.
Bell-hanging, speaking tube and pipe manufactory; (first-class.)
Sample-rooms—10, from $500 to $5,000.
Vegetable, fish and poultry market, doing a fine business.
Boarding-house—20, from $400 to $3,000.
Grocery-route, with horse and wagon, $600.
Give us a call if you have money or real estate, city and country. Now is your time to buy a business. Several of the above will be given away this week, as the owners are going to Europe, and some, if we don't sell by small sales out at auction.
THOMAS & CO., Partnership and Business Brokers, 48 South Clark-st.

BUSINESS—A GOOD, RESPONSIBLE MAN WISHing to engage in the real estate business, who can command a capital of $20,000 to $30,000, can have a chance to go into a well-established house of excellent standing, who have a fine list of property bought at very low prices. This is a desirable opening for the right man. Address BUSINESS, Tribune office.

BOARDING-HOUSE FOR SALE, WITH LEASE; full of first-class paying boarders; furnished in first-class style, and everything new; owner wishes to leave the city. Address O 57, Tribune office.

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS, ATTENTION! Boarding-house on Madison-st., near Sangamon, for sale, $1,600 furniture for sale for $800. Come early. R. G. GOODWILLIE, 154 South Clark-st.

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY STOCK AND Bakery-route for sale cheap. 181 Randolph-st.

BYBALL'S WEST SIDE PALACE OF SWEETS FOR sale; doing a fine business. Apply at 278 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE—BOARDING-HOUSE, 20 ROOMS, 20 boarders; well located; on monthly payments; no possible party; rent quite reasonable. Address R 66, Tribune office.

FIXTURES OF A MEAT MARKET, VEGETABLE market, fat horse and wagon, with lease of building, for sale, on the best location on South Side. Address, for two days, S 27, Tribune office.

GOOD WILL, STOCK AND FIXTURES OF A finely paying restaurant in one of the best locations in the city for sale. Large ladies' trade. Apply immediately, as opportunity for first buyer. Rent very low. W. H. SAMPSON & CO., 146 LaSalle-st., Otis Block.

HALF INTEREST IN AN OLD-ESTABLISHED business in a good location for sale. Large trade this fall. Address MILFORD, Tribune office.

I HAVE, FOR THE AMOUNT OF MONEY INVESted, the best location, best conveniences, and cheapest rent, for a business down in the city, and I want a live business man or woman as partner, to run a first-class dining and sample-room, as I cannot give it my entire attention. Apply on the premises, this week, between 1 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, or of S. W. WHITE, 979 West Madison-st.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR BUSINESS, AND have $3,500 to put in, I can offer a splendid inducement. Investigate. Address G 72, Tribune office.

ICE-CREAM AND OYSTER PARLOR, WITH CONfectionery and bar attached for sale, opposite Burlington Hall. Sickness is the cause for sale. For particulars apply at 807 State-st.

I HAVE A LARGE VARIETY OF BUSINESS chances, representing all branches, first-class, reliable, and excellent. Call at 53 East Madison-st., Room 13. J. G. HUSZAGH.

I WILL BUY A STOCK OF CROCKERY OR HARDware and house furniture goods, where part choice real estate would be taken in payment. Address M 66, Tribune office.

LIGHT MANUFACTURING BUSINESS, PAYING $75 per week, for sale; $500 cash; more orders on hand than can be filled. Apply at 51 Fifth-av.

LEASE, FURNITURE, FIXTURES, AND GOOD will of a large boarding-house, and eating-room attached, for sale. A good business for sale cheap; or exchange part cash, and part in lumber or land, in suburban towns. Call and examine at 753 State-st.

LAUNDRY CLEARING $120 PER MONTH; LOCAtion unsurpassed; price, $500; will take good horse or suburban lot as part pay. Must sell; going to country. Call at 201 West Van Buren-st.

MUST BE SOLD—ONE OF THE BEST NOTION and millinery stores in the city; good location; good trade established, good reasons for selling, at 1277 State.

MEAT MARKETS FOR SALE—TWELFTH-ST., near Halsted, $400; 239 South Western-av., corner Vanderpoel-st., fixtures and building, $800. E. G. GOODWILLIE, 154 South Clark-st.

MUST BE SOLD AT A SACRIFICE—$300 WILL buy one of the best ice-cream saloons in the city; license paid for one year. Apply at 180½ North Wood-st.

NEARLY COMPLETE STOCK OF DRUGS FOR sale, at 233 West Lake-st.

ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED. A MAN WITH A few hundred dollars can buy a half interest in business that will bring back the investment in two years. Those who do not mean business need not answer this advertisement. Address S 51, Tribune office.

ONE-HALF OR THE WHOLE OF A NEW FLOURing and feed mill for sale, located on railroad, 30 miles from Chicago, in a good grain district. Will trade for Chicago property. A large and paying business can be done. Apply to AVERY, MILLER & CO., 146 Monroe-st.

ONE OF THE OLDEST DRUG-STORES IN THE city, with first-class trade, well established, for sale, by parties quitting the business. Address F 89, Tribune office.

ONE OF THE BEST CONFECTIONERY, STATIONery, and cigar stands in the city for sale. Sickness compels me to sell. Stock and fixtures about $3,500. Address D 8, Tribune office.

ONE OF THE BEST PAYING GROCERY AND liquor stores on the West Side for sale; will invoice about $3,000. These meaning business may address G 35, Tribune office.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

RARE CHANCE—STOCK OF BOOKS, STATIONery, and fancy goods, in a flourishing town of 10,000 inhabitants; stock new and fresh; doing cash business of over $30,000 yearly; terms easy. HANNON & CANfield, northeast corner Clark and Washington-sts.

SALOON AND FIXTURES, OR THE FIXTURES alone, for sale. Apply at 73 East Kinzie-st.

STOCK, FIXTURES, AND LEASE OF A GROCERY store and two rooms; also horse, harness, and wagon for sale, doing an established trade, cheap for cash. Apply at 220 South Desplaines-st.

SALOON AND BOARDING HOUSE, WITH FIXtures and furniture, for sale. One of the best stands in the city. Inquire at 132 South Canal-st.

STOCK, FIXTURES, AND LEASE OF GROCERY and saloon for sale cheap. Apply at 1770 Halsted-st., opposite Stock-Yards.

SALOON, STOCK, ETC., FOR SALE. THE PROprietor having other business cannot attend to this; the stock can be reduced to accommodate a good tenant. Address D 83, Tribune office.

SALOON MEN, ATTENTION—STOCK AND FIXtures of saloon near Market and Randolph-sts. for sale, $400. R. G. GOODWILLIE, 154 South Clark-st.

THE BOSTON CARPET-CLEANING WORKS, 44 and 46 West Adams-st., together with 9 years' lease of building, machinery, engine, shafting, pulleys, horse, wagon, harness, and all fixtures, with patent for Chicago or State of Illinois, for sale or exchange. Have done a cash business of $2,100 since 26th of March up to 23d of August. Will sell or take partner. Call from 7 to 9 or 4 to 6. A. N. HANKINSON.

THE FINEST CIGAR STORE IN CHICAGO FOR sale; centrally located. Good reason given for selling. U 35, Tribune office.

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF ONE OF THE BEST cigar stands in town for sale. Under Hooley's Opera-House.

THE LAGER BEER SALOON NO. 121 SOUTH Clark-st. for sale at a bargain. The very best location in the city. Room 50x110 feet. A sure bonanza for one willing to engage in lively business. Apply on premises, between 9 and 11 a. m.

THE FIXTURES, FURNITURE, CROCKERY, a silverware, table linen, &c., of the restaurant, formerly 47 LaSalle-st., for sale. Everything elegant and first-class. Also, a fine stock of liquors and an elegant side-board.

THE STOCK AND FIXTURES OF A FIRST-CLASS basement saloon, corner Franklin and Van Buren-sts., for sale cheap. Inquire of M. N. KELLY, 325 State, or 207 and 209 Van Buren-st.

VARIETY STORE FOR SALE IN A GROWING neighborhood; no opposition. Reason of selling, leaving city. Rare chance; cheap for cash. 61 Thirty-first-st.

$200 CASH WILL BUY A CIGAR STORE AND $2,000 cash will buy a news stand. A bargain. Must be sold. 117 West Washington-st.

$500 WILL BUY A BAKERY AND CONFECtionery complete if taken this week. Low rent; family rooms attached. Apply at 79 East Madison-st., Room 19.

$550 WILL BUY STOCK AND FIXTURES OF A first-class grocery store, 6 rooms and closets. Rent, $25 per month. No other store within 5 blocks. Street well lighted—or will trade for real estate. 39 Evans-av., between Forty-second and Forty-third-sts.

$85,000 STOCK FOR SALE, IN THE BEST boot and shoe business in the United States. A magnificent investment for capitalists. For particulars, address S 19, Tribune office.

PARTNERS WANTED.

PARTNER WANTED—IN AN ESTABLISHED wholesale business, either a silent or an active partner; capital required from $8,000 to $10,000. Address T 51, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH $1,000 OR MORE TO enlarge grocery store doing cash business on one of the best corners on South Side; rent nearly free, with lease, cheap. Will give any one meaning business one week's trial. An alone; must have help. P 20, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—A DENTIST FROM PHILAdelphia of large experience in all branches of the profession, especially in the manufacture and use of laughing-gas, desires to form a co-partnership with some established dentist in this city. Address JAMES E. SMITH, 35 University-place.

PARTNER WANTED—IN A LONG-ESTABLISHED real estate office doing a good business. Apply at 191 East Madison-st., Rooms 9 and 11.

PARTNER WANTED—IN OFFICE BUSINESS, $1,000 with $4500, for half interest in stock, fixtures, &c. E. B. WHEELER & CO., 125 East Madison-st.

PARTNER WANTED—IN A CASH BUSINESS PAYing 100 per cent annually. Rare opportunity, $6,000 required. STONE & SKINNER, 110 Dearborn-st., Room 5.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH SMALL CAPITAL in a good plumbing and gas-fitting business; affairs will bear investigation; inside man preferred. Address R 50, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH $1,500 IN AN OLD established wholesale and retail manufactory; business will bear inspection. Only those meaning business need apply. Address Z 14, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH $400 IN AN OLD-ESTABlished manufacturing business needing two interested parties; a good investment. Call or address T. A. HENNESSY, Room 11, 188 State-st.

PARTNER WANTED—A LADY WHO CAN FURnish from $6,000 to $8,000 to act as cashier in a first-class genteel business already established and making money. For interview and particulars, address Q 81, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—IN A LIGHT BUSINESS, $ with from $300 to $500. Full security given for money invested. Inquire in cigar-store of the Dexter & Dole piano, which is the best that is now made, and he will supply every one with pianos, organs, and musical instruments of every kind at the lowest price. Tuning and repairs are done on short notice. Purchasers please call and see.

PARTNER WANTED—MUST BE ACTIVE AND enterprising, with a capital of $3,500, in a business that pays 50 per cent profit, and $5,000 per year. Best references given and required. Address with true name, N 17, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—$800—IN A PROFITABLE business that is paying already. Strictly legitimate. Address Y 80, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—WHO IS A LIVE MAN, having $800, in pleasant well established business that pays enough for the support of two families and can be rapidly increased. Address O 38, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—AN ACTIVE BUSINESS young man having from $3,000 to $5,000 to invest in well-established business with large sales guaranteed and with good profits, can hear of a splendid opportunity by addressing or calling upon McMULLEN BROS., Bankers, 105 Washington-st.

PARTNER WANTED—IN ONE OF THE VERY best hotel dining rooms in the city; about $3,000 cash and undoubted security. Must have experience in the business. Address J. W. WILLIAMS, care of Cook, Coburn & Co., Chicago.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH $600 CASH. A PARTY can be found with whom to go in partnership. Opportunity to make money, by calling at 43 West Randolph-st.

PARTNER WANTED—$1,000 IN A MANUFACTUring wholesale business. Established and paying large profits. None but those meaning business need apply. Address T 72, Tribune office.

PARTNER WANTED—WITH $30 OR $40 IN A manufacturing business well established and profitable. This is a rare opportunity. Address Q 67, Tribune office.

MUSICAL.

AN ELEGANT GUITAR FOR SALE, COST $80; price $25. 629 West Lake-st.

A FINE 7-OCTAVE PIANO FOR SALE AT A SACrifice; cost $800. Can be seen at residence 1196 Prairie-av., corner Twenty-sixth-st.

A GOOD TONED 7-OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO, in handsome rosewood case, with moulding, may be had for $180 cash. Apply, Monday, at 251 Park-av.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—A HORACE WAter's & Son's parlor concerto organ, with ten stops, and all late improvements. Can be seen at No. 20 Aberdeen-av., West Side. For price and further particulars address P U, 114 Monroe-st., third floor.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS PIANO IN EXchange for open or top buggy. Address G 51, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—AN ELEGANT TONED PIANO; would take groceries in part exchange; balance on time. Address D 1, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—ONE OLD PIANO, ONE SECOND-hand organ, and one melodeon, cheap. R. D. WILLSON, 229 West Washington-st.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS PIANO, CHEAP. F 806 West Madison-st.

FOR SALE — A GOOD TONED AND NICELY carved piano; would take horse in exchange, balance on easy terms. Address Y 76, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—A NEW PIANO OF STANDARD make. Would take new or good second-hand furniture in exchange; balance monthly. Address Q 85, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—A SPLENDID DECKER BROTHERS' piano; been used only three months; will sell at $150 less than the usual price. Address PIANO, Carrier 2.

ORGANS AND MELODEONS. R. D. WILLSON, 229 West Washington-st.

PIANOS FOR SALE AND TO RENT. REPAIRING and tuning promptly attended to at the Chicago Piano Factory, 259 East Randolph-st., by J. PRESTON.

PARTIES EXPECTING TO BUY PIANOS SOON will consult their interest by calling upon D. H. WOLCOTT, 251 Park-av., who claims to sell them $150 less than the usual rates.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE, CORNER CLARK AND Randolph-sts., is the greatest, finest, and most popular hotel in the great new City of Chicago, and Poole's music has been removed under that hotel, No. 63, on Clark-st., where a fine assortment of the Decker & Son piano, which is the best that is now made, and he will supply every one with pianos, organs, and musical instruments of every kind at the lowest price. Tuning and repairs are done on short notice. Purchasers please call and see.

TO RENT—SEVEN-OCTAVE BRADBURY PIANO. Inquire at 31 East Washington-st.

WANTED—A GOOD PIANO FOR REAL ESTATE at cash value. D. B. DEWEY & CO., 147 La Salle-st.

SEWING MACHINES.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE, equal to new, in perfect order; cost $70; will sell for $30. 1089 Indiana-av.

AN ELEGANT GROVER & BAKER IMPROVED lock stitch family sewing-machine, silver plated, in full nickel-plated cabinet case; cost $120; price $40; in perfect order and equal to new. Inquire No. 640 Michigan-av.

A $95 WHEELER & WILSON, NEARLY NEW, best improved feed, for $60, at residence 111 Walnut-st., between Lincoln and Wood-sts.

A GROVER & BAKER FAMILY MACHINE, IN complete order, for $25, cost $65; also a couple of late improved Singers at half the usual price. 238 East Indiana-st., between Rush and Pine.

FOR SALE—A NEW GROVER & BAKER SEWing-machine, price $15, or will exchange anything of equal value. Address A 95, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—A SECOND-HAND SINGER SEWING machine in complete running order. Price $20 cash. Apply at No. 40 North Sangamon-st.

SINGER OFFICE OF A. J. MELCHERT, 215 South Halsted-st. Singer machines sold on easy monthly payments and rented; open evenings.

SEWING-MACHINE CANVASSERS—WE ARE OFfering special inducements to you. Better tack much, and get more money than you are now paying. Room 20, 120 East Adams-st.

WILLCOX & GIBBS, THE BEST FAMILY SEWING machine, Thread, needles, oil, and repairing. Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., corner Wabash-av. and Adams-st.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

West Side.

6 SOUTH PEORIA-ST.—BOARDING AND FLEASant furnished rooms, suitable for gentleman and wife or single gentlemen, from $5 to $.50 per week.

9 SOUTH MAY-ST. — FURNISHED OR UNFURnished rooms, with board; terms reasonable.

9 CENTRE-AV.—ONE FURNISHED AND ONE unfurnished, front rooms, also side rooms, to rent, with board.

10 SOUTH GREEN-ST.—BOARD AND ROOMS.

14 BISHOP-COURT—A SUITE OF FRONT ROOMS, either furnished or unfurnished, suitable for gentleman and wife or four gentlemen, with board. Also, brick barn to rent.

14 ABERDEEN-ST.—A VACANCY FOR A YOUNG lady to room with another.

16½ ABERDEEN-ST.—FURNISHED OR UNFURnished rooms, with board; references exchanged.

16 SOUTH GREEN-ST.—ACCOMODATION FOR A few boarders; terms low.

16 WALNUT-ST.—FIRST-CLASS BOARD, PLEASant rooms, new house, reasonable terms, near cars, for three boarders.

17 SOUTH ANN-ST.—TO RENT, ONE FURNISHED room, with or without board.

19 ABERDEEN-ST.—GENTLEMEN AND WIVES or young gentlemen, can be accommodated with board. Also, two or three day boarders.

26 ABERDEEN-ST.—FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMOdations for young gentlemen; house handsomely furnished; 6:30 dinners. One large handsomely furnished room for lady room mate. A few table and transient boarders. Terms to suit.

42 SOUTH MAY-ST.—TWO FRONT ROOMS, single or en suite, unfurnished. A few day boarders wanted.

42 LAFLIN-ST., BETWEEN MONROE AND Adams-sts., near Union and Jefferson Parks.—Rooms and single rooms, with board, hot and cold water, and all modern conveniences, in new marble front; references exchanged.

47 SOUTH CURTIS-ST.—A FRONT ROOM TO rent with board.

48 NORTH MAY-ST.—PLEASANT FURNISHED rooms and good board for four gentlemen, at reasonable rates; quiet neighborhood; private family and convenient to cars. None but respectable parties need apply.

222 WEST MONROE-ST.—ROOMS EN SUITE furnished or unfurnished, with or without board suitable for gentlemen and wives or gentlemen; brick house, modern improvements.

53 SOUTH GREEN-ST.—LARGE FURNISHED room to rent, with board.

56 NORTH PEORIA-ST.—A FEW BOARDERS accommodated in private family at $4 per week and upwards.

70 VAN BUREN-ST., CORNER CLINTON—GOOD accommodations for boarders; new house and good room; $6 a week.

75 SOUTH MORGAN-ST.—A CHOICE FRONT room, also large and single rooms, furnished, with or without board; a good house, and first-class.

75 SOUTH PEORIA-ST.—3 NICELY FURNISHED rooms, with board, for gentleman and wives or single gentlemen; also a few day boarders; $24 per week.

83 SOUTH PEORIA ST., NEAR MADISON—FURnished rooms, without board, for gentlemen.

83 SOUTH MORGAN-ST.—A SUITE OF FRONT rooms, unfurnished, with the exception of carpet; also a nicely furnished room suitable for two gentlemen; first-class board.

85 SOUTH MORGAN-ST., NEAR MADISON—Furnished

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

SALE—A NEARLY NEW EXPRESS WAGON of its value; also 160 yards of English Brussels carpet, cheap, or will trade. 304 Walnut-st.

SALE—A SPLENDID BUGGY AND HARNESS, all in perfect order. Inquire at No. 81 Mad-

SALE—OR EXCHANGE—A PAIR OF LARGE horses, sound and well matched; will trade for suburban lot. Can be seen at HENDRICKSON'S stable, 304 West Madison-st.

SALE—FINE CARRIAGE TEAMS AND horses. Wanted, to exchange horse for fine wagon; also one horse for phaeton. DAVIS & Kentucky Stables, 175 and 177 South Paulina-st.

SALE—A BLACK PACING PONY, OR WILL change for large horse, buggy or phaeton. Apply 12 South Sangamon-st.

SALE—A PAIR OF BAY HORSES, YOUNG, d, stylish, and good steppers; also top-buggy new, nearly new; will sell altogether or separate; or address DR. C, over Post-Office, Engle-

SALE—LIGHT 3-SPRING WAGON, AS as new, at 326 West Taylor-st.

SALE—A 6-YEAR OLD FAMILY HORSE t can't be beat, a leather-top buggy, and harcheap at $300. 72 and 74 Dearborn-st.

SALE—CHEAP—A LIGHT BUSINESS WAG HAMPDEN & IVES, 104 Desplaines-st.

SALE—CHEAP — ONE-HORSE LUMBER on, with box and seat, in good order. Apply at d-av.

SALE—CHEAP FOR CASH—A GENTLE- elegant rig, buggy, harness, nets, etc., ering the city; will call at your address. K 76 office.

SALE—CHEAP—TWO-TOP AND ONE OPEN y, two express wagons, two democrats, one Portaker, at HATHAWAY'S, 84 State-st.

SALE—A FIRST-CLASS ROAD MARE. HAS kept for private use; rapid, sure traveler; cheap. C. W. HAYES, 250 South Halsted-st.

SALE—SIX OR EIGHT GOOD HORSES, Stable for work or driving. Also, a lot of second- double and single harness. Those wishing good t can call on O. P. BAKER, 405 West Randolph-st.

SALE—PLATFORM SPRING WAGON, FOR 1 or 2 horses. To be seen at rear of 415 State-st.

SALE—CHEAP—A GOOD, STRONG WORK- on, single or double. Apply in rear of 309 Michi-

SALE—KIMBALL JUMP-SEAT (3 SEAT- ding with drawing-room side and thills. Inquire at Grand Hotel Cigar Store.

SALE—A GOOD TRAVELING MARE AND ht business rig. Inquire at 47 South Clark-st.

SALE—A GOOD HORSE, HARNESS, AND ap for $200; must sell, no use for same; also a horse for grocery or light delivery wagon. Address or apply to L. RAEHSCHILD, No. 213 Third-av.

SALE—AN IMPORTED ENGLISH DOG CART- be bay mare, and heavy-plated harness; a stylish dog cart but three months in use, and made and to order; owner going east. ROBERT AYERS Room 31, 139 Dearborn-st.

SALE—CHEAP—A SINGLE BUGGY AND HAR- harness; price, $60. Inquire at 10 North Elizabeth- between Lake and Randolph.

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SALE—2 HEAD OF HORSES JUST AR- from the country, among those, several vers and heavy draught horses. Also, a fine pony, suitable for a lady. SHUHLEIN & CLARK, s-st.

SALE—A FINE DOG-CART WITH SHIFT- top, pole, and shafts, very cheap. OSCAR 47 and 44 Congress-st.

SALE — A GOOD LOT OF NEW HORSE- ar at 92 and 94 South Market-st.

SALE—CHEAP—1 TOP 1 OPEN BUGGY, 1 uble and 1 set single harness. OSCAR FIELD, Congress-st.

SALE—A GOOD ROAD SULKY FOR $35. 42 South LaSalle-st.

SALE—AT FARMER'S BRICK BOARDING ale stable, 3 good business horses. Have room more boarding and sale horses. Ready to buy, change horses, buggies, etc.

SALE—CLARRIAGE AND AN ELE- stylish span of horses, low for cash. Inquire at & Co.'s, Palmer's Hotel.

SALE—LIGHT AND HEAVY DELIVERY l several second-hand wagons, cheap, at 283 t-st.

SALE—CHEAP, TWO OPEN BUGGIES; one black, stylish carriage horse, warranted ears old. 175 West Adams-st.

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S IN WINTER QUARTERS—WE HAVE A r stable with large yard, and sheds attached, ed to give parties, at a reasonable rate, a number of horses. Stock called for and de- address for particulars, TOMPKINS & BAR- ywood Co., 111 Monroe-st.

TRAVEL EASIER, FASTER, AND natural with the Goodenough Shoe. It also diseases of the feet. Parties can have their ed on at 121 Michigan-av., 169 Twenty- ar State-st., 328 Lake-st., also, at P. O. & R. Twenty-ninth and State-sts. Sold by keg or factory prices. BRAYTON, KING & CO.

ELL A VERY FINE BAY MARE LOW FOR ung, sound, and perfectly safe and kind for a lady to drive; is not by hotel barn in; horse is at 174 South Clark-st., Chicago. S. A. MAT-

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E, HARNESSMAKER, 469 STATE-ST., s of every description on hand and made to k warranted.

FINE HORSE, HARNESS, AND OPEN r sale, separate or together. 98 Ashland-av.

RSE WANTED FOR CASH AT A BAR- st be good style, sound, and not slower than n 4 minutes; 7 to 8 years old preferred. Address 13, Tribune office.

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Trades.

WANTED—A GOOD CONFECTIONER ON STARCH ork, at 36 State-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS PLUMBER AT 489 South Halsted-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BARBER, AT 71 DEAR- born-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BARBER. GOOD wages and steady employment. Apply at 503 West Madison-st.

WANTED—FOUR GOOD CARPENTERS CAPABLE of doing the trimmings on a first-class house, who prefer to purchase a lot at cash figures on Evanston. I will give a long time for payment of lot. C. E. BOWNE, 155 Monroe-st., or Evanston.

WANTED—BY NEWTON WAGON COMPANY, Batavia, Ill., two or three wagon painters and strip- pers at factory, or at 19 South Jefferson-st., Chi-

WANTED—THREE GOOD MACHINE HANDS TO run reed working machinery. Apply at office of CLARK & COX, Robey-st., near Blue Island-av.

WANTED—PAINTERS TO PAINT AND GLAZE seven houses, and take part pay in real estate. Ad- dress P 78, Tribune office.

WANTED—AN UPHOLSTERER—IMMEDIATELY. Mantel hands preferred. The Gowen Marble Co., BARNEY & MIDDLETON.

WANTED—CARRIAGE MAKER—A FIRST-CLASS good workman who understands sleighs preferred; a man under instruction, at HATHAWAY'S, 84 State-st.

WANTED—A GOOD WOOD-ENGRAVER AND DIE- sinker. Apply or address W. A. ADAMS & CO., 108 Clark-st.

WANTED—CARRIAGESMITH ON HEAVY WORK to go to Wisconsin; steady work for the winter. Apply at BOURON, SMITH & CO.'s, 149 and 151 Lake-st.

WANTED—5 GOOD CABINET MAKERS. CALL Monday morning ready to go to work, at REY- NOLDS' TOY FURNITURE CO., 22 and 30 West Wash- ington-st.

WANTED—A CARPENTER TO DO A SMALL JOB and contract, and turn one-half in payment for one lot in suburb. Room 22, Lakeside Building.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS the sewer business and making of stove-pipe; one who can work at No 9 Western-av., first house north of Lake-st. West Lake-st., Monday.

WANTED—3 GOOD TINNERS. APPLY AT 187 East Kinzie-st.

WANTED—3 FIRST-CLASS HORSE-SHOERS, 1 and 2 hands; good wages will be paid. State-st. PAUL DENNIS.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS FRAME-MAKER; must understand every branch of the trade, to act as foreman. Call Monday morning before 10 a. m. at 328 South Clark-st.

WANTED—A GOOD TINSMITH. APPLY AT 1214 State-st., corner Twenty-ninth.

WANTED—PRACTICAL TINNER. GOOD WAGES to right man. 128 South Clark-st. Room 3.

WANTED—ONE GOOD CARRIAGE TRIMMER; place will grow. J. G. PARSONS, 155 West Wash- ington-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BARBER; ONE WHO can lend his employer a small sum of money and take part in a shop. Apply Sunday, from 8 to 9, 723 South Halsted-st.

WANTED—A JOB TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORK- er at 92 and 94 South Market-st.

WANTED—A WELL ACCOMPLISHED MAN ON wood turning; pianoforte. Best of references re- quired. Messner Furniture Manufacturing Company, 242 to 252 West Lake-st.

WANTED—CARPENTER CAN MAKERS, INQUIRE of J. COLLINS, Michigan-av.

WANTED—A GOOD WOOD TURNER IN SASH, door, and blind factory. SMITH BROS. & CO., 3 and 18 Fulton-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS TAILOR AND TAIL- ress; good wages and steady job at 295 West Madi- son-st.

WANTED—3 MASONS, 1 DERRICKMAN, 1 LIME- stone driller. Apply to-morrow at 12 o'clock, at S. BOCKENHEIMER'S, 98 West Hinsdale-st. No humbugs need apply.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—TWO SMART CAR- penters at JOHN B. GAVIN'S, 87, 89 and 91 West Kinzie.

WANTED—THREE OR FOUR CARPENTERS, OF good address, to put up small houses at reason- able cost. U. S. MAIL BOX CO., 6 Tribune Building.

WANTED—ON NEXT MONDAY MORNING, AT the corner of Twenty-sixth-st. and Michigan-av., good stonemasons to work on their own lots; also, stone- masons indoors to work on the same job. MCGLEN- NON & MERRIGOLD.

WANTED—FOUR PAINTERS. CALL TO-DAY OR Monday morning early, at 613 West Van Buren-st. COLSON.

WANTED—A FEW GOOD MACHINE HANDS IN Sash and Door Factory, 40 miles from Chicago. Apply to-day (Sunday) at 204 Lake-st., Room 10.

WANTED—TO PRINTERS—COMPOSITORS AT CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO'S, 119 and 120 Monroe-st.

WANTED—ON MONDAY MORNING, 5 BRICK- layers and 10 laborers, at Lincoln Hall, corner of Wa- bash-av. and State-st., 328 Lake-st., also, at P. O. & R. Twenty-ninth and State-sts. Sold by keg or factory prices. BRAYTON, KING & CO.

WANTED—A FEW MACHINE HANDS FOR COATS; also, a few finishers. 271 South Canal-st.

WANTED—A PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTER, AT KLEIN'S Photographic Studio, 288 West Madi- son-st.

WANTED—5 OR 6 FIRST-CLASS HOUSE TRIM- mers, at first-class job, at house south of Twenty- ninth-st., on Michigan-av. C. W. JENN

WANTED—A FEW GOOD MARBLE-CUTTERS. Mantel hands preferred. The Gowen Marble Co., BARNEY & MIDDLETON.

WANTED—YOUNG GOOD STONE MASONS TO GO to the country; liberal wages paid. Apply at 65 State-st.

WANTED—A WAGON-MAKER AND BLACK- smith helper, at 255 Cottage Grove-av.

WANTED—CARPENTERS. INQUIRE AT 342 West Lake-st.

WANTED—3 FIRT-CLASS CABINET-MAKERS; those who have been working on looking-glass ; no others need apply, at No. 1015 South State-st.

WANTED—3 GOOD OIL-FINISHERS, USED TO working on parlor furniture, at McDONOUGH, KINZIE & CO.'S, 40 and 42 Randolph-st.

WANTED—BRICKLAYERS, EARLY MONDAY morning, corner of Vincennes and Oak-ave., two miles south of Douglas-place, or at office, No. 111 Fu- ton-st., Chicago. Highest wages will be paid, and ly employment. T. H. MCGRATH, Contractor.

WANTED — ON MONDAY MORNING, 6 GOOD practical slate-roofers. Call at Room 17, 118 State-st. between 8 and 9 o'clock.

WANTED—GOOD SOLDERERS AT 40 AND 45 South Canal-st., up-stairs.

WANTED—A GOOD EXPERIENCED FURNACE man; none but first-class workman need apply. LARUE BROS., corner State and VanBuren-sts.

Employment Agencies.

WANTED—500 RAILROAD LABORERS, $2 PER day; also, men for coal-mines, brick-yards, stone- choppers, saw-mills, farms, &c. For particu- apply to CHRISTIAN A BING, 1 South Clark-st., 3 South Canal-st.

WANTED—25 MORE BOYS FROM 13 TO 16 YEARS of age, to work in the Western News Wooden-ware Co., at Cosco, Wis.; wages $20 per month, steady years Monday. Call at 259 East Randolph-st., CY, SEIBEL & CO., agents.

WANTED—SIXTY MEN ON MONDAY MORNING at 7 o'clock. Railroad work. Bring baggage. Be Fare free. 15 South Canal-st.

WANTED—1,000 MEN FOR CHICAGO & PACIFIC Railroad; 200 station men, to leave Monday at 8 o'clock. Apply at Company's office, 95 North Clark-st.,

Miscellaneous.

WANTED—500 LABORERS, ON TOLEDO WATER- Works; steady employment at $2 per day; pay every two weeks; board cheap. PETERSON & WALKER, Con- tract Office 22 Water-st., Toledo, O.

WANTED—A PIANO-PLAYER AT NO. 471 SOUTH Halsted-st.

WANTED—A GOOD GERMAN INSURANCE gent, either on salary or commission. Address, with name and residence, FIRE INSURANCE, State- ment office.

WANTED—A GOOD SALESMAN FOR THE Grocery Trade at Baker Sewing Machine. To the right man a permanent situation. Inquire of E. BUTTER, 1 Market-st., from 8 to 10 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

WANTED—A GOOD SALESMAN TO TRAVEL with a business paint and oil house; must be ac- quainted with the business. Address G 82, Tribune office.

WANTED—A GOOD BOY AT 516 HUBBARD-ST.

WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED CARRIER TO ready to carry THE TRIBUNE. Apply at news- room, 122 West Twelfth-st.

WANTED—A GOOD RELIABLE BOY TO RIDE with the city with a gentleman in ill-health. 547 State-st.

WANTED—MONDAY MORNING, 50 LABORERS at R. R. cut, between Adams and Jackson, by C. O.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS CANVASSER TO CAN- vass the city and one for the country. The business which this city, is permanent, pleasant, and profitable to a man of experience or ability, and ness, need apply. Apply at Room 31 Lake- ple, corner Clark and Adams-sts.

WANTED—A GOOD STOUT BOY, WHO HAS one 15 years old to wait on table. Apply at 216 North Dearborn-st.

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Trades.

WANTED—A GOOD CONFECTIONER ON STARCH ork, at 36 State-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS PLUMBER AT 489 South Halsted-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BARBER, AT 71 DEAR- born-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BARBER. GOOD wages and steady employment. Apply at 503 West Madi- son-st.

WANTED—FOUR GOOD CARPENTERS CAPABLE of doing the trimmings on a first-class house, who prefer to purchase a lot at cash figures on Evanston. I will give a long time for payment of lot. C. E. BOWNE, 155 Monroe-st., or Evanston.

WANTED—BY NEWTON WAGON COMPANY, Batavia, Ill., two or three wagon painters and strip- pers at factory, or at 19 South Jefferson-st., Chi-

WANTED—THREE GOOD MACHINE HANDS TO run reed working machinery. Apply at office of CLARK & COX, Robey-st., near Blue Island-av.

WANTED—PAINTERS TO PAINT AND GLAZE seven houses, and take part pay in real estate. Ad- dress P 78, Tribune office.

WANTED—AN UPHOLSTERER—IMMEDIATELY. Mantel hands preferred. The Gowen Marble Co., BARNEY & MIDDLETON.

WANTED—CARRIAGE MAKER—A FIRST-CLASS good workman who understands sleighs preferred; a man under instruction, at HATHAWAY'S, 84 State-st.

WANTED—A GOOD WOOD-ENGRAVER AND DIE- sinker. Apply or address W. A. ADAMS & CO., 108 Clark-st.

WANTED—CARRIAGESMITH ON HEAVY WORK to go to Wisconsin; steady work for the winter. Apply at BOURON, SMITH & CO.'s, 149 and 151 Lake-st.

WANTED—5 GOOD CABINET MAKERS. CALL Monday morning ready to go to work, at REY- NOLDS' TOY FURNITURE CO., 22 and 30 West Wash- ington-st.

WANTED—A CARPENTER TO DO A SMALL JOB and contract, and turn one-half in payment for one lot in suburb. Room 22, Lakeside Building.

WANTED—A YOUNG MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS the sewer business and making of stove-pipe; one who can work at No 9 Western-av., first house north of Lake-st. West Lake-st., Monday.

WANTED—3 GOOD TINNERS. APPLY AT 187 East Kinzie-st.

WANTED—3 FIRST-CLASS HORSE-SHOERS, 1 and 2 hands; good wages will be paid. State-st. PAUL DENNIS.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS FRAME-MAKER; must understand every branch of the trade, to act as foreman. Call Monday morning before 10 a. m. at 328 South Clark-st.

WANTED—A GOOD TINSMITH. APPLY AT 1214 State-st., corner Twenty-ninth.

WANTED—PRACTICAL TINNER. GOOD WAGES to right man. 128 South Clark-st. Room 3.

WANTED—ONE GOOD CARRIAGE TRIMMER; place will grow. J. G. PARSONS, 155 West Wash- ington-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS BARBER; ONE WHO can lend his employer a small sum of money and take part in a shop. Apply Sunday, from 8 to 9, 723 South Halsted-st.

WANTED—A JOB TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORK- er at 92 and 94 South Market-st.

WANTED—A WELL ACCOMPLISHED MAN ON wood turning; pianoforte. Best of references re- quired. Messner Furniture Manufacturing Company, 242 to 252 West Lake-st.

WANTED—CARPENTER CAN MAKERS, INQUIRE of J. COLLINS, Michigan-av.

WANTED—A GOOD WOOD TURNER IN SASH, door, and blind factory. SMITH BROS. & CO., 3 and 18 Fulton-st.

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS TAILOR AND TAIL- ress; good wages and steady job at 295 West Madi- son-st.

WANTED—3 MASONS, 1 DERRICKMAN, 1 LIME- stone driller. Apply to-morrow at 12 o'clock, at S. BOCKENHEIMER'S, 98 West Hinsdale-st. No humbugs need apply.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—TWO SMART CAR- penters at JOHN B. GAVIN'S, 87, 89 and 91 West Kinzie.

WANTED—THREE OR FOUR CARPENTERS, OF good address, to put up small houses at reason- able cost. U. S. MAIL BOX CO., 6 Tribune Building.

WANTED—ON NEXT MONDAY MORNING, AT the corner of Twenty-sixth-st. and Michigan-av., good stonemasons to work on their own lots; also, stone- masons indoors to work on the same job. MCGLEN- NON & MERRIGOLD.

WANTED—FOUR PAINTERS. CALL TO-DAY OR Monday morning early, at 613 West Van Buren-st. COLSON.

WANTED—A FEW GOOD MACHINE HANDS IN Sash and Door Factory, 40 miles from Chicago. Apply to-day (Sunday) at 204 Lake-st., Room 10.

WANTED—TO PRINTERS—COMPOSITORS AT CULVER, PAGE, HOYNE & CO'S, 119 and 120 Monroe-st.

WANTED—ON MONDAY MORNING, 5 BRICK- layers and 10 laborers, at Lincoln Hall, corner of Wa- bash-av. and State-st., 328 Lake-st., also, at P. O. & R. Twenty-ninth and State-sts. Sold by keg or factory prices. BRAYTON, KING & CO.

WANTED—A FEW MACHINE HANDS FOR COATS; also, a few finishers. 271 South Canal-st.

WANTED—A PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTER, AT KLEIN'S Photographic Studio, 288 West Madi- son-st.

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SPORTING.

A Few Timely Suggestions from a Lover of Turf Sports.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Bonner-Vanderbilt Horse Rivalry.

Match at Cricket Between the St. Louis and Chicago Elevens.

The Coming Billiard Match--News Concerning the Game at Large.

Other Sporting Notes of Local and General Interest.

THE TURF.

AN EXCEEDINGLY SENSIBLE AND TIMELY LETTER.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Having seen the announcement in the columns of your very able journal of a second proposed meeting, to take place at Dexter Park in October, may I, as a comparative stranger, but old lover of the noble sport of horse-racing, venture to point out a few minor defects apparent at your last gathering, and which, in my opinion, tend to mar the attractiveness of the sport. In alluding to some notable drawbacks, I trust I may not be misconstrued. I do not do so in any spirit of adverse criticism, but solely that, attention being directed to these matters, and a corrective applied, your next meeting may prove, what I sincerely wish to see it, an unparalleled success. Should my few observations be deemed uncalled for or intrusive, I will claim, as an "old wearer of the silk," the indulgence of your sporting friends.

I had been a witness of some of the contests at your July meeting, and most favorably impressed with the trotting powers of the competing horses. But my pleasure, as well, I am sure, as the interest and pleasure of most "outsiders," was sadly marred by the almost complete impossibility of distinguishing the various horses as they swept round the track. A striped cap is all very well in its way, but should be supplemented by a jacket, so that one could follow the changing positions of the competitors at a glance, as well as enable every one to form a correct idea of the exact place occupied by his favorite during the race. I would also add that we are accustomed to regard racing gatherings as gay and festive scenes, where the principal actors should be properly costumed, and thereby, if for no other purpose, add to the brilliancy of the spectacle. If the owners of the running horses have not of themselves sufficient pride in their stables and surroundings to turn out their jockeys in something like decent style, I would adopt a method, for which there is ample precedent, to compel them to send their boys properly dressed to weigh out, and I would not allow them to start if they refused compliance with the rule. It is simply disgraceful to see boys clad in boots suitable for a Texan "bullwhacker," and breeches suggestive of being used for towseling horses for months before being cleaned for the race-course. As for the exercise lads, you cannot control their masters, and we can only regret that a "sporting owner" would not take more interest in the get-up of his boys. To see these poor bare-legged and half-breeched urchins as they bestride their sorry-looking chargers, made one regret the absence of the true type of the sportsman who centres his pride alike in his horses, his boys, and his stable. Having seen some of these running horses, my surprise that running races were not more popular was at once dispelled. There is much room, indeed, for improvement in that class, and whoever establishes a first-class stand having that object in view will deserve well of the sporting community and the public. I would here suggest to the management that, if they intend to include a hurdle race in their programme, now is the time to do it, so that horses can be "schooled" in anticipation of such an event, or that owners of such horses may have time to get them fit. I would also add to the programme, and include in every forthcoming one, a race for horses "that have never won in public, or started for a race under 3 minutes, to be driven by owners or gentlemen qualified by the management, professional drivers excluded." Such a race would create more interest after a time than any other. It would give owners of *valuable* horses an opportunity to display their powers, and make sale of them if so disposed. It would give gentlemen a more lively interest in the sport. After a time, race-meetings would not be so dependant on professionals for support, nor would it require the presence of a few notable flyers to attract a gathering. With training and experience, the "geni" will be able to hold his own with any professional. But, in order to do so, he must take "the ribbons" whenever his horse is being "sent along" at his work, and thereby acquire a knowledge of his horse's powers, as well as get some idea of "pace" himself. Such knowledge is indispensable if he would succeed. But I am trespassing too much on your valuable space, and will conclude by adding that another want much felt in the last meeting was the absence of a "telegraph," which should be supplied, giving the name of each competitor, and by whom driven or ridden, as the case might be. Should you deem the above worthy of publicity I might at a future date make some other suggestions, which it strikes me might prove useful. HARKAWAY.

CHICAGO, AUG. 28.

INTERESTING TURF REMINISCENCES.

The following racing sketch was written by Hamilton Busby, and published in the New York *Times:*

The long and fierce rivalry between Bonner and Vanderbilt for the supremacy of the road gave a wonderful impulse to breeding, and added thousands of dollars to the value of horseflesh. This rivalry began some fifteen years ago. Mr. Bonner's wants were very simple at first. He was content to own a single horse of moderate pretensions, and jog an easy gait in Harlem lane. But the ambition to excel rapidly developed itself, and in contact with Commodore Vanderbilt, whose horses were masters of the road, and he made up his mind to rival the establishment of the great steamship captain. Vanderbilt saw he had no mean competitor, and, therefore, he made unusual exertion to keep the lead. Whenever a promising horse was heard of the agents of Bonner and Vanderbilt were after him without delay. Mr. Bonner was the most wide-awake, and often he had the pluck to pay all sorts of prices. His first great triumph was in purchasing the celebrated Lantern, paying $9,000 for him and a horse called Light. The latter, however, was not of much value, and was taken simply for the reason that Col. Hall would not sell one without the other. Next, he purchased Lady Woodruff for the sum of $3,300, the Lady and Lantern making a team hard to beat. Flatbush Maid was the next acquisition, the price paid for her being $4,000. Lady Palmer was the fourth purchase. Mr. Bonner gave his check for $5,000 for her. He now had two unrivaled double teams. Commodore Vanderbilt was not idle all this time. He sought for good horses, but was not as successful as the newspaper man in making acquisitions to his stable. The Commodore, nevertheless, boldly asserted that he was ready at any time to match his team against Mr. Bonner's for $10,000, a side, owners to drive. But Mr. Bonner, although passionately fond of fast horses, would not bet or trot for money. He had conscientious scruples about anything which looked like gambling, and no taunts could drive him from his position. In August, 1872, he drove over to the Fashion Course with Flatbush Maid and Lady Palmer. It was a public race day, and the grand stand was full of people. Among those present was Commodore Vanderbilt. Mr. Bonner determined to prove to his rival the mettle of his pair. He drove on the track, and requested several gentlemen, the Commodore especially, to hold their watches while he made a trial. The challenge was immediately accepted. The mares started at the wood, and they trotted with remarkable steadiness, finishing two miles without skip or break in the unparalleled time of 5:01¼. The last mile was done in 2:28¾. It was a great performance, and, very naturally, Mr. Bonner was much elated. On returning to the judges' stand with his horses, he stood up in his wagon and proclaiming to the hearing of all that, while it was a rule with him never to make a bet, he would present $10,000 as a gift to any gentleman who owned a team if he would drive them in the time just recorded by Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid. Everybody knew that this was meant for Vanderbilt, and it readily can be imagined that the challenge was not calculated to act as oil poured on troubled water. It excited the Commodore, and made the rivalry all the more intense. The years went by, and Vanderbilt made a bold attempt to turn the *Ledger* flank by purchasing the famous Mountain Boy. Bonner rose equal to the occasion. He purchased Dexter, and was invincible. The sharp correspondence between the two gentlemen about this time carried on in the New York morning papers is still fresh in the memory of those who take an interest in these matters. The correspondence attracted national attention. Finding that the Commodore thought so much of Mountain Boy, Bonner took his rival by surprise in the purchase of Edward Everett, the sire of Vanderbilt's horse. The *Ledger* man now finally sailed what he explained that he owned the stallion which begot the horse which the Commodore claimed was the best in the world. It cost Mr. Bonner $30,000 to indulge in this pleasant little boast. Vanderbilt has given up the fight at last. He still takes pleasure in driving on the road, but Mountain Boy is dead, and the blood of the old man is tamer than it once was. Although Bonner and Vanderbilt have said some bitter things of each other, there is no reason why they should not be friends. The rivalry in which they were engaged was the very best thing that could happen to the stock-raisers. It made the trotting horse fashionable, and gave a powerful incentive to breeding. We are millions of dollars richer than we would have been had nothing of the kind taken place. The breeders of the country can well afford to erect a monument and inscribe on it the names of Bonner and Vanderbilt. Driving on the road is now popular with all who can afford the luxury, and the scenes presented about New York are brilliant and soul-stirring in the extreme. In holding the reins over their trotters and being whirled through space, men like Harper, Butler, Smith, Vanderbilt, Kerner and Bonner drink at the fountain of new life, and the minds are inspired with thoughts which throw a flood of light upon the business of each. The road horses of New York City alone are valued at many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

THE EARLVILLE RACES.

EARLVILLE, Ill., Aug. 30.—To-day closes the most successful meeting that the Earl Park Association has ever held. The people in this part of the country seem to regard to-day as a general holiday. The roads leading to this place are crowded with people coming to the fair.

In the mile running race the following horses were entered: Wanita, Keno, Nanbuck, and Willie Jinks. Willie Jinks, 1; time, 1:53¾; Wanita, 2; Keno, 3; Nanbuck, 4.

The Association offered a purse of $820 for beaten runners who had not taken first money in any race. Bonny Doon was the winner; Wanita second. Black Prince was entered but bolted, and threw his rider before he reached the quarter-pole.

In the trotting race for 2:50 horses, mile heats, best three in five, purse of $275, the following horses were entered: Marion, Riverside, Lady Henson, Chicago; Observer, Meriden, Ill.; Sorrel Frank, Mendota, Ill.; LaSalle, LaSalle, Ill. Dr. Silkey, Sandwich, Ill.; Betsey Tyler, Sandwich; Clara, Belle, Peoria, Ill.; Bay Jordan, Port Huron, Mich.; Dan Brown, Valparaiso, Ind.; Lady Mack, Princeton, Ill.; John McCarley, Galesburg, Ill.; Iowa Boy, West Liberty, Ia. Observer won in three straight heats. Best time, 2:38¾.

In the grand trotting race for all horses, purse $1,000, the following horses were entered: Red Cloud, Edinburg, Ind.; Kate Hazard, Chicago; Mila C., Racine, Wis.; Harry Mitchell, Sarnia, Canada.

Following is the summary:

Red Cloud	1 1 1
Mila C.	2 2 2
Mitchell	3 3 3
Kate Hazard	4 4 4

Time—2:26¾; 2:29; 2:33¾.

In the second heat an unfortunate accident took place, which could not have been well avoided. The driver of Mitchell run his sulkey against Kate Hazard's sulkey, damaging it to such an extent that fears were entertained that it would break down before the heat closed.

Great satisfaction seems to be felt by all at the result of the races. About 4,500 people were on the grounds to-day.

CRICKET.

THE GAME TO-MORROW.

About two weeks ago a note was received by Mr. Ira P. Bowen from the St. Louis Cricket Club, challenging eleven gentlemen of Chicago to a game of cricket. A meeting was called and held in the Sherman House, and resulted in the organization of a club on a firmer basis than any yet attempted. At the close of the meeting a telegram was dispatched to St. Louis, informing the challengers that a club had been organized, and accepting their challenge to play. That match will take place to-morrow, at the base ball grounds, on the corner of Twenty-third and State streets, and will undoubtedly be a brilliant inauguration of the new club so hastily formed.

It is understood that the visitors will come in great strength in all respects. They have the advantage over the local eleven in the practice which they have been undergoing, although experts who have had an opportunity of witnessing the form and style of our own eleven are by no means satisfied that Chicago will have to succumb to the little village which has been so lately incensed at our local Directory compiler. In any event, there is no doubt that a hard struggle will be witnessed, and if Chicago should be successful, under the circumstances, she will have great reason to be proud of her Cricket-Club.

While putting forth every effort to come off conquerors, the home club have spared no expense in treating the visitors well. They will be shown every attention and courtesy, and Mr. John Wright, the well-known caterer, has been instructed to provide one of his best collations, which will be served up in the tent, kindly loaned by the Caledonain Society for the occasion. For two smaller tents, to be made serviceable as dressing tents for the players, the Club is under obligations to Col. Lippincott. Means will be taken whereby the visitors can be kept posted as to the number of runs obtained by each side.

The game will commence about 10 in the morning, and, with the exception of an hour for lunch, will continue until 6 p. m.

Eleven of the following named gentlemen will constitute the Chicago side: Stewart, Chambers, Darlow, Street, Wright, Bowen, Ramsey, Thurber, Ellis, Dr. Harcourt, Colley, Williams, Binning, Porter, and Hartrick.

BILLIARDS.

THREE IS NOTHING NEW TO REPORT.

Concerning professional playing in this city there may or may not be games between two leading clubs played here next month, but there certainly will be a few first-class exhibitions given here before the close of the season. The games between the Philadelphias and Bostons were remunerative enough to warrant the belief that an investment in similar ones will be a comparatively safe investment. When the manager of the Chicago Association returns to business more definite information of his plans for the future will be ascertained and given to the public.

BANKERS VS. GROCERS.

A large and highly-respectable audience, not a few of which were ladies, assembled on the base ball grounds, at the corner of Twenty-third and State streets, yesterday afternoon, on the occasion of the third and concluding game of the series between the Bankers' and Grocers' Clubs. The game passed off very pleasantly, and afforded the participants and spectators infinite amusement. The following score will show how the men of money were defeated:

Bankers.	O.	R.	Grocers.	O.	R.
Lightner, c.	3	2	Willard, G. G., s. s.	4	5
Adsit, p.	3	1	Adams, P., p.	3	4
Taylor, 1 b.	4	0	Stearns, W., c.	0	5
Blair, 3 b.	4	0	Pickering, C. F. F.	2	4
Lathrop, c. f.	5	0	Grant, l. f.	2	3
Jamieson, W., s. s.	3	1	Stewart, G., 1 b.	5	3
Wrenn, 2 b.	3	1	Pickering, c. f.	5	0
Jamieson, M., r. f.	2	0	Smith, 2 b.	5	0
Wrenn, l. f.	1	1	Willard, 3 b.	4	2
Total	27	6	Total	27	22

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bankers	3	1	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	—6
Grocers	5	0	2	0	4	2	0	7	2	—22

Umpire—Mr. George Miles.

THOSE PESKY LITTLE FELLOWS.

The Blue Stockings and Dane, Westlake & Covert's nine played the first game of a series yesterday afternoon, which was won by the former, by a score of 22 to 17. Challenges for the victors should be addressed to James Forrest, No. 146 West Jackson street.

The Nevadas, the "champion juniors" of a district not mentioned in their communication to this office, played with the Pastimes on Friday, and beat them, the score standing 19 to 15. No. 610 State street is the address of the Nevada's Secretary.

AT THE EAST.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Base ball—Mutuals, 11; Atlantics, 2.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—Base ball: Bostons, 7; Athletics, 6.

HAND BALL.

CHICAGO VS. BROOKLYN.

The second of a series of games between the representative players of the two cities will take place at the alley of Ald. O'Brien, No. 181 West Harrison street, to-morrow afternoon. The first game was witnessed by a large number of admirers of the ancient Irish sport, and it is anticipated that the attendance to-morrow will be fully equal to it.

THE RAILROADS.

How the Western Companies Are Observing the Pass Agreement.

The C., B. & Q. Road and Shortage on Grain.

Jackson's New Passenger Depot —Several Notes of Interest.

It would be interesting to know precisely how the railroad companies are observing the pass agreement. The question is often asked. There is considerable uncertainty about the matter. The chronic "dead-heads," who never paid one cent railroad fare, either personally or for their friends, find it very hard to come down to the common paying level, and decline to do so without a desperate struggle to retain their ancient privilege. Against such contingencies the railroad companies fortified themselves with formidable printed copies of the pass resolutions, which they forward by return mail instead of the wonted money-saving documents. This stern resolve has swelled the number of anti-monopolists, who, all unmindful of the innumerable favors previously received, are nursing their wrath, intending, when opportunity offers, to make the audacious corporations smart. The revengeful time will come with the reassembling of the Legislatures, when all passes now outstanding will have expired, without extension or renewal. Hitherto the magic little "pasteboards" have had considerable influence in toning down the asperities of legislation. If the "courtesy" is withheld, the corporations may expect some rigorous treatment from the average politician.

The agreement has been kept very much better than was anticipated. It was confidently predicted that rival companies would suspiciously watch each other, and that, in case of a single violation, all parties would refuse to be bound by it. The companies, however, have not played the detective, and the result is, the agreement is in as binding force now as it was when put into effect. The fact is, it works well, and none of the companies are disposed to break it. Still, some of them have lived up to it literally. In rare cases, exceptions have been made; but these were anticipated by verbal understanding, though not expressed in the written agreement. For instance, an influential party interested in a particular road or the section through which it passes, or a member of the Cabinet, are passed in a special car set apart for their use. This will continue to be done. It is a right and a privilege the railroad companies will not forego. But the wholesale distribution of passes, whereby every Government employe, or attache of the smallest country newspaper, Strayed Stree, is entirely stopped; and we have good authority for stating that, in this wholesome respect, the agreement has been strictly observed. The exchange courtesy has also been entirely abrogated. Formerly, the Eastern lines were besieged with applications to pass the Western railroad employes during the summer months. Now, as the lines westward from Chicago decline to pass any one, they cannot, consistently, ask a favor they will not reciprocate. The consequence is, there have this year been considerably less cheap Eastern tours made. The same remark applies to Western tripe. Prominent managers have, for the first time, cheerfully paid fare for their families on excursions into Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Colorado. The chiefs thus setting the example, subordinates had to follow their paying lead, and, for the same reason, many persons to whom the companies were under obligation have been successfully directed to the ticket-office.

The reform is steadily progressing. What the railroads will do at the end of the year is yet undetermined. It is, however, probable that the exchange of annual passes will be continued among the leading officials, their traveling being almost exclusively upon railroad business. But the mass of politicians, Government officers, and Judges, who enjoy a courtesy many of them never appreciate and are best able to dispense with, will, after this year, be afforded the novelty of paying for every ride they take. In regard to ministers, there is not the slightest disposition further to extend the half-fare privilege settled parties have so long enjoyed. It would be very gratifying, indeed, if the abrogation of passes should so increase the passenger earnings of the leading railroads that they should feel justified in reducing their rate to three cents per mile. The Commissioners may instruct some of the railroads to do this after their classification, but the corporations will doubtless regard the mandate only when affirmed by the decision of the Supreme Court. Then, if necessary, they will "come down gracefully." Meantime, for the comfort and encouragement of quondam "dead-heads," be it known that a Railroad President's or Superintendent's signature to a pass is still just as acceptable to a conductor as a ticket—if you can get it.

GRAIN SHORTAGE.

A good deal of complaint is heard on all sides by shippers of grain in the country, that the grain, on arriving in Chicago, does not weigh the same as when shipped, the difference at times being 15 or 20 bushels per car-load, which is quite a large percentage, considering that a car-load consists of 350 to 400 bushels. Although frequent complaints have been made to the different railroad companies, yet none of them have considered it worthy of their notice. A commendable exemple has been set by the managers of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road, who detailed a man two or three days ago to visit the warehouses at this end of their line, and watch the processes of weighing the grain on its arrival, and to go out along their lines of road, and do the same thing at each of the principal stations where grain is shipped. He was also instructed to listen to complaints of shortage, in the past or present, and to report the results of his observation to the Company, for the purpose of enabling them, if possible, to adopt measures which will render such complaints unnecessary in the future. Such discrepancies were formerly ascribed to to leaking cars, but now grain is usually shipped in cars constructed especially for that purpose, and built so tightly that it would seem impossible for grain to leak through in transit. There is also but little opportunity for stealing, so that the difference in large part lies between the weighing at the beginning and the end of the journey.

THE NEW DEPOT AT JACKSON.

The Michigan Central Railroad has just completed at Jackson, Mich., one of the finest passenger stations at any inland town in the West. It is calculated that it will accommodate the exchange of passengers of the air line between the main line, the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, and the Grand River Valley Division; also the passengers of the Indiana, Fort Wayne & Jackson Railroad. The building, which fronts on Main street, is 29x42 feet. The central portion is devoted to a general reception room, 38x58 feet, and a ladies' reception room, 38x28 feet. Near the west end is the telegraph office, 20x23 feet, with the completest equipments. Near the middle of the building, on the south side, is the ticket office, 16x14 feet. The building is handsomely fitted up, and the exterior is of brick, with massive stone foundations, and is generally of a very pleasing character.

GENERAL NOTES.

It is reported that an agreement has been entered into between the Fort Wayne, Jackson & Saginaw, and the Detroit, Eel River & Illinois Railroads, whereby the former company gives the use of six miles of its road, from Auburn Junction, Indiana, to Wasterloo, Indiana, thus enabling the latter road to make through Eastern connections with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, which road is negotiating to lease the Detroit, Eel River & Illinois Railroad for a term of years, and make it a branch of its own.

The Chicago & Pacific Railroad Company has overcome its difficulties about entering Elgin, and is now actively engaged in grading from its present terminus to the depot ground at the west side of Fox River, and the bridge across the river will be completed and the cars running to Bridge street in September next.

The Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad Company has reduced its through rates from Springfield, Illinois, to New York, the rate now being 48 cents per 100 pounds on first and second class, 96 cents per 100 pounds on third and fourth class, and 30 cents per 100 pounds on special. It is stated that other reductions are shortly to be made.

The surveys for the Chicago, Millington & Western Railroad have been completed to the Mississippi River, and the engineers are now engaged in mapping out the route. A convention is to be held in this city, Oct. 9, 1873, to devise means for forwarding the construction of this projected line, which is to connect Chicago with Augusta, Georgia.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company intends to build a branch road from Oakwood Cemetery, east along Seventy-first street to Railroad avenue, and thence southeast to South Chicago or Calumet. This enterprise has been contemplated for years. The authorities of Hyde Park have granted the right of way.

The Milwaukee & Northern Railroad Company having completed its line from Milwaukee to Green Bay, has surveyors at work running a line to Lake Michigammi, to connect thence with the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon Road.

About twenty car-loads of stone for the new Post-Office in this city pass over the Cincinnati, Lafayette & Chicago Railroad every day.

JOHN KIRBY'S MISTAKE.

He Took Thomas Lyon's Horse, and the Police Took Him.

John Kirby has an extremely treacherous memory. Indeed, John is fairly entitled to enter the lists with Colfax and Beane, to forget for the championship and a dozen of Hankins' best shirts. Now, John saw a horse and wagon, belonging to one Thomas Lyon, of No. 293 South Halsted street, and he forgot that he was not the proud owner of so handsome a turnout; indeed, on the contrary, like Smiler, he had a second thought, and quite distinctly remembered that Thomas Lyon's steed was not Thomas Lyon's steed at all, but his own Pegasus. He mounted upon the coach (used for hauling cabbages), picked up the ribbons and dashed away on a moonlight ride down that charming boulevard—Burlington street. The Italians residing there, hearing the aristocratic rumble of the cabbage-wagon, and mistaking it for the entry of a procession of Orangemen, set up a wail of despair and yelled for the police. As Beane put on brakes when it was too late, so John didn't. He loosened the brakes,—that is, he broke everything lying about loose,—and tried to escape, when it was too late, from the minions of the law. His fate was sealed. He ran into a lamp-post and was spilled. The police found him scattered, put him together, and locked him up. His memory returned and he confessed to having borrowed the noble animal, but it was too thin. Scully has a very happy way of refreshing these fellows' memories. He thought John's memory was worth $1,000 bail, and John, agreeing with the Judge, but forgetting who there was to go bail for him, languishes behind the grating, a warning to all not to forget.

AN AMBULANCE.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: A lady-resident of Chicago, interested greatly in its advancement, desires to know why it is we cannot have provided an ambulance, nicely and comfortably fitted up with a spring-bed, to remove persons who are injured by accident to their destination. We have, during the rebuilding of the city, many serious accidents, and not unlikely but we shall always have more or less in our midst, when these poor unfortunates are taken up and generally put in an express-wagon. The drive over a hard pavement is not calculated to lessen the terrible suffering some have to undergo. M. E. M.

The Story of a Windwill.

We went out to Slaymaker's in June, to spend the summer, but we have been obliged to leave. Slaymaker had a small stream near his house, from which he used to pump water into the tank in his garret. It occurred to him some time ago that it would be a good idea to put up a windmill which could do the pumping for him, so he began one at a cost of $200. The first day it began to revolve it frightened Slaymaker's best horse, so that it ran against the fence and was killed, and the arms were so long that they nearly brained Slaymaker's oldest boy, who was standing beneath watching the machine, when it suddenly stopped work, and refused to move an inch. Slaymaker accordingly pumped the tank full, and just as he stopped the mill began to pump like fury. Slaymaker, in alarm, procured a rope and tied one of the wings to a tree. When the tank was empty he tried to make the windmill fill it again, but the concern was immovable. Then Slaymaker waited for a couple of weeks, and carried the water up to the house in buckets, because he was afraid to fill the tank, when the mill might get to work at any moment. Finally, as there seemed to be no hope of the machinery getting all right again, he did pump the tank full, and then went to bed. That night there was the first hurricane ever known in that neighborhood. The windmill made about four hundred revolutions a minute, and left the bed of the stream below it completely dry, while it poured nearly six hundred gallons an hour into Slaymaker's garret. The boarders all swam out the windows, and spent the rest of the night in the barn, while Slaymaker took to a tree, from which, at daylight, he had a magnificent view of the falls as they poured picturesquely from the attic windows, every minute or two bringing out with them a chair or a hair trunk, or one of Slaymaker's shirts, or a washstand. Mrs. Slaymaker will not clean house this summer, but Slaymaker has a windmill that he is anxious to sell. He will probably close it out cheap to a purchaser who wants to take it away right off.—*Max Adeler.*

THE LAND OWNER.

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In Illustrated Journalism ever attained in the West.

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PROFESSIONAL.

DR. W. DANFORTH,
DR. T. S. HOYNE.

For the convenience of patrons living in the southern part of the city, we have taken an office together in the Central Hall Building,

Northeast Cor. Wabash-av. & Twenty-second-st.

OFFICE HOURS:

DR. HOYNE, 1 to 2½ p. m. DR. DANFORTH, 2½ to 4 p. m.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. H. MILLER
JEWELER AND SILVERSMITH,
183 & 185 Wabash-av.,
Between Monroe and Adams-sts.

A Distribution in Fact.

Only a few more days left to secure tickets in the distribution of 3,000 gifts, by I. H. STOUT, St. Louis. A rare chance to secure a fine house for twenty-five cents. See advertisement.

AMUSEMENTS.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE,
Monroe-st., bet. Dearborn and State.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS of the STAR COMPANY.
Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels
In an entirely new programme.
MACKIN, WILSON, and NEWCOMB in a new and novel specialty, entitled
Mary's Heard The News!
GRAND VOCAL QUARTETTE—Kayne, Tyrrell, Surridge, and Lang.
ERNEST LINDEN,
The Burlesque Queen of Song.
Master G. DAVENPORT in his German specialities.
BOBBY NEWCOMB in his specialty of "The Big Sunflower." BILLY RICE in "Bruised and Cured."
To conclude with the Burlesque of
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Arlington, Cotton, Kemble, and the entire Company.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
MONDAY, SEPT. 1. POSITIVELY LAST PERFORMANCE OF
CHECKMATE!
And Bishop's Specialty,
WANTED, 1,000 MILLINERS!
TUESDAY, SEPT. 2, every evening, and WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES, Bronson Howard's beautiful Society Drama,
LILIAN'S LAST LOVE.
Reappearance of Miss ELIZA O'CONNER as LILIAN. The Drama will be dressed and mounted in the usual style of elegance peculiar to this establishment.
In Preparation—BOARDERS.

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THEATRE IN AMERICA.
Entirely rebuilt at a cost of over $50,000. Grand inaugural performance, MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 1, upon which occasion
LAWRENCE BARRETT,
The greatest living exponent of the legitimate character, will appear in his grand impersonation of the
CARDINAL DUKE,
In Bulwer's sublime play of
RICHELIEU!
Supported by a remarkably strong Company. Tuesday—RICHELIEU. Wednesday—HAMLET. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2 o'clock.

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Every Evening, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee. Engagement Extraordinary.
THE GRANDEST SPECTACLE EVER PRODUCED IN AMERICA!
ALADDIN!
Or, The Wonderful Lamp.
Produced in a style never before equaled in any Theatre. The Queens of Terpsichorean Art,
M'LLE BETTY RIGL AND EMILY RIGL
THE GIRARDS—Russell, Julien and Emil. Prof. M. O'REARDON, the Tumbleonicon. Twenty Beautiful Corpbees. A Ballet de Ballet of Fifty Beautiful Young Ladies. Gorgeous Scenery. Magnificent Appointments. Grand Machinery. Beautiful Ballets. Delightful Singing, and a cast embracing the full strength of the powerful Company.

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DIAMONDS!
Produced with our usual style of excellence in all departments.
Miss Ada Gray, Miss Ella Kemble, Mrs. Allen, Miss Montello, Miss Marbia, Mrs. Le Gros, Miss Long, Mrs. Stoneall as different grades of..... in DIAMONDS. W. H. Floyd, J. O'Neil, M. Rainford, J. W. Norris, F. R. Pierce, Geo. Holland, W. H. Seymour, Geo. Gaston, J. M. Barron as different grades of..... SETTINGS.

STAR LECTURE COURSE.
To those patrons of the Star Lecture Course, and those interested in Lectures and Amusements in Chicago, who will send us their address, we will forward FREE for three months a copy of
"THE STAR WEEKLY,"
A literary paper, spicy, entertaining, and valuable. First number, 1st of October. Circulation, 5,000. As the "free list" will be limited, those expecting to receive a copy should send their names AT ONCE to
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Union Hall, southeast corner Clark and Monroe-sts.
Class for Beginners—Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, commencing September 3. Ladies' Misses', and Masters' Class—Tuesdays and Saturdays at 4 p. m., commencing September 6. Private Lessons given at any time during the day, to suit the convenience of Pupils. This hall will be for rent to Private Parties, Clubs, &c., at reasonable rates; size, 41 by 71 feet. Apply or address as above, or at room 15, 47 Clark-st.
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Monday and Tuesday nights, Free lectures on NATURE
BY DR. PAYNE,
Now at Gault House.

PROMENADE CONCERT
THIS AFTERNOON,
At CHICAGO-AV. PARK. Entrance on Wood-st. Indiana-st. stages pass within two blocks.

A FAIR
Will open NEXT FRIDAY, Sept. 5, at the TURNER HALL, North Clark-st., near Chicago-av. Proceeds to be applied to the liquidation of debt on the Immaculate Conception of the city. Season tickets, admitting gentleman and lady, $1. Single admission, 25 cents.

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For Concerts, Lectures, Conventions, Balls. Capacity, 1,560 numbered seats. Seats movable. Apply at the Hall.

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ORDER TICKETS BY FIRST MAIL.
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2,052 GIFTS. OCTOBER 10.
First Gift—My residence (pressed brick front, four-hall, eight-room house) and lot, on Compton Hill.
Second Gift—One splendid Building Lot on Oregon-av., near Lafayette-av.
50 Gifts—Extra-finished, Breech-Loading, Double-Barreled Shot Guns, approved pattern and makes.
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100 Gifts—S. & W. No. 3 (6 shot) silver-plated Army Revolvers.
100 Gifts—S. & W., Colt's, Remington, and other Revolvers.
1,500 Gifts—Annual Subscriptions to St. Louis newspapers.
To be distributed as soon as balance of tickets are subscribed for, without regard to order.
Tickets, 25 cents; five for $1; 100 for $20. Registered and mailed on receipt of price.
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Persons wishing any reference can have very acceptable ones named to them. Orders for reliable fire-arms filled as usual, at lowest cash prices. List of Gift Numbers will be published, besides notice by mail to registered address of the Tickets drawing gifts. Orders too late to secure tickets will be returned.

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2,052 Gifts; no reserved tickets; a rare chance; distribution a fixed fact; titles perfect. Address your orders by first mail if you would be in time. Tickets will be delivered as soon as can be registered; orders filled as received in rotation. I. H. STOUT.
St. Louis, Aug. 5, 1873.

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The Entire Furniture
OF THE
FOUR-STORY MARBLE-FRONT RESIDENCE
905 MICHIGAN-AV.,
AT AUCTION,
On WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 3, at 10 o'clock, consisting of Parlor, Chamber, Dining-Room, and Kitchen Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, etc., etc.
ELISON & FOSTER, Auctioneers.

145 BLUE ISLAND-AV.,
THE ENTIRE STOCK OF A
FURNITURE DEALER
AT AUCTION,
On THURSDAY MORNING, Sept. 4, at 10 o'clock, consisting of Parlor Sets, Chamber Sets, Bureaus, Wash Stands, Tables, Chairs, Sofas, Lounges, Mattresses, Pillows, Comforters, etc., etc. Also a Light Delivery Wagon. Said property must be sold to close business. If you want good bargains attend this sale.
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Grand Auction Sale
AT
SOUTH LYNNE,
OF
Ten Acres,
SUBDIVIDED INTO
100 RESIDENCE LOTS
WILL TAKE PLACE
TUESDAY, Sept. 9,
At 3 o'clock p. m.,
ON THE GROUNDS.
THESE LOTS ARE SITUATED ON
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ADJOINING STREETS EAST,
And Are Very Desirable.
Free Train and Mammoth Tent will be provided.
Particulars of sale hereafter.
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Regular South Side Sale of
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Elegant Marble-top Chamber Sets, Sideboards, Pillar Extension Tables, Morocco-Seat Dining-Chairs, Marble-top Bureaus, Bedsteads, Marble-top Tables, Whatnots, Rockers, Book-Cases, Spring Mattresses (Hair-top), Parlor & Office Desks, Mirrors, Oil Paintings, 500 yards Second-hand Brussels Carpet, 30 crates W. G. Crockery, Carriages, Business Harnesses, Double and Single Harnesses.
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Will offer on TUESDAY MORNING, Sept. 2, at 9 1-2 o'clock, an unusually attractive sale of
Dry Goods, Dress Goods, etc.
Notions, Gents' Shetland Underwear, and Custom-made Clothing.
Men's, Women's, and Children's Wool and Cotton Hosiery.
Gents' Fine Cassimere, Melton, and Beltnap Overshirts.
A full line Gents' Cloth and Felt Hats, and an invoice of Broadway-Style Silk Hats.
Cassimeres, Satinets, and Jeans (a fine line), Ingrain and Rag Carpets.
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Another Great Catalogue Sale
OF
BOOTS, SHOES,
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SLIPPERS,
AT AUCTION,
On Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 9 1-2 a. m.
We have on sale FINE LINES OF GOODS from the best manufactures of the country, including ONE HUNDRED CASES of the celebrated custom-made and WARRANTED SUCKER BOOTS, in Men's, Boys', and Youths'.
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SPECIAL SALE OF
Buggies and Harness,
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